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Carmelite Review

A CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

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1902.

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Das gnadenreiche Prager Jesukind.

Holy Infant of Prague.

Carmelite Review

VOL. X. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1902. NO. 1

A New Year's Prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

O Sacred Heart of Jesus !
Most worthy of our love !
O'erflowing with compassion
And sweetness from above.

In thee I plunge my spirit
As in a boundless sea ;
My joys and consolations,
My pains and misery.

I offer early Spring-time
Adorned with blossoms white ;
And Summer days of gladness
Illumed with golden light.

Then calm Autumnal beauty,
(Like sunset of the year,)
And e'en the wintry night-time,
To thee, O Heart most dear !

Sustain me, Heart of Jesus,
In every inward strife.
And may my name be written
In thee, O Book of Life !

And if this year thou callest
From exile to our home,
May I, thine "Enfant," answer :
"Behold, Sweet Heart, I come."

1901.

ENFANT DE MARIE.
St. Clare's.

Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

Prepared Specially for THE CARMELITE REVIEW by VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C.P., Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

In my present letter I shall dwell principally on an event which for the Catholic pilgrim to Jerusalem is, doubtless, the most memorable, and certainly the most touching of his sojourn in the Holy City. This was none other than the devout exercise of the Via Crucis, or the "Stations of the Cross," performed along the very route traversed by our sorrowful Redeemer on the day of his crucifixion. About two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, September the fifteenth, —— octave of our Blessed Lady's Nativity and within the octave of the "Exaltation of the Holy Cross," our party assembled in the parlors of Casa Nova, and proceeded thence silently and reverently on the "Via Dolorosa" towards the site of the "First Station," on which, originally, stood the Roman praetorium, or, as we know it best, the judgment hall of Pilate. This was situated, in our Saviour's day, near the "Tower of Antonia," a fortress built to the N. E. of Solomon's Temple by Hircanus Machabeus, and enlarged by King Herod. Passing between two sentinels at the portal, we found ourselves in the court yard of the Turkish garrison. A bugle call was just summoning the soldiers to some exercise, and we were soon surrounded by them. Notwithstanding their unwelcome presence and the curiosity, not to say contempt, they exhibited, we knelt down upon the stone flags of the pavement, and after a brief but most fervid exhortation by the Very Rev. Father Urbain-Marie, Vicar-Custodian of the Holy Land, we devoutly joined in the prayers of the first station.

The fact that we were upon the very spot where Jesus had been condemned to death by a pagan judge, at the instance of a people who had but so lately hailed Him as their Messiah; that it was here He suffered the torture and shame of being crowned with thorns as a mock king, struck in the face and spat upon by his fiendish tormentors; as also, the sublime lessons of humility, silence under persecution, and patient suffering, which the followers of the agonizing Redeemer should draw from His example on this occasion, had all been impressively emphasized by the Rev. officiant in the earnest address which he made us; and I think I can say without fear of question, that we realized as never before the extent of the ignominy inflicted on our amiable Saviour by the faithless Jews and idolatrous Romans, both so aptly represented by the infidel scoffers who stood around us, and who vividly recalled their execrable prototypes to our minds. In my last letter, in quoting one of the "talks" of Pere Paul, I gave the list of the "Stations," their names, sites, etc. Hence it will not be necessary for me to go over them here. But, after making mention of a peculiar feature that characterized our devout journey from the judgment hall of Pilate to the Holy Sepulchre, I shall say a word in regard to the manner of reaching some of the stations, special features observable in them, etc. The incident just referred to was the carrying by the pilgrims, in relays, of a heavy oak cross, twenty-six feet in length by twelve in width, and a little more than half a foot in thickness. This had been brought from France by our party, and was the gift of a French bishop. It was to be taken to Rome to be blessed by the Holy Father, and thence to the diocese of the donor, where it was to be planted as a memorial of the pilgrimage. When we left the praetorium and reached the second station we found this sacred burden awaiting us, and dozens of willing hands raised it to the shoulders of those who offered them-

Note.—Before each station a short instruction was given by the same Rev. Father, who also acted as officiant during the religious exercise.

Note.—This was at the foot of the stairway, which in our Saviour's time led from the street to the judgment hall. It was here that the New Isaac, Jesus Christ our Lord, received upon His shoulders the wood on which He

selves as so many willing "Simons of Cyrene." This done, we moved forward toward the third and remaining stations, singing the Stabat Mater as we went. Owing to the narrowness of the streets through which we were obliged to pass, the cross had often to be turned at an angle, and the sharp edge of the corners almost cut into the flesh, giving us a lively idea of what our Saviour suffered when He bore His own. On reaching the ninth station the cross was taken in charge by men hired for the purpose, who bore it to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and laid it down in the little square in front of the same, a change rendered necessary, because at this point the route of the ancient Via Dolorosa is interrupted by divers constructions of comparatively recent date, an alteration requiring our doubling on our course in some instances. Thus, to go from the eighth to the ninth station, we were obliged to retrace our steps toward the "Gate of the Judiciary" and proceed thence through a covered way (formerly called "St. Stephen's Street of the Crusaders") which traverses Jerusalem in the direction of north to south from the Damascus Gate to Mount Sion. After walking some eighty yards under this vaulted roadway (on both sides of which are shops or booths for the sale of various kinds of merchandise), we had to leave the beaten track and ascend a flight of steps leading into a long and tortuous passage which terminated in front of the non-uniate Coptic bishop's residence. Here we found the ninth station, where Jesus fell the third time under His cross. (The remaining stations are within the Church of the Resurrection.)

What a striking spectacle was that which we presented to the Jews, schismatics and Turks who lined our passage as we moved slowly forward carrying the sign of salvation and rendering the highest honors to that sacred object which the first and last named hold in horror and detestation! Many representatives too of the various Protestant denominations which flourish in Jerusalem looked on, pitying us, it may be, for parading what they would call our idolatry. But no demonstration of any nature whatever was made by any of the classes mentioned, for we were headed by the cavasses of the French consulate, resplendent in their gorgeous uniform and bearing their massive silver maces, and escorted by a guard of Turkish police. Over and over again we knelt in the streets as we made our sorrowful journey from station to station. Here, we passed beneath the "Arch of the Ecce Homo," from whose balcony Pilate showed Jesus to the rabble, crowned with thorns and clothed with the ragged purple mantle, a reed instead of the royal sceptre in His manacled hands—the refinement of that insatiable cruelty which animated the Roman cohort and their eager instruments, the Jews, toward the Saviour of mankind. There, we saw the "House of Veronica," now replaced by a chapel. Again, it is the column to which the sentence of condemned criminals was affixed that met our eyes. This stood originally at the "Gate of the Judiciary," and is now reverently kept in an oratory erected by the Franciscans; for tradition says that the sentence of condemnation against our divine Lord was attached thereto. In a word, every step of our way recalled some particular scene or incident of the Passion. About the eighth station our devotions were rudely broken in upon by the shrill cry of a muezzin calling the faithful (?) to prayer from the lofty minaret of a neighboring mosque, and adding the,—to our ears—blasphemous declaration: "There is no God but Allah, and Ma-

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was to be sacrificed for man's salvation, and which He, like that holy patriarch, carried to the top of the mount.

Our Divine Redeemer mounted this stairway three times during His bitter passion, and its steps were moistened with His Precious Blood. To save so signal a memorial of Him from profanation, it was transported to Rome, where Pope Sixtus V. enshrined it in a chapel within the "Lateran." It is known to the faithful as the "Scala Santa" (Holy Stairs), and is venerated in the Monastery of the same title under the charge of the Passionist Fathers in the Eternal City. It consists of twenty-eight marble steps, which are covered with hard wood, as well to preserve it from wear as in token of its sacred character. The faithful ascend it on their knees, many indulgences being granted for this pious practice.

homet is his prophet." Sadly were we reminded by these discordant notes of the deplorable lot of Palestine and the Holy places.

Yet another incident of this memorable Friday claims my notice and I will close this letter with it. About five o'clock in the evening we visited "Le Mur des pleurs des Juifs," or "The Jews' Wailing Place." Here the more orthodox of the sad remnant of Israel still in the Holy City, with occasional additions from all parts of the world, congregate every Friday, except on that which occurs during the feast of Tabernacles, to mourn the departed glory of Zion. Formerly it was on the site of the ruined temple itself that they assembled for this purpose, but ever since that holy place has been occupied by the Mosque of Omar, this melancholy privilege has been denied them and they are now forced to content themselves with a narrow strip of paved court some thirty yards long by from four to five in width, fronting on the gigantic retaining wall which is said to have been erected by Solomon, to keep the earth that has been filled in on the lower side of the space, for the purpose of widening the great square on which he built the first temple. The sight we witnessed here was a touching one —worthy a better cause! Leaning with their faces against the huge blocks that rose up in testimony, as it were, against their unbelief in Him who had predicted the ruin of the once magnificent edifice in which their fathers had worshipped, and of which not the least vestige has survived, were men and women, some with books in their hands, chanting a mournful dirge-like refrain, taken principally from the seventy-ninth psalm, a portion of which I will cite here:

"O God, the heathens are come into thy inheritance, they have defiled thy holy temple; they have made Jerusalem as a place to keep fruit.

"They have given the dead bodies of thy servants to be meat for the fowls of the air, the flesh of thy saints for the beasts of the earth.

"They have poured out their blood as water, round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them.

"We are become a reproach to our neighbors; a scorn and derision to them that are round about us.

"How long, O Lord, wilt thou be angry forever; shall thy zeal be kindled like a fire?"

(Note.—This is a term expressive of contempt, as is apparent from these words of Isaiah (Chapter II): "And the daughter of Sion shall be left as a covert in a vineyard, and as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, and as a city that is laid waste.")

Then follow these verses, chanted alternately by the rabbi and the assembled multitude:

Rabbi.—On account of the Holy Place which is profaned.

People.—We sit solitary, and we weep.

R.—On account of the temple which is destroyed.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of the walls that are cast down.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of our majesty which has passed away.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of our great men who have perished.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of the precious stones which are burned.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of our priests who have erred.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of our kings who have been despised.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—We beseech thee, O God, have pity on Sion.

P.—Reassemble the children of Jerusalem.

R.—Make haste, O Saviour of Sion!

P.—Speak in favor of Jerusalem!

R.—May her former beauty and majesty appear within her!

P.—Turn with pity towards Jerusalem, O God!

R.—May her royal line be re-established once more.

P.—Console them that weep for Jerusalem!

R.—May peace and joy enter into Sion!

P.—And the sceptre of power arise in Jerusalem!

Frere Lievin, in his "Guide of the Holy Land," makes the following reflection on the doleful ceremony I have just described: "What food for reflection," he says, "have we here,

on beholding this people, formerly the chosen ones of God, but rejected by Him for ages past, and ever pursued by the Divine vengeance on account of their infidelities and hardness of heart, assembling together every Friday—the very day on which Christ was put to death—and beating their brows against the last remnant of the enclosure of the temple raised by their ancestors to the honor of Jehovah! What a pang do we not experience when we consider that many of these misguided people make a supreme effort in order to have the consolation of living and dying in the very place where they consummated their awful deicide, "May His blood be upon us and upon our children!" cried their forefathers. Terrible malediction, whose accomplishment, ever visible, is one of the most striking proofs of the truth of the prophetic predictions, and, consequently, of the divinity of Christianity."

We did not tarry long at the Place of Wailing, but bent our steps to an adjacent synagogue, where we were admitted without difficulty, even though service was in progress. Instinctively I removed my hat on entering, but a member of the congregation stepped up to me and made me a sign to replace it, as it is the custom of the Jews to remain covered in their temples. The men occupied the parquet, the women being accommodated in the galleries. We stayed about half an hour listening to the chant—by no means melodious,—and then returned to Casa Nova. This was my first visit to a synagogue, and to think that I made it in Jerusalem!

(To be continued.)

St. John Chrysostom and the Ladies of Constantinople

By Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O.S.A.

The ladies of Constantinople, in the early days of the Byzantine Empire, whether they were of Grecian or foreign descent, were surrounded with all the pomp and display incidental to imperial power, and accordingly manifested, as a rule, an insolent disdain towards their equals and inferiors. Those of them who came from low extraction and who had been elevated to patrican rank, either as a result of their intrigues or personal attractions endeavored to compensate for the contempt which the leading families showed them by surpassing the latter in all the extravagancies of luxury. To these racial rivalries was added a perpetual contention among the classes, for the wives of the state-officials demanded the privileges enjoyed by their husbands, which, they claimed, reflected directly on the families of the latter. A feminine heirarchy was thus constituted. First, those whose husbands were consuls, prefects or superior officers of the army had the title of illustrious; secondly, those who had married patricians or provincial governors were classed as among the respectable; lastly, in the lowest rank, were those recognized as the honorable. This nobility, of recent date, was mainly recruited from the upper army circles and was thus divided into three categories, each having its title and insigna. It gave to the imperial city the appearance of a theatre whose actors, differently costumed, played a considerable political role.

These women were extremely jealous and constantly defamed one another. They were bitter rivals in pride and display, and they lavished the money which they inherited or which came from rapine or extortion in foolish expense, while their too complacent husbands looked silently on their extravagance. The furniture of their homes, articles of toilet, chairs and even stools were made of silver; of silver also were made the vessels that served for ordinary purposes. They made use of gold cups, gold amphoras, gold objects of every kind. Their passion for that precious metal

equaled the fondness of the Indian prince who had a large tree constructed in gold under whose glittering foliage he set up his golden throne. When these women appeared abroad, they were covered with gold, streaming with gold from head to foot; they wore gold combs, gold collars, gold chains, gold bracelets, and their robes were made of gold texture. They actually enclosed their finger-tips in gold sheaths. They wanted, as said St. Chrysostom, to have golden tresses, lips and eyes. Not that this extravagant display made them more seductive. On the contrary, it weighed them down and destroyed whatever grace and elegance nature had bestowed upon them. St. John spoke bluntly to them: "Your mundane ornaments make you appear unsightly. Your ruinous and excessive luxury does not bring your beauty into bolder relief. Of what use are this gold and these ornaments, by which you endeavor to correct what God has made? Do you wish to appear beautiful? Clothe yourselves with charity, goodness, modesty and purity; cast aside display." These women exhibited this excess of ornament not for the purpose of pleasing their husbands, but with the view of being observed and creating a sensation. St. John, the pitiless moralist, fathomed their most secret intentions and thus reveals them to his audience in their presence: "A woman modestly attired, wearing no ornaments, devoid of all luxury and affection, walks on unattended in her natural manner, but always with decorum and distinction, and passes unnoticed. On the other hand, the woman that shows a brilliant toilette and is drawn by white mules with gold trappings attracts the attention of all observers; all press towards her and ask one another: 'Who is she? Whence has she come?' Such a sight scandalizes good people and excites the jealousy of rivals."

When this evil of display was confined to profane places, such as the bath and the theatre, it might be tolerated; but when it invaded the holy place, the church, where one expects to hear that gold, silver and fine clothes become ill the Christian woman, it was justly and highly censurable. St. John pictures the fashionable devotee of his day. Why has this woman passed so long a time in her dressing-room? Why this long preparation? Why does she deck herself in all her finery to-day? Where does she intend to go? She is going to the church, but what shall she hear? She will hear that all this luxury is condemned. Do not the infidels laugh at such a sight, at such a show? Or do they not think that our religion is only a by-word, only a scheme of dupery? Look at her as she enters in church; she offers a pittance of alms to the poor who stand at the door if they have said anything in praise of her beauty or if they have been shrewd enough to murmur a compliment in her ear. "I know well," said St. Chrysostom, "that it is not the name of Christ that detains them at the church door, but they pause, draw near and melt in pity if some poor person extol their beauty." The beggars were well aware of this weakness and employed their knowledge cleverly to move the fair worshippers to charity, and urged by the pangs of hunger they complimented not only the good-looking ones, but also the most homely. In the church these women acted frivolously and irreverently. The merest incident caused distraction amongst them. When the priest said a prayer or expounded the truths of religion, if a word were mispronounced or anything unusual happened, they were all ready to smile and giggle, regardless of the Divine Majesty present in the temple. They would not dare to indulge in such unseemingly behaviour in the presence of their husbands, and if they ever acted in this way it was in the time of honest and necessary recreation. In the church it was their ordinary conduct. The saint complained that they went to the church to confess their sins and to beg God's forgiveness of them and that even in the performance of this sacred duty they smiled, laughed and misbehaved.

After reprimanding them, St. John proceeded to counsel them. He said that physical beauty, however desirable it might be, soon faded and decayed, and what was nigh impossible, if it escaped the ravages of disease or worriment, it rarely endured twenty years, while, on the other hand, the beauty of the soul, its heavenly rival, retains always its strength and freshness. This spiritual beauty fears no

sad change, no old age, no wrinkles; it triumphs over all human vicissitudes. Therefore, let us cultivate it, and possessing it we shall be admitted into the presence of the divine Spouse and enter heaven bearing lamps resplendent with light. The oil with which we will fill these lamps is alms, and charity towards our neighbor. What we ought to do is to melt down this gold, this jewellery, these vain ornaments, and convert them into precious oil. How gratefully your husbands would view such action, for "your luxury wearies and disquiets them and leads them to believe that you are the slaves of these trifles, the slaves of a foolish world. I admit that they are moderate and reasonable; they respect you and will not express harsh sentiments to you, but in their hearts they condemn you."

These exhortations, so full of evangelical charity, but somewhat keen, cutting and ironical, were generally ill-received. They fell like a hail-storm or like a shower of steel arrows on these fine ladies, who felt wounded, irritated, and disposed to avenge their injured pride by saying very bitter words against the Patriarch. "See," they said, "how he excites husbands against their wives, and causes trouble in our families." St. John was not, however, deterred from waging war without truce or mercy against this shameful and crying evil of display, for he was persuaded that God had called him to the episcopal office, not to please but to correct his flock.

Another great source of affliction to him was the frivolous conduct and coquetry of certain widows, that is, of women who, by the very circumstances of their state, ought to keep aloof from the pleasures and vanities of the world. Was it not their duty to lead retired, recollected lives, apart from the tumult and activities of daily existence, to pray day and night, and if they had the means of so doing, to perform acts of charity, and to be assidious in the service of the temple? But there was much in their conduct that was reprehensible. Some of them who had become widows at an early age were reluctant to remarry, and they accepted all the honors which the church attaches to widowhood without satisfying all the obligations imposed on that state. Young, handsome and wealthy, they cultivated elegant dress and manners; they sought for praise and compliment, and under the veil of piety they concealed unbridled passions. Indigent widows inclined more readily to the severe exactions of the rule, because they were dependent on the church and the Bishop for their support, but the others who were independent and free were bound by no restriction and went about everywhere, collecting and retailing news, disseminating calumny and slander, and sparing neither bishop nor clergy with their virulent tongues. St. Chrysostom could not bear this outrageous conduct and he commanded them to remarry, if such was their inclination, or to break entirely with the world. He would not allow them to have one foot in the church and the other in the world. They must change their mode of life, or else he would erase their names from the category of widows. He took it upon himself to question them, one by one, and to ascertain what their intentions were. He counselled, and even ordered those that were addicted to worldly enjoyments and customs to give up frequenting the bath and the theatre, to lay aside fashionable dress and perfumery, and to embrace a life of prayer, fasting and penance. If this did not suit them, they should marry again as soon as possible so that their dissipated conduct might no longer compromise in the sight of men the sanctity enjoined by the gospel. When he saw that his counsel was not heeded, he began to reprimand the offenders publicly: "What are you doing?" he said to the elder widows. "Do you dream of becoming young again in spite of age? It, indeed, becomes you to wear these wavy ringlets." This bold and unconditional language stirred up great emnity against him. He was said to be harsh in speech and severe in practice by those who tried to conciliate devotion with coquetry.

Three of these women believed that they were singled out in these homilies which branded worldly widows as with burning fire. They were Eugraphia, Castricia and Marsa. Eugraphia never appeared in public, not even in the church, without having her face painted with pink and white cosmetics, her eyelids and eyebrows

colored with antimony like an Egyptian mummy, and her hair floating carelessly about her. Castricia was the widow of the consul Saturninus; she loved money and intrigues; her wickedness was equalled only by her avarice. Marsa enjoyed great influence at court. When quite young she married, but soon lost, Poromotus the General-in-chief of the army of Theodosius, who was killed in one of the wars against the barbarians. The emperor adopted the son of Poromotus, and brought him with his mother, Marsa, into the royal palace. She became, accordingly, an intimate friend of Theodosius, and also, later on the famous Eudoxia, whose mind she succeeded in poisoning against Chrysostom. This was the feminine triad that, at first secretly and again openly, declared war on their bishop and directed their opposition to him with Satanic skill and persistency.

Apart from these unscrupulous and heartless worldlings, there were happily pious women in sufficiently large number, elect souls, adorned with the brightness of Christian virtue, replete with purity, modesty, piety and devotedness. They shone like brilliant stars in a gloomy sky. Chrysostom saw them, loved them for their excellence and was in turn loved by them.

Nicoreta was a Greek lady, born in Nicomedia. Descended from a rich and noble family, she devoted to the relief of the poor the remnants of a once immense fortune which had escaped the rapacity of sordid courtiers. Although misfortune had tried her sorely, she always maintained an unchangeable serenity of mind amidst her severe trials. St. John wished to enroll her among the choir of virgins attached to his cathedral, but she did not consider herself worthy such an honor, and she preferred to give her time and means to the succor of the poor and the afflicted. Her visits to the sick were received with infinite gratitude.

Salvina came from Africa and was of royal descent; her ancestors were the former kings of Mauritania. When her father, the fierce Gildon, was vanquished by Theodosius, she was brought a mere child to the Byzantine court and was later espoused to a young prince of distinction, Nebridius, the nephew of the empress. The young couple lived happily, and a son and daughter were born of their union, when Nebridius was suddenly taken away in the bloom of his manhood. St. Jerome endeavored, in a letter which bears all the impress of religious tenderness, to assuage the grief of the inconsolable widow by his soothing words: "The little Nebridius recalls his father vividly; he has his father's eyes, features and gait. A spark of the father's energy is reflected in the son, and through the mirror of the flesh, discloses a grand soul in a small body. His sister is a basket of lilies and roses; she is so sweet and ravishing that all her kinsfolk dispute for her, and even the emperor does not disdain to take her in his arms. Therefore, you have, Salvina, a compensation for your loss, since God has given you two children for the spouse He has taken from you." When her children were reared, Salvina retired from the court and the world and St. John associated her with the deaconesses who served his metropolitan church. Salvina lived in such humility of heart and self-denial as to deserve Chrysostom's affectionate respect.

Pentadia was the wife of the famous general Timasius, whom the eunuch, Eutropius, the prime-minister of Arcadius, drove into exile. This all-powerful minister was jealous of Timasius on account of his splendid victories, and he persuaded the emperor to send the general to an oasis in the desert of Lybia. While her husband, imprisoned in a zone of burning sand, was expiating the glory of his victories, Pentadia was pursued by a pack of human blood-hounds, who ferreted her out and chased her from country to country. One day when she was on the point of being taken, she sought refuge in one of the churches of Constantinople, claiming the right of sanctuary. Eutropius, thirsting for vengeance, proceeded in his nefarious scheme of persecuting a defenceless woman, and induced the emperor to violate the law of ecclesiastical immunity. The latter ordered that she should be dragged from the church by force. This was done, and St. Chrysostom appeared before the emperor and openly claimed the release of the victim. In spite of

the opposition by the prime-minister, who himself was compelled a short time after to seek the refuge of the sanctuary from the fury of the irate populace, he succeeded in liberating Pentadia from further persecution. Pentadia became attached to her deliverer and to the church in which she found an asylum; she was enrolled among the deaconesses of the church.

The most celebrated of the ladies who assisted St. John by their prayers and charity was St. Olympias, who has been called "the glory of the widows in the Eastern Church." She was born in the year 368 and was left an orphan at an early age. She was raised by her uncle, Procopius, who had married a daughter of the emperor Valens. It was her good fortune to be placed under the care of Theodosia, the sister of St. Amphilochius, whom St. Gregory Nazianzen styled, "a perfect pattern of piety." She was formed to virtue and good manners by this excellent woman and never forgot her early training. Sylvia, the sister of Rufinus, taught her sacred and profane letters, and placed in her hands the works of Origen, St. Gregory, St. Basil, and many other ecclesiastical writers. Learning did not impair her fine natural qualities, and she enjoyed the respect and the esteem of all. To her admirable talent and intellectual attainments, Olympias united great personal beauty and delicate sensibility, and though far in advance of the women of her times as regards culture, she was characterized by the greatest simplicity of taste and manner. When she reached a marriageable age, her uncle found no difficulty in providing a suitable partner for her. She was espoused while yet quite young to Nebridius, the treasurer of Theodosius the Great and Prefect of Constantinople. Many bishops assisted at her nuptials, being influenced as much by her tender piety as by the fact of her high birth and social position. St. Gregory addressed a poem to her on this happy occasion and excused himself from attending on the plea of a severe attack of gout. Twenty months later Olympias was a widow. Her personal attractions were such that many wealthy and influential courtiers sought her hand; one, especially, Elpidius, a Spanish noble and a relative of Theodosius, was a constant and urgent suitor. The emperor promoted his wishes, but Olympias modestly declared her intention of living single for the rest of her life. "If God wishes me to live with a man," she said, "He would not have taken my husband." In order to make her submit to his proposal, Theodosius ordered the prefect of Constantinople to take possession of her entire fortune and to act as her guardian till she had reached her thirtieth year. Her disappointed lover also prevailed on the prefect to forbid her seeing the bishop or visiting the churches. Her answer to Theodosius was a magnificent testimony of heroic virtue: "You have testified, Sire, towards your humble servant not only the wisdom of a sovereign, but the prudence of an overseer in placing in the keeping of your officials the fortune which I possess and by this means discharging me from the care and disquiet which the necessity of using it well would cause me. You would enhance even more my happiness if you were to command your officials to distribute my goods among the churches and the poor, for I have feared for a long time the motions of vanity which are accustomed to follow from such distribution when made by oneself, and I fear also that the care of temporal riches may make me neglect the true riches which are spiritual and divine." She who wrote these beautiful disinterested words was only twenty-three years of age. Theodosius was astonished at her self-denial, and after inquiring into her mode of life, he restored her estate to her in 391. When she entered again on her patrimony, she began to devote it to religious and pious uses. She was veritably a poor servant of Christ. She heeded the Saviour's admonition to be poor in spirit and scarcely retained what was necessary for the maintenance of life. She passed whole days and nights in the church, and her brethren said that she never left it. Her health was not robust; her body was feeble, and though nurtured from childhood in delicacy and luxury, she practised the greatest austerities and self-denial. She never ate meat and never partook of sufficient rest. She had, by this stern manner of life, subdued her body and tamed its appetites; fasting and watching had annihilated all the instincts and passions

of the flesh. Her dress was plain; her furniture poor; her prayers continual and fervent, and her charities without bounds. St. Chrysostom compared her lavish almsgiving to a river which is open to all and which diffuses its waters to the ends of the earth and into the greatest ocean itself. Constantinople was not the only place that was benefited by her charity; she sent money and material help to distant countries, islands, and most remote deserts, and she gave entire estates to destitute churches. Such was Olympias when St. Chrysostom was raised to the patriarchal see of Constantinople.

When these two souls met, they felt drawn towards each other by a mutual, irresistible attraction, the attraction of virtue. They understood each other, as saints always do, by their reciprocal desire for spiritual perfection; they were united by that one sentiment which is closer than any natural tie—the love of God. John esteemed Olympias for her sufferings, her patience, contempt of riches, and her humility which made her the lowly servant of the poor. He saw realized in her life that ideal of detachment of which he had long dreamed: a noble lady reared in affluence and luxury descending from her lofty station and abasing herself for God's sake to the lowest degree of poverty! It was certainly a picture of most heroic virtue and Christ-like humility. He never wearied of looking at this high-born, patrician lady, clad in such coarse raiment as to be cast aside by servants and even beggars; he could not help admiring her dignified simplicity of life and manner. Olympias appeared to the saintly bishop as the triumph of the spirit over the flesh; all the Christian virtues had supernaturalized her existence. Olympias had passed through the crucible of severe trial. God had sent her affliction to increase her holiness. Sickness, persecution and calumny had formed a large portion of her life. In one of his letters St. John thus consoles her: "As you are well acquainted with the advantages and merit of sufferings, you have reason to rejoice, inasmuch as by having lived constantly in tribulation, you have walked in the way of crowns and laurels. All manner of corporal distempers has been your portion, often more cruel and harder to be endured than ten thousand deaths; nor have you ever been free from sickness. You have been perpetually overwhelmed by slanders, insults and injuries. Never have you been exempt from some new tribulation; torrents of tears have always been familiar to you. Among all these, one single affliction is enough to fill your soul with spiritual riches." Before St. John came to Constantinople, his predecessor, Nectarius, held Olympias in the highest esteem and appointed her a deaconess of his church to serve in some remote function of the ministry, which was entrusted to devout women, as for instance, the preparing of the linen for the altars. St. Amphilochius, St. Epipharius, and St. Peter of Sebaste, with several other prelates, valued her acquaintance highly and maintained a correspondence with her.

On her part, Olympias loved and esteemed St. Chrysostom, because she saw that he was religious and mortified, and was emaciated by long fasts and vigils. She regarded him with particular admiration for standing forth boldly in defence of Christian morality after a long series of mediocre or unworthy bishops in the patriarchal see of Constantinople. She was enchanted with his passionate but tender eloquence, which stigmatized the popular and courtly vices: luxury, mercantilism, mammon-worship, material good for which religious ideality was sacrificed. While St. John was fearless in denouncing the prevalent injustice and corrupt practices rampant among the court-officers and government-agents, and exposed all manner of vice with great vehemence, he expounded with infinite tenderness the teaching which fell from the lips of Jesus,—the antidote for inordinate worldly care and worldly striving. Never did such golden eloquence flow from the mouth of a human preacher as from the inspired mouth of Chrysostom. He himself was the ideal of lofty spirituality, and in this alone, he surpasses all other pulpit-orators, whose spiritual tone is too often weighed with earthly admixtures. In Chrysostom spirituality was "unalloyed, etherial and transparent;" it transfigured his fleshy body; it transported him to heaven; it pervaded his whole action and filled his speech. When he spoke, thousands at Antioch

and Constantinople hung on his words as if they were messages from above, and while they trembled as the cyclone of his reproach rushed upon them for their sins and vices, they were also encouraged to virtue when they were wafted by his golden eloquence and poetic flights to a sweeter and serener atmosphere and heaven was opened to their human vision, and they saw the throne of the merciful God erected on its sapphire floor. Their hearts were hungry for those spiritual realities which make life worth living, and Chrysostom, with masterly touch, stirred them up from their very soul-depths. Olympias perceived the mighty efforts of the Patriarch to transform the entire spiritual state of his flock; his grand endeavor to lead men to know and love God, to bring them in contact with the Infinite through sacramental agencies, and to bind them so closely to their Maker and Saviour that the Divine life would throb through them, stimulate their growth and shape it into the perfect manhood of Jesus Christ. She saw the glow of heaven in the Saint's words, born of pure love of God and motived by the love of souls. It was no wonder that this devout woman, like all the classes of the imperial city, the court-class alone excepted, was brought within the circle of Chrysostom's spiritual fascination and loved her bishop with the same intense undying love with which she loved the potent magic of his voice. He was all to her: father, pastor and friend. She was one of the last persons to whom he said farewell when he was exiled by order of the emperor, June 20th, 404, and force only removed her from his feet where she knelt lamenting the cruel injustice done him. When he departed from Constantinople, Olympias, like many of St. John's friends and supporters, was made the object of special legislation and persecution. Because she would not recognize Arsacius, who had been intruded into Chrysostom's see, she was mulcted in a heavy fine and expelled from the city. After wandering from place to place she was brought back to Constantinople, and persisting in her refusal to communicate with Arsacius, she was forced to undergo many acts of cruelty. The public officials seized her goods and sold them at auction, she was hauled before public tribunals; the soldiers tore her clothing from her back; the dregs of the populace pillaged her farms; her own servants, and many who had received from her the greatest favors, vied with one another in insulting her. She managed, however, to send some pecuniary help to St. John, which he used mainly to ransom captives and assist the poor in the desert-places to which he was exiled. She also sent the saint medicine for his own use, when he was suffering from disease brought on by an unhealthy clime and barbarous treatment. Thus was St. Olympias an angel of mercy at home and abroad.

The unrelenting hatred of a few lawless women, belonging to the Byzantine Court, drove St. Chrysostom into banishment and death. One of them was the Empress Eudoxia and she was the prime mover in this nefarious scheme. The eunuch Eutropius, whose appointment to the highest office in the state was such a disgrace as had never been witnessed since Caligula made his favorite horse a consul, succeeded in marrying Eudoxia to Arcadius, a weak and vindictive prince. The eunuch soon became the object of Eudoxia's jealousy and hatred, and driven from court he was compelled to take refuge in a church, while St. John pleaded successfully for his life before the infuriated populace. This act of St. John was a literal fulfilment of the evangelical precpt to return good for evil, since Eutropius, when in power, persecuted and harassed the Patriarch in the vilest and most malicious manner. On the retirement of Eutropius, Eudoxia assumed the reins of government and she ruled as a despot. Arcadius was emperor only in name. Eudoxia surpassed all her predecessors in pomp and extravagance. She had need of vast resources to satisfy her love of display, and she accordingly amassed immense sums of money, mainly obtained by crying injustice and extortion. St. John was the only person who dared to speak openly against her outrageous conduct. In one of his sermons he condemned the excessive luxury displayed by the courtiers. Instantly, a swarm of watchful enemies arose in court circles. They were men of bad reputation and women of worse fame, sectaries, many of them Anairs whom St. John has proscribed

in his episcopal city. They were prepared to take advantage of any incident that would forbode harm to him. They succeeded in arraying the whole court against the Patriarch and in allying Theophilus, the Archbishop of Alexandria, with their side. This prelate had acted very summarily with some bishops and monks in his jurisdiction, whom he suspected of Origenism. Driven from their sees and monasteries, they sought Chrysostom's hospitality in their distress. The Patriarch received them kindly though he did not share their opinions, but he would not admit them to Holy Communion because they were under sentence of excommunication pronounced by their own bishop. Theophilus was piqued at St. John's charitable conduct, and awaited his opportunity for revenge. Charges of a serious nature were preferred by the monks of Nitria against Theophilus, and the latter was summoned to answer them before a synod to be presided over by St. Chrysostom. Theophilus in his defence was shrewd enough to take advantage of Eudoxia's enmity towards St. John. Through her intrigues John was accused of being an Origenist and was called upon to defend himself before a court over which Theophilus presided. He was found guilty of heresy by the Alexandrian prelate at the Pseudo-Synod of the Oak, so-called from the name of the country seat owned by the Imperial Minister Rufinus, where the conciliabulum was held. He was condemned to exile in Bythinia. Eudoxia had her revenge, but it was of short duration. On the night following St. John's departure from Constantinople, a violent earthquake shook the city and created havoc in the Imperial Palace. Besides, the people were infuriated at St. John's unjust sentence and popular uprisings were planned. The thoroughly frightened Eudoxia besought the Emperor to recall the bishop. For eight months he administered the affairs of his diocese, but was constantly persecuted. During his residence in the Imperial city after his exile, an untoward incident happened, the issue of which was to bring great trouble and fatal consequences to the valiant Patriarch. A statue of the Empress was erected in the public square between the Senate house and the church of St. Sophia. At the dedication of the statue, the prefect of the city, who was a Manichean and a half Pagan, excited the people to extraordinary rejoicings, which were attended with superstitious practices. The crowds took part in shameful dances and made the city resound with cries and invocations that recalled the ancient Pagan orgies and festivals. The order of the Divine service was greatly disturbed by the popular tumult and uproar. This was more than St. Chrysostom could endure. With his ordinary freedom he censured all who had taken part in these disgraceful scenes, and being like John the Baptist no respecter of persons, he condemned also those who were the originators of this Saturnalian festivity. Eudoxia's resentment was again aroused, and she determined on convening a new council for the express purpose of condemning the Patriarch, deposing him from his see, and driving him into exile. Money and political intriguery were employed to effect the nefarious plot of the Empress. St. John was again condemned, deposed and sent into exile (A. D. 404). The bishops who were nearly all of the party of the Empress, assembled in synod, justified their extraordinary action by quoting against St. John the notorious IVth and XIIth Canons of the Council of Antioch (A. D. 341). Eudoxia's revenge was complete; her womanly finesse had triumphed, and she could now live her life of shame and injustice without fearing rebuke from prelate or opposition from the clergy. Her success blinded her, and she ruled more despotically than ever.

St. John went into exile, and endured untold sufferings from sickness, fatigue and maltreatment. He died before he reached the fixed place of exile, a spot far distant from his Episcopal charge and city. God in His mercy saved him from further dishonor and insult. The last words of this venerable brave athlete of Christ were: "Let God be praised for all things." That saying represents the principle which actuated his whole life.

In the reign of Theodosius II his sacred relics were brought to Constantinople, whose people loved him as a father and venerated him as a saint. Later these holy remains of the great orator were spared the in-

evitable desecration that would come from Saraceen impiety, and they were transported to Rome, where they lie under the altar of the Canons' Chapel in St. Peter's.

St. John bore witness to truth and morality and he died a martyr's death. A few months later the titled woman, who was the cause of his persecution and death, was herself summoned before God's dread tribunal to answer for her many sins.

The Holy Family of Nazareth

On the third Sunday after the feast of the Epiphany the Church celebrates the Feast of the Holy Family. It is just a few years that the Church has introduced into her Liturgy a special office and mass of this feast; and it did this undoubtedly to impress upon the minds more deeply the mutual duties and obligations of family. The Church mourns the loss of many of her children through mixed marriages, unbelief, and so forth, and this to a very great extent is owing to the neglect of parents to bring up their children properly. Even our public schools would be a less evil, if parents were faithful in the education of their children.

Many of these so called christian parents no longer look upon their children as endowed with an immortal soul, they no longer instil into their minds the principles of religion and morality. They never go to the trouble of instructing them at home. This they say, is the priest's duty, they care very little whether they go to catechism or not, and if they do send them it is just till they have made their first Communion. They are satisfied when their sons and daughters receive a liberal education and occupy some lucrative position in the world. Others again make an attempt to bring up their children properly but do it in such an awkwardway as to render all their efforts useless. They endeavor to make anchorites of them, denying them everything that might render the home pleasant, and try to inculcate piety more by words than by good example. The father spends the time that he is not at work in disputing politics or something similar with his friends, and not a few spend their time and money in some saloon or gambling hole. The mother wastes her time at the club in talking over the latest fads of fashion, woman suffrage, the inestimable good derived from some humane society and so forth. And the poor children left to themselves in the dull home look for some amusement, and as they can not find it under the paternal roof they seek some company, and that very often dangerous. The boys steal off to the streets and the girls entertain companions of doubtful character. The husband is often driven from the home because the wife is ignorant of her duties, and endeavors to make everyone suffer because she felt a little displeasure, or the contrary. And why all this? Because they fail to make home what it should be. Home should be that dear spot, where the heart finds rest, where the mind burdened with cares and anxieties finds a haven of rest and peace; for if the heart finds no peace there, where will it find it on this earth? A good home is a blessing which we cannot value too highly. It does not consist in riches, worldly comforts and such like, but in that affection which binds the different members of the family together, by which each member of the family, even at the cost of some sacrifice, endeavors to make it agreeable to the others. What a pleasure for the husband after a hard day's toil, wending his way homeward, to meet his little children, and clasp them in his arms, and entering the threshold to meet their smiling mother. He must sit down and rest. All his needs are attended to, and he is loath to leave this haven of peace unless compelled to do so by necessity. On the other hand, the wife goes to her work with a light heart, occasionally murmuring a prayer for her children, whom she tries to edify by good example, and her faithful partner, who, as she knows, is fatiguing himself, enduring hardships of all kinds, principally for her sake. This she appreciates, shows her appreciation by being kind and affable to him, by making

home bright and pleasant for him. Yes, this is woman's privilege. She may devote herself to art and science, she may employ her time at any profession, she is always man's inferior, and her labors are very poorly appreciated by man, but in the home she is alone, she is supreme. As the Ottawa Union beautifully remarked in a recent issue: "Men can build houses, but homes they cannot make. That is the blessed privilege and sacred right of woman; and she alone can accomplish the work. But it is an edifice which must have for its corner stone self-sacrifice, and be furnished only with what is best and richest in a womanly woman's head and heart." It will no doubt cost her much exertion, and even some suffering, but her efforts will be appreciated, will be amply rewarded, not only in the future life, but also in this present life, in seeing her sons and daughters grow up in the fear and love of God, her sons not addicted to drunkenness, gambling, cursing, and other vices, which they learn so easily on the street, and in dangerous society, but good, steady, diligent, ready to help their parents in any pinch; her daughters not vain, gaudy, with the stamp of dishonor upon their foreheads, but pious, obedient, gentle, pure, such as becomes a christian woman.

Parents, especially the mother should devote as much time as they can to the welfare of their children. Let them enjoy themselves as much as they can at home. You cannot expect them to imitate the hermits in their cells in being serious, and keeping silence the whole day long. As long as the enjoyments are innocent there is no need to be afraid. Of the several legends that are told of the childhood of our Redeemer, most of them picture him at play with other children, and although these legends may not be true in the circumstances, I do not doubt but that He did do it.

After parents have gained the affection of their children they should be very careful to instruct them well in their holy religion. They cannot begin too soon with this. As soon as the child is able to utter a word it should be taught the words Jesus and Mary; it should be taught to say its prayers and to be obedient in all things.

Whenever children commit any fault which they know is wrong parents should always show their displeasure at least, and not laugh at them as some foolish parents do, and thus encourage them in their wrongdoing. On the other hand they should not scold, much less punish them when they do something, which although it be wrong in itself, they did not know it as such or which they could not prevent. In one word parents should be strict with their children in seeing that they are instructed in our holy religion, that they do nothing which would offend God, and especially that they be kind and charitable to all. But at the same time they should be kind to them, and thus keep their affections. Nobody can tell how much a boy values a mother to whom he can go in all his troubles, a mother that listens patiently to him while he opens his mind to her, and then without rebuking or scolding him does her best to console him, and encourage him by her kind words and advice.

But parents must be careful above all to give their children good example, for that is better than rods or anything of that kind. The trite saying, "practice what you preach" is true here too. How absurd and ridiculous it is for the father, who is given to drunkenness, cursing and other vices to attempt to make his son give up these vices, or for the mother to punish her children for saying an improper word, when she herself flies into a passion and curses them, using every bad word that comes to her mind. How can parents expect their children to go to Mass regularly and frequent the sacraments at certain times when they themselves seldom see the inside of a church? No, this will not do; if you want your children to be good and pious, dear parents, you must first show them the road, and then they will follow in your footsteps.

In the Holy Family of Nazareth every member of the family will find a model. The husband and father should imitate St. Joseph. He works in his carpenter shop for the support of those two dear beings entrusted to his care; he practices all the virtues in a high degree, unknown to the world around him. At the first call of the Angel he takes the Child and His mother and goes to a distant un

known country to save them from danger, and this without a murmer, without the least complaint. To the wife and mother the Blessed Virgin should be a pattern in all her actions. The Holy Fathers tell us that she attended to her domestic duties in a quiet, unassuming way, only going abroad when duty or charity called her. All her efforts and all her desires were centered in that Child who had been entrusted to her care. She practised in an eminent degree all the virtues which adorn and ennoble womanhood, especially humility, purity, modesty, love of retirement, etc., and is now proposed by the church as a model to women of every position and station in life.

As regards the children, in Holy Scripture obedience to parents is inculcated in the strongest terms, and severe punishments are menaced against those who dare violate the fourth commandment. The Evangelist speaking of the private life of our Lord sums it up in these few words: "He was subject to them." Now if our Saviour lived so long on this earth, principally to give us an example, if he spent so much time in practising obedience, surely this virtue must be one of the greatest importance. Besides being an offence against God, it is a base ingratitude, for they are bound by so many ties to love and respect their parents. For how many years did these parents provide for their temporal and spiritual needs, how many hardships and trials did they undergo to make them comfortable? Yes, this was the principal aim in all their labors and undertakings; and a child, that after all this goodness on the part of the parents, rebels and refuses obedience, is to say the least, very ungrateful.

Moreover, how many have been disrespectful to parents and repented of it very soon. As long as their parents were alive and moved among them, they were unconscious of the treasure they possessed and treated them accordingly, but when death snatched them away, then they saw how they had erred, how ungrateful they had been. Too late, however, for they never could bring them back. Hence all children who want to enjoy God's blessing must always obey their parents, or those who have taken their place.

A bad habit that many people have, especially boys, is to speak disrespectfully of their parents. Many think they are very big, when in the presence of others they say "daddy," "the old man," "governor," etc., instead of father, or the endearing term, "papa." Surely any boy that has any sense of honor would not be found guilty of such a disrespectful act. Always speak respectfully of your parents and all good people will esteem you so much the more.

Therefore, in accordance with the desire of Holy Church, let all, father, mother, and children look to the Holy family; everyone will find a model, a pattern for all their actions. If all would do this, not only the families, but the whole country of which the family is the foundation and support, they would surely be blessed by God with a plentiful harvest of spiritual and temporal benefits.

Rosary Gems

Retrospect

We have styled three suggestions for lovers of Mary "Gems," because of the priceless treasure enclosed by Holy Church in the devotion of "Fifteen Saturdays," and tried to convey a slight idea of their beauty.

The labor of love and gratitude was sweet for the sake of our dear Blessed Mother, and though we must acknowlege these "Gems" were contained in a very poor casket, praised with very inadequate expressions perhaps we have not been so happy as to awaken responsive chords to our own thoughts, still we trust her indulgent maternal love will accept and offer them to Jesus' Sacred Heart.

However if any readers have consecrated the Saturdays of this Holy Year to Mary, we are confident they do not regret it and that the retrospect of those "bright days that strew the year like stars," is consoling to their hearts now. In our own isles of spirit some very beautiful and well-known stanzas, are stealing softly, seeming to express better than our own notes, tender sentiments of gratitude for the past, devoutedness in the present, trust for the future. The gifted writer of "Chaplet of Memories," A. A. Procter, speaks of shrines, but we may apply her thoughts to days as well.

"They arise now like stars before me,
Through the long, long night of years;
Some are bright with a heavenly radience,
And others shine out through tears."

Do not these words remind us of the radient, joyful and glorious mysteries? Those of Jesus' Passion, certainly "Shine out through tears."

Again she calls them "Mystical flowers," and says they are "Wreathed round Mary's name." Indeed the entire poem might be studied by souls looking back on life's vista. One cannot help feeling: "There is ever a shrine of our Lady" before which their Rosaries and other pious practices are gleaming "Like lamps that burn at her feet."

Another year has ebbed away and how many joys, sorrows, interests, cares have passed leaving no fruit for Eternity! Not so whatever. We have done for Jesus and Mary. Let us quote once more some exquisite lines which will be, as it were, the cadence of retrospect:

"Past griefs are perished and over;
Past joys have vanished and died;
Past loves have fled forgotten;
Past hopes have been laid aside;
Past years have faded in daylight;
Past sins have melted in tears;
One love and rememberance only
Seems alive in those dead old years.
So wherever I look in the distance,
And whenever I turn to the past,
There is always a shrine of Mary
Each brighter still than the last.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clare's.

Sadly o'er the wintry snowdrifts,
Sighs the night wind's plaintive moan,
Like those memories that whisper
"We have failed in days now flown."
O how gentle were the pleadings
Of our Lord's celestial grace!
And how tenderly he led us
Towards the vision of His face!

Yet, too often have we wandered
From his guidance far apart,
And how deeply we have wounded
Jesus' Sacred living Heart!
Still there are "bright days" of gladness;
Soft they gleam, like star-light fair;
"Fifteen Saturdays" of Mary,
Fragrant with Saint Dominic's prayer.

O, how beautiful their vista!
And, how gracefully we twine
Rose buds white, and red and golden
Round our Lady's holy shrine!
We have styled them "Gems" most precious;
"Sweet and light" the task for thee,
Gladly do we now enclose them
In thy dear heart's purity.

*"Bright days that strew the year like stars."—Faber.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clare's

GEMS FOR THE FIRST SATURDAYS OF JANUARY, 1902.

"Were every word I wrote a gem,
And every thought a golden thread
'Twere all unworthy to o'erspread
My Lady's raiment's very hem.

"With rarest pearls of words and deeds,
Into historic settings wrought
In costliest chain of human thought
I'd form my Lady's Rosary beads."

BROTHER AZARIAS.

In the year 1895 the kind editor of Our Lady's "Review" allowed us each month to suggest a glorious patron who, from the land of light, would shed soft rays of guidance o'er our onward pathway. Again, in the pages of last year, we gathered one or other of those fragrant lives for every first Friday that its odor might gladden Jesus' Sacred Heart and refresh our devotion.

We venture now to hope for the same indulgence regarding a tribute of love to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. We desire to lay at her shrine a mystical rose of rare beauty and celestial grace and unfading petals glistening with dew-drops from the Garden of Paradise.

Perhaps some of our readers may not be well acquainted with the beautiful devotion of "Fifteen Saturdays" and may welcome these thoughts regarding it, in successive numbers of "The Carmelite Review."

Love, gratitude for favors obtained by this means, and many other reasons, impelled us to undertake this little labor of love for Mary. May He, who alone can do so, bless it and grant to some hearts known to Himself the experimental knowledge and celestial graces of this devotion. "Taste and see."

In this number we merely indicate its nature—to offer Holy Communion on fifteen consecutive Saturdays in honor of the mysteries, joyful, sorrowful, glorious (considered successively), of Our Lady's Rosary.

Three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians, and one by others who are not so, any days they select —i.e., on one or other of the Saturdays. On the remaining Saturdays, seven years and seven quarantines. If impossible to receive Holy Communion on the appointed day, Sunday will suffice.

Prayers for the intentions of Holy Church are required, also for the souls in Purgatory; and it is well to recite the Rosary, also to meditate on whatever mystery we desire to honor in a special manner that day. Though not a condition for indulgences, it is a holy practice to reflect during the week on that mystery, still, as it were, embalming life with its sweet rose-fragrance, and seeking occasions of imitating Jesus and Mary in their joyful, sorrowful, and glorious dispositions. The Saturdays preceding Rosary, Sunday are most appropriate and also the usual time for twining this beautiful wreath to lay at her feet, nevertheless indulgences may be gained at any other period of the year.

In this notice we merely desire to call attention of kind readers to these "Fifteen Saturdays" which have brought such countless favors to Mary's clients that frequently they offer a new series in order to thank her Immaculate Heart. We trust, as time flows on, to speak of the mysteries, fruits, spirit, graces, etc., of this devotion. May our blessed Mother, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, obtain for our poor thoughts the blessing of her Divine Son!

E. de M.

St. Clare.

St. Benedict

The religious faith of Catholics had done much to inflame the world with knowledge. Besides her zeal in evangelizing the various nations, she at the same time undertook the great burden of instructing man in the various departments of science. At the very beginning of her existence we see the flourishing schools of Antioch and Alexandria born of a spirit that is worthy the imitation of after ages. Our modern universities have failed to produce men gifted such as were within their halls. The names of Clement, Tertullian and Origen will remain till the end of time. During pagan supremacy, however, little could be accomplished. The scholars of the Church could scarcely appear in public to teach its doctrines, much less advocate the cause of knowledge. Finally it does succeed in triumphing over the errors and prejudices of idolatry and lays the foundation of a new civilization. But too short does she enjoy the privilege of independent action before she meets an obstacle to her progress in the eruption of the barbarian hordes from the north. The people were strangers to any civilizing influence and those with whom they came in contact, they left impregnated with the germs of disorder. Where opulence and riches once reigned there we behold ruin and chaos. Where culture and enlightenment made their abode there we see ignorance and brutalism follow in the wake of these savage hosts. Like the grass withered beneath the hoofs of Alaric's horse, so also perished nearly all works of man's intellect, so disappeared nearly all the monuments of pagan lore. In the midst of this utter desolation the Church began the arduous task of reclaiming the people from the deep-rooted errors so prejudicial to civilization that flourish among the semi-barbarians.

The sons of St. Benedict consecrated their lives to the herculean labors of teaching the people the arts of civilized life. Crude and primitive, as they were, they have been the foundation of the present industrial arts. During three or more centuries all efforts were devoted merely to the uplifting of man from savagery. However in those parts of the world already evangelized and immune from spasmodic incursions of the northern hordes, the Church developed her schools, produced men fitted in every capacity to teach their fellowmen.

The Scholarship

It was a clear biting morning in the latter part of January. The scholars of St. Joseph's were unusually active, as it was not only the last day of their half-yearly examination, but also, a day of great distinction for their school,—for the Mayor of the town had promised to honor, by his presence, the closing of their oral examination. Great rivalry had been shown thus far, but to-day everyone was put to his mettle to exhibit the school in its best light. The event of the day with them was the contest for the prize offered by the Mayor for the best essay on "Boyhood." Several members of the senior class had been preparing their compositions for weeks beforehand; everything was now ready for the trial.

At ten o'clock, the Mayor, accompanied by several members of the town council, drove up to the school. The scholars, in gala-attire and lightly breasting the keenness of the frosty air in the warmth of their enthusiasm, turned out in a body to welcome him. They deployed in two lines, the girls facing the boys, and between the lines, the Mayor, with the councilmen, passed into the school-house. The scholars closed in behind him, and soon all were seated in the hall awaiting the opening of the contest.

To the right of the stage sat the Mayor and his friends. Father Quinn, the parish priest, sat next to him. A short programme had been arranged, and when all the numbers, except the last, had been completed, Father Quinn arose to announce the opening of the friendly contest. Five pupils had entered—all boys.

"The subject, 'Boyhood,' " remarked Father Quinn, in his good-humored way, "is perhaps the reason why none of the girls have entered as contestants for the prize. I shall ask Mr. Mayor," continued he, turning to Mr. Dunstan, the Mayor, "to give a prize next time for the best essay on 'Girlhood.' " The Mayor smiled and a perceptible titter was heard on the boys' side of the room.

The five boys were called in turn. All did honor to their teachers and to their school. Two, however, especially distinguished themselves,—Henry Fiske and George Mallen. The applause which was given the reading of the essays of these two, showed how their schoolmates appreciated industry and talent. The composition of George Mallen showed carefulness and persevering labor; that of Henry Fiske, ease and grace, which bespoke the talents of its author.

All awaited in breathless suspense the decision of the Mayor's friends, who had been chosen judges. At length the decision was reached.

"We all agree," announced the spokesman, "that the performances of all five are a credit and honor to the school. Two pupils, however, have done remarkably well—better than one should expect from boys so young. The essays of Henry Fiske and George Mallen are of a merit so equal that we cannot venture to decide in favor of either one. That task we shall leave to the Mayor himself." Mr. Dunstan took the cue at once, and graciously rose to the occasion.

"I am highly pleased," said he, "to see such talent displayed by the scholars of St. Joseph's. The decision of the judges seems to me most just, and, as it would be unbecoming in me to act the part of a judge, I shall double the prize and give one to each of the two contestants who were judged equal." The whole school cheered the generosity of their gracious benefactor,—one scholar alone excepted, and that one was Henry Fiske.

All were about to leave when Father Quinn, who had been talking earnestly with the Mayor, asked them to remain a moment, as he had some good tidings to announce to them. In a moment all was silence and expectation. Father Quinn then began:

"The Mayor has been so well satisfied with the friendly spirit of emulation, and the great success due to the offering of his last small prize, that he has decided to bestow on us a favor which we cannot too highly appreciate. As regards his personal love for justice and religion, I need not speak; it is well known to you all. But to-day, he has given us proof of

his love for youth, and for industry. As our school teaches only the first two years of college work, he has decided to give two scholarships to our school; one for the boys, and one for the girls. Thus, girls, you see my words have had their effect. Both these scholarships are subject to certain conditions, which will be made known to you in a few days. That of the boys is a paid tuition at college till the completion of the college course; that of the girls, a paid tuition at an academy till the completion of its course. In the name of the whole school—teachers and scholars, I sincerely thank Mr. Mayor for his great generosity."

The school could hardly restrain its enthusiasm, and the Mayor left the hall with a feeling of pardonable pride at having done something for the good of his fellowmen.

The conditions for entering the scholarship contest were soon made known. Two had an important hearing on the result: The first was, that eight months attendance out of the ten school months was required of all who entered; the second was, that the scholarship was to be given on the score of general proficiency and of an English composition, The other conditions related to matters of no concernment to the issue in itself.

You can easily imagine what a stir this announcement made in St. Joseph's. If there had been rivalry, and earnest application to studies before, that rivalry and application were now increased tenfold. At the commencement of the second term, the industry and earnestness was truly worthy of praise. All had been fired by the promises made to them, and each determined to leave no stone unturned by doing his utmost to gain the prize. Twenty-three boys entered for the boys' scholarship. Every one showed sufficient industry and willingness to carry off a dozen scholarships in an ordinary school; but to obtain a prize at St Joseph's, something more than the ordinary was required.

Though we might dwell with profit on the characters of each in this race, there were two who soon became the cynosure of all who were interested in the school. Already their names have been mentioned.

Henry Fiske, 16 years old, was a bright boy. His dark hair and white complexion stood out in vivid contrast. From underneath his dark eyebrows, still darker eyes sparkled, with a glance that told of an active mind within. He was talented and he knew it,—that was his misfortune. Fond parents had flattered him till honied words became to him a daily necessity.

His father was rich, and Henry, the only boy, was pampered and coddled in all possible ways. He wanted nothing. He was somewhat vain of his appearance—this vanity was fostered by allowing him all sorts of novelties in dress. He was self-willed —and this self-will was increased by permitting him to do as he chose. This was a bad training for one who was to compete for a prize, especially for a prize that was to call forth all the native energy of the winner.

His friends had told him that his essay for the Mayor's prize was far superior to that of George Mallen. Now this was his own firm conviction, and it was owing to this same proud conviction that he was sorely piqued when he saw himself placed on a par with George Mallen. His father could have paid his tuition at any college, but it was not money or a free scholarship he desired, it was honor and notoriety to feed his pride. His love for George Mallen had never been very sincere,—and this for many reasons. George's father was only a poor operative, while his father was a rich banker.

"I don't see," mused Henry, one day to himself, "how such an upstart dares to rival me. What business has he to do such a thing? Nothing but pride can ever move a dull, stupid fellow like George Mallen to try to vie with me. Then everyone says I'm so talented; I'll show him where his place is. I can beat him without half trying. Only the impudence of the blockhead, to think he can outdo me! That's what makes me mad!" With such musings, Henry consoled his wounded feelings, and cajoled his mind, already beginning to doubt about the upshot of the contest.

For the next two months, however, he applied himself carefully to his studies. The monthly reports showed that Henry Fiske led his class by a safe margin. But that

safe margin, his own proud feeling of self-sufficiency, and the deceitful wheedling of his friends were steadily sapping the foundations of his position. But "Who thinks to stand, let him take heed lest he fall."

There are some people, who, to all outward appearances, are the chosen children of the Most High. Position, friends, riches, power, are attendants on them. They have but to move a hand, and for them, the world will all but stop in its course. But experience has, time out of mind, told sad tales of such worldly-blest people. Good fortune is the hydrogen gas, which inflating the balloon of self-conceit, soon raises it into the thin atmosphere of fulsome flattery, where even the best-ballasted aeronaut is at the mercy of chance. Ill fortune, on the other hand, is the guy which steadies and holds conceit in its place in spite of all attempts to rise, and though, at times, this restraint may seem quite disastrous in itself, the results are very often the antipode of our expectation.

With ill fortune, George Mallen was overtaken. All the world seemed leagued against his obtaining the scholarship. No clear spot was visible on the horizon of the future; dark lowering clouds enveloped all in impenetrable night.

George had long been desirous of becoming a priest; but he had little hopes of ever fulfilling that desire till the scholarship was offered by the Mayor. Here was a chance to gain the object of his life. He had prayed to God to give him the means of joining the laborers in his vineyard, and this scholarship seemed to be the answer to his prayer.

George's father was a poor laboring man. He worked in a factory for ten dollars a week. This was a small pittance for a man who had to support a sickly wife and two children. He was a good, honest man, had been formerly well-to-do, but his confidence and honesty had been traitorously abused by his partners, till he lost everything—even the roof that sheltered his head. After paying his rent and doctor's bill but little was left each week from his wages to support his little family. Still he toiled on, knowing that God has never yet let the upright of heart suffer in vain.

Mrs. Mallen had been suffering from rheumatism for several years. Some weeks she was in bed the whole time; other weeks she could go about doing a little housework. When she was very sick, one of the children had to stay at home to take care of her and to do the housework. She did not want to take either of them from school, as she knew how eager they were to learn and how beneficial all their knowledge would be to them in after-life. But in spite of this she was often forced to do it.

Jennie and George, the two children, were twins, 16 years old. Both were naturally strong and healthy, but of late hard study had been telling upon them. Jennie was a trifle more intelligent than George, but his dogged perseverance easily made him the better scholar. It was pleasing to see how they did their tasks of an evening together. A small console-table placed near a gas-jet was their favorite place to do their work. There they sat, face to face, as they completed task after task in regular routine. What Jennie could not do, George would, in all love, explain to her; what George could not understand, Jennie would in turn endeavor to make clear to him. Thus they grew up, a paragon of sisterly and brotherly love. The kindness of one to the other was exhibited, not only in their lessons, but also in every little thing that effected either. Any little present one received would be shared with the other. Each thought how to please the other, and truly, one would travel a long day's journey before finding such devotion and attachment.

A simple incident connected with our story will tell us better than words the depth of their mutual love. One of the conditions of the scholarship was that the pupil must attend St. Joseph's at least eight months out of the ten. Now, owing to the sickness of their mother, each had, by staying home, lost a month. Each took a weekly turn in attending her. Two, four, six, eight weeks passed by; Mrs. Mallen was as sick as ever. It was George's turn to stay at home. If he lost this week all was over—he could never become a priest! Oh! the agony of his innocent soul as he thought of relinquishing the object of his life. To give up all after so hard a struggle! He

knew, too, that if Jennie stayed at home, her chance for the girl's scholarship would also be lost. It was clear that one had to make a sacrifice. Neither had dared speak of the matter before for each hoped against hope that Mrs. Mallen would recover. Both had gone to Holy Communion Sunday morning, and had offered it up to God that He might see fit to send them the blessing they craved. But the Almighty saw that sacrifice was to them a greater grace, and their wish was not granted.

Supper was over. The two children sat at their favorite table repeating their lessons for the morrow. They had finished the repeat, and as George closed his grammar, the dull thud sounded in his ears as the deathknell of all his hopes and longings. To-morrow he was to stay home. The scholarship—the priesthood was gone forever! His face blanched, and as he raised his head, he met the kindly look of his sister's soft blue eyes. She had noticed his absentmindedness during the preparation of their tasks, and had guessed its meaning. She knew how he longed to become a priest, and she, too, longed to have him become one. She was willing to do anything to help him. She had never thought that so great a sacrifice would be asked of her, but seeing that it was inevitable she had lovingly resolved to make it. George lowered his eyes, buried his face in his hands, and the long pent-up grief burst forth in tears. Jennie rose quickly from her chair, hastened around the table, and laying her arm gently around his neck whispered softly in his ear:

"Don't cry George. It's all right, you can go to school to-morrow, and I'll stay home and take care of mamma." Saying this, she leaned over and kissed his cheek, and then, her own heart filling fast with love and sorrow, she hastened into her bedroom to hide her tears from her brother.

The final examination was now drawing nigh. That of May had shown a slight gain on the part of George Mallen, but not enough to arouse the anxiety of Henry Fiske. Yet, this slight gain had cheered the heart of sister and brother. No examination was held at the beginning of June. Everyone was striving hard to head the class.

Henry Fiske was all confidence; no one could possibly have any chance in competition against him. Then the English composition would be play for him; he always was first in that matter; it was an unjust decision of the judges that had not given him first place last time. Some of the boys who knew the stuff which George Mallen was made of mentioned him as a formidable rival. Henry laughed at the idea.

"Pooh! he hasn't got a ghost of a chance. He can't read Caesar and never could write English. A poor factory-hand's son! What can you expect of him?"

"But they say he has been studying hard, and that his sister helps him," ventured Charlie Dunning, a friend of Henry.

"Nonsense! if the blockhead had a dozen sisters to help him, he couldn't learn anyway. Do you think a fellow without brains can learn?" continued he, turning to Charlie, "Well, he hasn't them."

With that, Henry thrust his hands into his pockets, and strutted away with an air that plainly said: "I'm the banker's son, and that scholarship is mine."

"Jove! Fiske is a clever fellow," remarked Charlie Dunning, "I wish I had his brains."

"I wouldn't advise him to be so cock-sure of that scholarship as long as George Mallen is around," said Jim Dunne.

At that moment George entered the school-room, and, going quietly to his desk, began to review his lessons.

Henry saw him, and said sneeringly to Charlie Dunning, who had followed him: "That 'chump' is too timid and girlish ever to amount to a row of pins."

Charlie smiled, and nodded assent; yet, at bottom, he felt he was wronging George Mallen whom he knew to be a kind and genial schoolmate,—one who affected no such airs as did Henry Fiske.

If ever a boy has used the time and energy given him that boy is George Mallen. During the last six weeks, he had become emaciated. Jennie laughingly told him that his body would soon be too thin to support his vast knowledge if he didn't take "Bellum Gallicum" in smaller doses.

On Friday, the 19th of June, it was announced that the examinations

would take place the following week. Monday came and went, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. All had found the examinations unusually difficult. Fiske had carried his head high; he didn't find them difficult! George Mallen had been the last to hand in his paper on each subject; he felt that it was a matter of conscience with him, and he used every moment.

Monday, the day assigned for the awarding of the scholarships, was a balmy June day; and one breathed the invigorating strength of the day with every inspiration. The schoolhall was gay with flowers; each child had brought something for the decorations. The hall had often been filled before, but no more enthusiastic crowd had ever been within its doors than on this Monday morning. To the scholars, of course, seats were given. The people had to look out for themselves, and to get a seat as best they might. The whole town-council, the good Mayor at its head, was present; several priests whom Father Quinn had invited, were also there. To these guests of honor were given chairs to the left of the stage. In the middle to the back, sat the teachers, and proud of their pupils were they. To the right of the hall in the first row of seats, sat the girl candidates—nine in number; to their left sat the seven boys,—all who still had hopes of gaining the scholarship.

The Mayor looked bright and cheerful, and seemed to catch the enthusiasm from the scholars before him. He had enquired during the last few months how the pupils were progressing, and who were the likely winners.

"It is pretty well agreed," he was told, "that a close contest will take place between Henry Fiske and George Mallen; but it is the general belief that Henry will carry off the scholarship, as he is the more gifted."

These two were now pointed out to him and he eyed them carefully.

Henry Fiske sat holding his head aloft in supreme disdain, and he was already drinking in the gross flattery of his admirers. In his hand was the paper that was to raise him head and shoulders above all his aspiring peers, and to crush forever that "dull stupid fellow" who had dared to emulate him.

At the end of the line of boys sat George Mallen, almost nervously holding his composition in his hands. His head was down. He was engaged in deep study, or perhaps in prayer, for a close observer could have seen his lips move from time to time.

The gentle humming of voices, mingled with laughter was heard throughout the hall. Father Quinn rose and came to the front of the stage. The humming ceased; all was silence. The priest read the programme and asked for close attention. A few minor recitations were given, then the girls were called upon to read their essays. Everyone did well but one was far in advance of her competitors. Now came the closing number. The seven boys were called one after the other.

One, two, three, Henry Fiske mounts the stairs to the front of the stage. His bearing is certainly easy and graceful. He bows to the Mayor and to the rest, then begins. The words fairly rolled from his mouth, clear, calm, forcible. He is master of his subject, and as he bows again to the Mayor and the audience, a cheer shakes the hall.

Four, five, six, seven, George Mallen nervously ascends the steps. He bows. His hand twitches as he opens the paper, and the essay falls to the floor. Henry Fiske smiles cynically—it is his last simper at George Mallen. A blush mantles George's forehead as he stoops to pick up his essay. In doing so the thought of the priesthood flashes across his mind,—that thought saves him. He begins, nervously at first, but before he speaks ten sentences, every trace of nervousness leaves him as does every smile on the face of Henry Fiske. The words flowed from him clear, strong and melodious. The nerve under which he speaks them is intense, for his life, his vocation, his happiness depend upon them. His face kindles, his eyes sparkle, and he closes with a clear full period that takes the audience by storm. He bows to all, and goes calmly to his seat.

There is no doubt as to the best essayist, but what of the examinations which were also to be counted? The judges soon decide, and Father Quinn steps forward to announce the results of the examinations and the

final trial. One result alone interests us—the following:

"George Mallen heads his class with an average of 98 per cent. He thus carries off the honors, and The Scholarship."

C. J. A.

Chicago.

The Value of Imagination

When a man, wearied and fatigued by the drudgery and toils of the day, can at last enjoy a time of repose and quiet, then he is instinctively moved to let his mind roam through the fairy-land of imagination. A brilliant vagary glistens from afar and instantly the mind dashes to grasp it, but lo! dazzled on its way by another fancy the mind now swerves and now veers with unseen whims. What objects do not scurry helter-skelter through the mind? What castles are not built in that fathomless chasm of imagination?

But these vague and dreamy thoughts, fickle though they are, point to a power, which is both an intuitive and an inventive faculty, a faculty, which plays, perhaps, a more important part in life, than we usually surmise. Imagination, as the philosophers tell us, is a power, which, being inferior to the mind, belongs to the senses and reflects, as in a mirror the forms of material things. This faculty, therefore, is a power, not, indeed of the mind, but of the senses, and its nature is not to represent lofty and abstract ideas, but to store up the impressions made upon the senses and at the command of the will, to reproduce them graphically and vividly. Thus, imagination is a storehouse of impressions, which, having entered through the senses, are placed in order on fantastic shelves. Eventually the mind enters, illuminates the storehouse with a mental flash, and then, like a studious professor in an interesting library, attentively examines the shelves, selects the best phantasms and finally forms, with wonderful intellectual activity, the most brilliant ideas. It is thus, that imagination supplies the mind with ideas, which, subsequently exhibited under the appearance of good, are put into action by the will. Accordingly the Stagyrite of old, the most clever, perhaps, among the philosophers, wisely taught, that nothing was in the mind, which, previously, had not been in the senses. This doctrine, soon accepted as a fundamental truth, has, in the course of time, become an adage. If then, on one hand, imagination exerts so great an influence over the mind, and the mind, in turn, over the will, the importance of imagination is at once felt and proved; if, however, on the other hand, our ideas and in consequence, truth itself, are communicated to us by this imaginative power, our knowledge seems to be supported on a foundation, upon which rises a huge labyrinth of doubts rather than the stately structure of truth. Hence, as early as philosophy was cultivated, the odd teaching of the sceptics arose that denied the truthfulness of the senses and placed truth beyond the research of men. Scepticism, indeed, although successfully refuted by cogent arguments, laid so deep hold on the minds of men that it, unfortunately, still exists. The sceptics, however, forget that we have not only one, but five senses, that, if the eyes see the bent oar in the water, touch will prove it to be straight, that sight and touch combined will, with the assistance of reason, soon arrive at the knowledge of refraction. The senses, in effect, are so minutely fitted out by nature to convey the sensations to the brain, that to deny their truthfulness is not less silly than ridiculous.

Again, as intimated above, imagination is not only an intuitive, but also an inventive faculty; it not only reproduces, but enlarges and diminishes the phantasms and at any whim forms the most grotesque fancies. Here, precisely, is the danger of imagination, here is the vacuum into which airy conscriptions are likely to rush. We, however, can distinguish reality from a dream, true imagination from a fancy. Impressions conveyed to the imagination by the senses come from nature and, in consequence, corres-

pond to real objects; invented phantasms, too, as long as they go parallel to the path of nature, are true, but if they deviate from this path and wander astray into realms unknown to nature, they become, as we know, vain and burlesque fancies.

Thus imagination is a true medium of knowledge, a medium not barren, indeed, but enriched with the above mentioned inventive power, which gave birth to all the poets and nursed them from infancy to manhood with these grand conceptions which will ever be the admiration of the intellectual world. Whether we enter the domain of poetry or oratory we will invariably find that he is the most successful poet or speaker who can, with the greatest skill, wield this inventive power, the results of which are, in every instance, truly marvellous. For by this power the will itself, the motor of men's actions, is reached; anger is violently changed into calmness, hatred into love, despair into hope, sadness into joy, or, vice versa, the opposite effects are respectively produced. Thus the powerful influence by which imagination sways the mind and will of men becomes even more evident.

Such, then, are the results of imagination, cultivated under the surveyance of reason and according to the dictates of nature—results which God undoubtedly had in view when he endowed us with this imaginative gift.

H. D.

Chicago.

On Epiphany

"Arise, be enlightened, oh Jerusalem; for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold darkness shall cover the earth and a mist the people, but the Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee." Isaiah 60—1-2.

These beautiful words of the Epistle are most aptly applied to the great feast of Epiphany. The word 'Epiphany' comes from the Greek signifying an apparition, a manifestation. For to-day the Babe of Bethlehem manifested Himself by the apparition of a most wonderful star to the nations that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. For Christ came into this world to save all men without exception. In Christ there is no distinction between Jew and Greek, free man and slave. We are all children of the same heavenly Father, who created us and gave us all that we possess. The angels announced the birth of the Messiah to the simple shepherds as they were watching their flocks. A star of singular brightness, is destined to lead the "Magi" to the cave of Bethlehem. These Magi were wise men of the East who occupied themselves greatly with the study of astronomy, hence God, who orders and disposes all things sweetly, adopts Himself in His manifestation to their circumstances. These men promptly obeyed the Divine call, setting out on their long and toilsome journey in search of the Saviour of the world. They found Him, at last, as the Gospel says, and falling down upon their knees, adored Him and offered Him gold, myrrh and frankincense. And by another way they returned into their own country.

Like the three Magi we should be quick and prompt in answering the Divine call whether it comes directly through creatures whom He frequently employs in the salvation of souls. We should follow Christ, our model and example, for He is the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. He is our King, our High Priest, the victim sacrificed for us upon the altar of the Cross. If you wish to be happy you must allow Christ to take perfect possession of your hearts. You must rid yourselves of your passions and leave the old ways of sin, and do as the Wise Men did, return by another way into the country to which we are called, viz., the Kingdom of Heaven.

Notes on Books and Other Things

A Happy, Blessed New Year to all. May all our works be renewed and blessed from on high.

THE NEW YEAR.

The year 1902 has started to unwind its days, minutes and seconds for all the living; and it is our duty to weave this time into everlasting durance. The sun rises and sets and the earth turns on its axis in beautiful order and we have to seize the time as it passes by and fill it up with good works which shall be treasured up for us in Heaven above. There are many reasons why the good we should do is often left undone. The old complaint is that there is no time. If we would use our common sense and put order into our days and do all our work in order, how differently would we read the story of conscience when we are about to retire to rest. Still, back of the whole trouble is our lack of will; we will not therefore we do not. Some people gad their lives away, others gossip many lives away, still others dream their days in fanciful vaporing and others squander their life time in vain, foolish, worldly, even sinful work. Peace was brought by the Prince of Peace to those of good will, but no one can be in peace unless he works while there is yet day. In time we have received everything that we have, and in time we are gaining for ourselves an eternity either of joy or sorrow. Of all the vices that are most insidious sloth can easily claim the first place. The lazy man will make every excuse for his laziness and frame many apologies for work undone or badly done. Sloth is the origin of disorder, and reveals itself in the lack of precision, exactitude and promptness and in unreasonable haste, precipitancy and blind headlong rushing, in all its actions. This sloth effeminates the character, weakens the will power and sets the intellect to work on selfish pursuits.

The year 1902 tells us to do what we should do according to our state of life, and to act promptly, exactly, reasonably and orderly, to act sweetly and strongly in all our works in imitation of the Divine Wisdom.

Much good has to be done. Self-seeking should be rooted out and reason and the Law of God should be our standard and the book in which we should find the ordering of each of our days. Begin the day with God, continue it with Him, and end it with Him. Give to God His share of your time in prayer and then you can hope that all of your time may be used only for His glory and the good of souls.

Time waiteth for no man, therefore take hold of it by the forelocks and lay the axe to the tree and set to work, and let the chips fly in all directions; only see to it that you bring forth a perfect work.

Reports of the past months tell us of wars of extermination and of the advance of trade and commerce, in the hands of the trusts. We have read of the deaths of the high and low and the awful accidents and catastrophes and many sorrowed hearts and souls, sorrowed by various reasons during the past year, would prove this a world of woe.

The many heroic souls who have given their lives up for their religion in China and in many other regions, fill our souls with strength to imitate such examples. Many a missionary and priest, and religious have passed to their reward, having fought the good fight for the salvation of souls. Many souls have returned to the true fold from all quarters of the world. The Church is living with the spirit of God in her midst. The enemy howls; Masonic governments seek to rob the little ones of the church of religious training by driving into exile the religious communities; base legislators seek to destroy the unity of the family by their pernicious divorce laws. Philantropic zealots, plutocratic rulers, lay divines, humanitarian humbugs, may waste their millions on their self-sufficient whims, and rant their mouthings in favor of humanity and perfection, in man and beast; but man's only consolation is in Him who is the Way, the Truth and the life. His Church teaches, as He taught, and we listen to Leo

XIII as to the Voice of God. Long live our Holy Father to rule the Church of God! Let us pray each day for the Bishop of Bishops, our Holy Father, and let us be true to our Church all the days of our life.

Sacred Heart Intention for the month: "The Blessings of Persecutions." No true happiness can be gained unless blessed with persecutions and sufferings.

The Divine Infant of Prague draws many hearts by the sweetness of this devotion. Innocence, candor and straightforwardness are virtues we may learn from the Child of Mary, and in Him only will men find rest for their soul. All true lovers of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel will also have a special true devotion to the Divine Infant of Prague, and this devotion will ever be dear to the heart of all the children of Mount Carmel.

Many of our dear friends send us many words of encouragement. Such good words and generous hearts would naturally inflame us with love of our little Review, which is printed in honor of Our Blessed Lady of the Scapular. We take this as an occasion to thank our dear readers for their hearty support in the past.

The Carmelite Review opens upon its tenth year. So far it has weathered the storms of infancy and should now, we hope, become strong and steady, aiming at all times to increase devotion and love to our Blessed Lady. Every Catholic loves our Blessed Mother and millions of Catholics wear the Holy Scapular of Mt. Carmel; and, we feel, that our Review should not be a stranger in the homes of our Catholics. We ask all the lovers of Mary to assist us in increasing the circulation of the Review. Every little helps, new subscriptions or advertisements or articles written, and in fact, any kind of assistance will be equally acceptable to us.

Notice coupon in advertisement page of this magazine—renew your subscription or gain a new subscriber for us.

We should be pleased to send Brown Scapulars to any one. Write and you may enclose five or ten cents or stamps to cover expenses. We have distributed gratis thousands of Scapulars during the past year—our own make—and we wish to spread the Scapular everywhere, even if at a loss to us.

A beautiful photo of Niagara Falls will be sent as premium for renewing subscription to the Review.

The Catholic societies of the whole country are now united in league. What will be the result? It remains for them to show. In our opinion, as long as they are afraid of displeasing or exciting their opponents, they will not effect much. But, if they are loyal and steadfast to that faith which the martyrs professed, and fight unanimously and fearlessly for the rights of the Church, regardless of human respect, they will certainly achieve an immense amount of good, their influence will be felt in all circles, and their efforts will surely be crowned with success. But above all the lives of the individual members should be a source of edification to the whole world, especially as regards the frequentation of the Sacraments and obedience to their respective pastors.

In the beginning of the new year we still behold two powerful nations using their utmost endeavors in trying to subdue a handful of people who are struggling for independence. The wily Boers still succeed in evading the tactics of John Bull, thus causing much regret to Gen. Kitchener. In the Philippines the insurgents occasionally make a raid on the camps just to show that they are still alive.

The proposal of a law in the Italian Parliament legalizing divorce should not be a surprise to anyone. It is only a natural consequence of the existing state of affairs. Only in the Catholic Church is marriage looked upon as something sacred, as something that binds both parties till death. But, if marriages are contracted without the Church, if persons are not actuated in the discharge of their mutual obligations by a holy motive it is evident they will meet difficulties, which in their eyes are insuperable, and which can only be remedied by separation. Hence to obtain their object they discard the laws of the Church, the only institution that is able to keep man within the bounds of decency, and substitute laws of

their own that allow them the full gratifications of their passions. Did not Harry the Eighth withdraw from the union of the Church in order to obtain a divorce?

Since the fatal day an anarchist aimed his murderous weapon at the President with such terrible effect, our statesmen have been untiring in denouncing anarchism. Different ones have suggested different means of exterminating that lawless sect, and curious enough, not one has gone to the real source of the evil. These mirages of learning, graduates of famous schools and universities with half a dozen titles attached to their names, contradict themselves badly if not in words at least in their actions. They advocate laws and devise various means to stem this current of destruction, and at the same time they are waging war unceasingly against the Church. Do they not know that laws without religion are useless, are like a corpse? They may multiply laws so that they would fill enough volumes to encircle the globe. If they are not supported by religion they are worthless. Do they not know that by supporting those hotbeds of atheism and iniquity, the public schools, they are favoring anarchism? The Catholic schools, the only ones in which the children are imbued with a religious spirit, in which they are taught their duties towards God and their country, are continually assailed and put down, laws are made to debar religious teachers from their schools, and instead of lending their aid to them the Catholics are compelled to support the public schools besides their own.

Philosophers tell us that whoever wants the cause wants the effect. If a man knowingly and willingly takes too much liquor, we say it's his own fault; if he gets drunk, in other words he wants to get drunk, because by placing the cause he, although indirectly, placed the effect that followed. It is the same in our case. If these men obstinately oppose Catholic schools, if they uphold that yellow journalism that is constantly calumniating the Church and ruining the minds of the people, especially of the children; in one word, if they continue to wage war against religion, they will reap what they sowed, that is rebellion and anarchy. The Indians of this country are a good example. They tried to civilize them without religion, and now after spending millions upon millions they find out that the only civilized Indians they have are those that they civilized with rifle and bullet. Whereas the Church to whom the Government refused aid did splendid work among the same people. When will these men open their eyes?

Apropos of what we said above concerning the public schools, here is what the principal of the Rhode Island State Normal School, Charles S. Chapin, says of them, as given by the Catholic Union, New Bedford, Mass.: "The chief agencies of the moral education of youth must be threefold, the home, the church, and the school. Unfortunately, there is a fourth, the greatest and most potent of all—the street. The curfew law is one of the saddest commentaries on modern society, because it seems to confess the failure of home. Indeed, every public school teacher of experience knows how commonly and completely the majority, or at least a very large minority, of American homes have abdicated their privileges and shirked their responsibilities. The hoodlum is not the product alone of poverty and ignorance. If irreverence and disrespect for authorities and others' rights be the distinguishing features of hoodlumism, every social stratum contributes its large share to that nauseous and dangerous product. When the father is too much absorbed in business to know his children, or the mother too busy with bridge whist or elaborate entertaining, or with saving the souls of the Hottentots, that she cannot find time to live with her own daughters, the soil is ripe for seeds of disorder and and vice and the crop is wonderfully prolific. There are multitudes of real homes among the rich and poor alike, but, in the large, it is true that many well-to-do parents having provided food, clothing and shelter (no more, by the way, than the wild animal provides for her young) leaving the souls and minds of their children a prey to all the insidious and demoralizing influences with which modern literature and modern license abound. While not agreeing as to the means whereby they seek to gain their bene-

ficient purpose, I honor the Catholic Church for asserting the inadequacy of purely secular instruction and for laying stress upon the religious elements of education. The decay of religious authority, the loosening of religious practices, both private and public, the widespread indifference of the mass of people to organized religion justifies us in the statement that the Church, understanding by the term organized religion of all forms and creeds, has too little hold upon the parents and teachers to act as a sharp deterrent upon the wayward tendencies of children."

On the occasion of the silver jubilee of Father Clark, pastor of St. James' Church, New Bedford, Mass., Lawyer Thomas F. Desmond paid a glowing tribute to the Catholic priest, and, in a few words, defined the object of his life and labors. He said: "There is no clergyman who makes a greater sacrifice for his religion and Creator than that made by the Catholic priest who leaves father and mother, brother and sister, and forsakes the pleasures of the world in pursuance of one grand duty, to 'Take up the cross and follow Me.' The Church is his spouse, the people are his children, and he will make any sacrifice to follow the footsteps of his Redeemer." That is the reason why every good priest who is faithful to his calling is loved and esteemed by all people who understand him.

Of late many rumors have been making the rounds of the press concerning the successor of Cardinal Martinelli in the Apostolic Delegation at Washington. It was reported that Monsignor Merry del Val would not be appointed because, being a Spaniard, he sympathized with the Spaniards during the late war and, as such, would not be acceptable to the American people. But that is a mistake; the Spaniards are not of such a mean, revengeful nature. If he is appointed he will, as representative of the common Father of Christendom, act accordingly, and the Americans need fear nothing. The selection, however, is doubtful yet, but seems rather to favor Monsignor Falconio, who is at present in Canada.

Our Review is rather late this month, but with this number we begin the work under a first-class management and feel sure that everything will be satisfactory in future.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Rev. Fathers,—Enclosed please find $3.00 in payment for the "Carmelite Review" for the last three years. I am very grateful to you for sending me your magazine so regularly every month, as I would not be without it if possible. Always continue to send it. Wishing it every success, I remain,

Yours very truly,

M. F.

The Carmelite Fathers.

Kingsbridge, Ont.

Dear Rev. Fathers,—I have been taking the Carmelite Review for the last four years, and consider it an excellent magazine. I enclose the renewal of my subscription. I wish it success and a long life.

Sincerely yours,

B. G.

Scapular names received at Holy Trinity Monastery:

Sprague—Wash.

Foundling Asylum, Pittsburg, Pa.

Church of the Immaculate Heart, Pitt., Pa.

St. Michael's Church, Elizabeth, Pa.

Elm Grove—Wis.

St. John the Baptist, Scottdale, Pa.

St. Thomas, Cole Co., Mo.

Marinette, Wis.

Bridesburg.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Nazareth Institute, Ind. Ter.

Leisenrind, Pa.

St. Peter's, Pittsburg, Pa.

Scapular names have been received at:

Falls View, from Praire du Chien, Wis.—Ch. of St. Rose of Lima, Carbondale, Pa.—South Brewer, Maine—Jefferson, Wis.—Lewiston, Idaho.—Blooming Prairie, Minn.—Santa Clara, Cal.—Bonavista Bay, Nfld.—Ticonderoga, N.Y.—Harbor-au-Rouche, N.S.—St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, Md.—St. Mary's Ch, Niagara Falls, N.Y.—Santa Clara, Cal.—Bonavista Bay, Nfld.—Zurick, Ont.

Delphos, Kan.; Randum Lake, Wis.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Alliston, Ont.; Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Trinity, Nfld.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Dixie, Ont.; Brook Village, N. S.

New Baltimore—From St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, Ohio; St. Mary's Church, Menominee, Ill.; Plymouth, Wis.

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

Dear Fathers:—

I wish to return thanks through the Carmelite Review, to our Blessed Lady for two favors granted. K. S.,

Toledo, Ohio.

Reverend Fathers:—

Kindly accept the small offering herein contained that I promised our Blessed Lady to make to your institution if she would grant my request. I am happy to confess that she has been pleased to grant it to me. Accept this, therefore, out of honor to her and publicly thank her for me through the columns of your magazine. Yours sincerely,

A. D.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Dear Fathers:—

Enclosed please find $1.00 for a Mass in honor of St. Anthony, in thanksgiving for success in an undertaking; also please have the favor published in the "Review," as I made both these promises to St. Anthony if he would obtain the favor for me. Sincerely yours,

M. W.

PETITIONS ASKED FOR.

Peace in family—the grace of a happy death for all members in a family—steady employment for two—a person to keep the pledge—health for two—conversion of a certain person—for a special favor for one.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Miss Varney's Experience and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnelly, and Mary Genevieve Kilpatrick—H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. ($1.00.)

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, who has won her place in the hearts of our American Catholic readers, introduces to her girl readers a literary heiress by this collection of stories. To render them all the more interesting, she does not state which of the stories are by her own pen, and which are written by the debutante, her niece, Miss Mary Genevieve Kilpatrick, but in a quaint introductory poem leaves it to her girl readers to guess at the authorship of the different stories. The opening story, which gives the title to the collection, is sure to find a welcome in every girl's heart that reads it. The other stories, two of which have a bit of historical romance about them, are all more tragical than the first. There is enough variety in them to suit all tastes. And now we ask our girl readers to join in the guessing contest, and let us know which are the stories of the mature writer, and which bear the mark of the novice on them.

Jesus Living in the Priest, by P. Millet, S. J., translated by Bishop Byrne of Nashville, Benriger Bros., $2.00.

This ascetic treatise is originally intended for priests. Its scope is given in the author's preface, where he declares that his purpose is to place this book at the side of the priest as a friend to buoy him up, to strengthen and console him; as a friend who will ceaselessly speak to him, saying: "Courage, courage, oh man of God! You are going along the same road already traversed by your Divine Master. He looks down upon you from high Heaven, and is preparing to crown, not what you successfully accomplish, but what you honestly endeavor to do."

The book is divided into six considerations, each of which is subdivided in chapters, and brings before us the dignity of the priesthood in itself, and the identity of the priest with Christ in His hidden, public, suffering, eucharistic and glorious life. The points are well taken, clearly elucidated, logically arranged, and calculated to produce a lasting impression on any one who not merely reads the book in a cursory way but meditates on and digests the matter.

It will especially be useful in our ecclesiastical seminaries. Our young candidates for priesthood ought to study it carefully and often, and it

will serve as a means to the priests at work in the Lord's vineyard, to refreshen and encourage themselves. But also laymen will find their reverence and love of the priest increased by its perusal. Hence we highly recommend it to all.

ASPIRATION.

O Jesus ! meek and humble,
" The Lamb of God " Thou art !
Breathe softly in my prayer-time
This lesson of Thy Heart !

E. de M.

Our works are of no value if they be not united to the merits of Jesus Christ.—(St. Teresa.)

Nothing in the world could trouble us if we had a true knowledge of God. —(St. Teresa.)

As long as we are in this mortal life, nothing is more necessary for us than humility.—(St. Teresa.)

Though you have several Saints as advocates be particularly devout to St. Joseph. He is very powerful with God.—(St. Teresa.)

Love of God makes us advance in the way of perfection; it is a bad sign if we do not advance, for true love cannot be idle.—(St. Teresa.)

Obituary

Sad, indeed, was the double announcement made last Saturday of the deaths of two prominent priests of this diocese. Each was widely known and beloved by large circles of devoted friends, and their congregations are plunged in gloom at Christmastide. We are indebted to our correspondents at Niagara Falls and St. Patrick's parish, Buffalo, for the following life-sketches

REV. NICHOLAS GIBBONS.

Niagara Falls, Dec. 23.

Surely the beautiful season of Christmas never dawned on a sadder church than is St. Mary's of the Cataract this year. The kind and good pastor has been called to his reward and leaves a whole congregation to mourn his departure.

Rev. Nicholas A. Gibbons, Rector of St. Mary's Church, died on Saturday, the 21st, at 12.05 p. m., after a final illness of four or five weeks' duration. For the past four years he has been in poor health and has been several times during that period at the point of death. But the Grim Harvester was warded off again and again and his noble victim struggled to his feet once more to resume his Master's work.

Father Gibbons's death had been looked upon as certain for the past week at least, and yet such is the tenacity of hope in the human mind, that we watched for his recovery until the last moment.

At his dying bedside were his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Gibbons, of Williamsport, Pa.; his brothers, Rev. Edmund Gibbons, of Buffalo, and James, of Williamsport, and his sister Anna, of this city. Rev. Hugh Wright, assistant to Father Gibbons, and Rev. Hulett Piper, of Niagara University, were also in attendance. Dr. Albert J. Lawler, of this city, the devoted physician, was also present. Father Gibbons passed away at the noon hour of day and the mid-day of his life.

Father Gibbons was born in Boston, Mass., forty-six years ago. His studies first began in the Jesuit Fathers' College of Fordham, N.Y., later in St. Charles' College in Maryland. He pursued his theological studies at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Niagara University at present, and completed them at Brignole Sale, Genoa, Italy. He was ordained by Bishop Ryan on Dec. 18th, 1880, and was then sent as assistant at Ellicottville. N.Y., where he remained one year. He was then made pastor of the church of Westfield, N.Y., and after three years there he was assigned to the cathedral in Buffalo, where he spent seven years. He was then appointed to SS. Peter and Paul's of Elmira, N.Y., and after a pastorate of four years he was given the charge of St. Mary's Church, this city, the irremovable rectorship made vacant by Rev. Father Lanigan's appointment as Vicar-General to the late Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan.

Father Gibbons did splendid work here, both in a spiritual and a material manner. He had two missions here since he came, the last one being conducted while he was on his deathbed. And he was very much interested in the success of the latter and would inquire every night of its progress. He had entirely renovated the church and had made it glisten like a veritable gem. He had it painted and decorated, new pews put in, and left nothing undone that would enhance its beauty. He also inspired his parishioners with the idea that it was an honor to give to the church, and they vied with each other in carrying out his suggestions. The magnificent golden crucifix on the altar is one of his own gifts. He had remodeled the parish school on Fourth street, making it a first-class one in every respect. And his last work, which he did not live to finish, is the new convent of the Sisters of Mercy, next to the school. It is nearly completed, however, and will remain a monument to his zeal. He also sold the convent property on Buffalo avenue, and thus lowered the church debt considerably. He was a worker in every fibre of his being, practical and to the point, modest and unassuming in manner, with a high order of honor, and gen-

erous to the last degree. He was the soul of kindness in the time of illness or death, and it is no wonder St. Mary's bewails his loss in these festive days.

The body remained at the parochial residence until Monday at 2 p.m., when it was conveyed to the church to stay until after the funeral on Tuesday morning. The bell tolled mournfully as the body of the beloved dead was brought in procession to the church he had so often officiated in. Willing hands had dressed the church with festoons of black and white, until it spoke to the eye with a sad grandeur of its own. The remains were accompanied to the church by Rev. Edmund Gibbons, brother of deceased; Rev. Hugh Wright, assistant pastor; Rev. Hulett Piper, of Niagara University; and Revs. Jas. Roche and J. Gilhooley, of the Church of the Sacted Heart.

FUNERAL OF FATHER GIBBONS.

The funeral of the late Rev. Nicholas Gibbons was held at Niagara Falls on Tuesday. Monday afternoon the remains had been placed in state in the sacred edifice where for several years he taught the word of God, and there his parishioners took the last loving look at the one they loved so well. His kindly words and manner had drawn many to him, making this final parting doubly sad. The church was draped in mourning, the sombre hues all about telling only too plainly the loss the people of the church had suffered by the passing of this priest.

The office of the dead began at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, and hundreds with their bowed heads forgot the gladness of this holiday time to pay the last sad tribute to the departed dead. At 10.30 o'clock solemn requiem high mass was celebrated.

The celebrant was Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons. The deacon was Rev. Jas Roche, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Niagara Falls; subdeacon, Rev. John D. Biden, rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo; master of ceremonies, Rev. James F. McGloin, of Buffalo; chanters, Rev. J. J. Nash, D.D., Portageville, and Rev. Charles Schaus, of Buffalo. The sermon was by Bishop Quigley, who also gave the last absolution. The assistants to the bishop were, Very Rev. M. P. Connery, V.G., and Rt. Rev. P. J. Cannon, of Lockport.

The honorary bearers were, Joseph McDonald, Thomas Birch, John McDonald, Frank Nassoiy, Dr. Lanigan, John Corcoran, Patrick Nolan, James Maloney, Michael Dugan, Michael Ryan, Jeremiah Callahan, James Martin, Sebastian Geyer, Frank Lauzau, P. F. King. The pall-bearers were, Hon. Thomas V. Welch, Charles F. McDonald, Daniel Lynch, James F. Murphy, James E. Rock, John Mahoney, Charles Kracht, Fred J. Brown, Fred J. Allen, Patrick Neville, Michael E. Cassidy. The remains were taken to Williamsport, Pa., for burial on Wednesday morning.

REV. CAESAR KEIRAN, O.F.M.

The sad announcement of the death of Rev. Caesar Keiran, O.F.M., rector of St. Patrick's Church and Monastery, Buffalo, was made at all the masses last Sunday by Rev. Lawrence Ward, O.F.M., and prayers for the repose of his soul were requested, Father Caesar died Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, but after one day's serious illness. Though failing in health, it was known to but few of his parishioners, as his untiring energy and willingness to serve kept him ever before them as a devout and faithful leader.

Father Caesar was born in New York, Jan. 17, 1867, and was educated for the priesthood at St. Bonaventure's College, Allehany, where he was ordained in June, 1896. One month after ordination he was assigned to St. Patrick's parish as rector, and his kindly, charitable disposition won for him a warm place in the hearts of his parishioners.

The body was laid in state in the church Wednesday afternoon, that all might gaze for the last time on the face of their dear departed friend and counsellor.

A largely attended meeting of the members of the different church societies was held Sunday evening to take action on the pastor's death and a committee, composed of the presidents, was appointed to draft appropriate memorials.

The solemn requiem high mass will

be held at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, after which the body will be taken to Allegany, where the funeral will be held at 10 o'clock Friday morning.

Father Caesar is survived by a father and two sisters. His father, Mr. Owen Keiran, Miss Elizabeth Keiran and Miss Mary Fee, a cousin, all of New York, arrived in Buffalo Sunday. —Catholic Union and Times.

The prayers of our readers are requested for Anthony Clark, who died at Allegheny, Pa., being fortified by Holy Sacraments. Mrs. Mary McPeak, who died at Paterson, N. J., on Nov. 26, 1901.

The prayers of our readers are asked for the following requests :

For the return of an absent brother—Peace and happiness in a family—For a satisfactory sale of property—For successful business deal in coal lands — For conversion of husband.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the following deceased :

John P. Byrne, who died on Nov. 29th, 1601, at Micaville, Ont.

Very Rev. Father Flannery, who recently died at Windsor, Ont., in the 72nd year of his age.

"Mother of God, Pray for Us."

Carmelite Review

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The Joyful Mysteries

Where shall we find white roses in this dreary month, to lay on the altar of Mary? Not in earthly gardens surely, but in the enclosed garden of God's Holy Church, by contemplating her joyful mysteries.

Whiter in purity, charity, joy, peace are these flowerets, than the wintry snow drifts, or the first frail snowdrops that seem such beautiful emblems of Mary's Immaculate heart drooping humbly at Angelic praise.

In this brief article, we can only indicate these mysteries which volumes of learned thoughts could not portray in all their beauties. May our Blessed Mother suggest to all who are twining a chaplet of "Fifteen Saturdays," sweeter reflections that ours. Let us look up on the first Saturday to God the Father who gave His only begotten Son. Let us unite ourselves to the filial love of Jesus' Sacred Heart, and adore the Holy Spirit who overshadowed Mary. With Gabriel we will salute her,"full of grace," and admire, love, and imitate her example in purity, charity, humble resignation, offering some special white rose of celestial fragrance, by an act of whatever in this mystery we feel attracted to.

It is a holy and beautiful idea when reciting the "Angelus" to offer the first "Hail Mary" in honor of her humility, the second of her purity, and the third of her charity, asking at the same time for an increase of these virtues. The Visitation seems as it were, embalmed with summer flowers and mountain breezes, and resonant with the melody of Mary's inspired "Magnificat." It is a mystery of gratitude to God of charity, zeal, sympathy for souls, and has ever been most dear to us as beautifully suggestive of the Adorable Sacrament. Jesus is more hidden now than when Mary "went with haste" bearing Him over the hills of Judea. The visit enlightens, rejoices, purifies us still in Holy Communion and those interior graces, consolations and lights that are nameless indeed, but make His presence a pledge of future glory.

Let us enter into her sentiments, and magnify Him in the tones of a voice more sweet than the melody of golden harps before "the great white throne" and "crystal seas." Let us also exhale the "good odor" of charity, thoughtful sympathy and that joy which a holy writer says, "without speaking, preaches" Him, whose spirit is one of charity, joy, and peace.

We would gladly linger amidst these white roses of joyful mysteries, and inhale their celestial fragrance. This we may do at all seasons near God's Holy Altar, for eternal love always blooms there, "yesterday, to-day, the same for ever." "The Babe and the Host," whom we can adore like Mary and Joseph, or again, with angels, shepherds, and kings. The victim, whom we can offer as of old Mary did at His Presentation. The teacher, whose lessons are whispering to our souls in His sanctuary. There alone, is Jesus to be found, and we rejoice in the bliss of our sweet mother when her treasure was regained. We admire the zeal of Jesus' Sacred Heart about His Father's business, its submission to Mary and Joseph, its meekness and humility in Nazareth.

Sweet-scented rose-buds! Let us gather them with gladness and wreathe chaplets meet to lay at the shrine of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary even to encircle her royal brow.

Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

Specially Prepared for The CARMELITE REVIEW by VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C.P., Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

BETHLEHEM

During our stay in Judea, Jerusalem was the point of departure from which we radiated to various places of interest in the portion of Palestine just named, returning to the Holy City after each excursion, for rest and for further exploration of the same. Thus, as you will remember, we went to Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, following upon our initial visit to the Holy Sepulchre, the Grotto of the Agony and the Garden of Gethsemane.

This method lent the charm of variety to our devout sight-seeing, and greatly relieved the monotony inseparable—even in holy things—from a protracted contemplation of the same object, even though under different aspects, and a prolonged sojourn in any one locality, however sacred. I have already told you much that we saw subsequent to our first "hegira," and now I am about to chronicle a second, which shall live forever in my memory as the fulfilment of a life-desire, and the accomplishment of a longing that was with me from childhood, but which seemed, at times, so utterly chimerical, that its realization came in the nature of a shock. I refer to our going to Bethlehem. We had already been at Nazareth, where the great mystery of the Incarnation took place. Now we were about to visit that city in which the Saviour of the world was born. You will not think it childish in me if besides the reflections of maturer years, founded on and inspired by faith, my mind was busy with the days of innocence, when, with my brothers and sisters, I dreamed on Christmas eve of the gifts which the Christ-child was to bring us, and saw in anticipation, as it were, the holly and the mistletoe intertwined in festive garlands about the walls of our "best room," in whose midst rose the traditional "Tree," ablaze with the soft light of countless waxen tapers, and laden with those identical toys, etc., which parental ingenuity and affection had, by the employment of various diplomatic and non-committal artifices, learned from us, individually, were the objects of our eager choice. And, going further on in life, was it strange that I should now recall how in my eighth year, after having attended one of the first "missions" given in the United States by our Fathers (Passionists)—when, as an "altar-boy," I served mass in dear old Father Gibbs'* church,—I was taken by them to our monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, where, after a week's retreat, I made my first holy communion at the midnight mass on Christmas morning? Could anything have been more natural than these thoughts as I found myself drawing nigh to Bethlehem? The day was beautiful, and all my fellow pilgrims were in the best of spirits. We made a joyous company indeed; for the priests of our party were to celebrate mass that morning in the "Grotto," and many of the lay members to receive holy communion. (Bethlehem is interpreted Domus Panis—the "House of Bread;" for it was within its walls that the words of Jesus were to meet with their verification: "I am the living bread, which came down from heaven.") St. John, VI. 51. (And we were soon to be nourished with that divine food—"the bread of angels"—in this most favored spot of earth!) We left Casa Nova, in Jerusalem, about dawn; and after a ride of an hour or so—during which we saw the tomb of Rachel (now in charge of the Mussulmans) and "David's well,"—we entered the city, where, some two thousand years ago, Mary and Joseph sought a lodging in vain on the vigil of the first Christmas. Our first halt was at the Franciscan convent adjoining the "Basilica of the Nativity." As the Fathers had been notified of our coming, there was no delay in commencing

* Note—St. Mary's Church, then Lawrenceville, now incorporated with Pittsburg, Pa.

our masses. Some of the priests preferred to celebrate in the church rather than await their turn in the "holy stable," but I gladly tarried; and, being the fourth in number, drawn by lot, of those who, like myself wished to offer the holy sacrifice where Jesus was born, I soon had the ineffable consolation of celebrating the divine mysteries in the "Grotto of the Crib." After all the private masses had been said, our party assisted at the solemn high mass of the pilgrimage, sung by our Rev. Director, Monsieur l'abbé Potard. Then the good children of the Seraph of Assisi entertained us at a modest dejeuner, after which we devoted all the time at our disposal to visiting, under the conduct of our experienced guide, all that is of interest in Bethlehem. I feel that I cannot do better than condense his interesting and instructive "talks" in this connection, so I shall invite you once again to give ear to Père Paul.—"The origin of the famous city we are now visiting," he said, "is lost in antiquity. Its existence can be traced back 1740 years before the Christian era, though it undoubtedly flourished long before that period, being known also by the name Ephrata, a title which seems to have been divinely chosen, since its signification, to wit, *fruitful*, is most apropos of the sublime event which has distinguished Bethlehem for all time. Here, what we may call without irreverence, 'the sacred romance of Ruth, the Moabitess,' was enacted. Here, too, her illustrious descendant the shepherd-boy David, was anointed King of Israel by Samuel the prophet at God's command; from which incident, Bethlehem came to be called the 'City of David.' Mathan and his son Jacob—the latter, father of the glorious St. Joseph—were Bethlemites; and a tradition informs us that St. Ann, the mother of our Blessed Lady, was born here. But the crowning glory of this favored little city will ever be the fact that the Son of God, made man, was brought forth within its precincts. *'And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the ruler, who shall rule my people Israel* '—St. Matthew, II. 6. (The prophet Micheas has it thus: 'And thou Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel: and his going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity.'—Micheas, V. 2,)"

Bethlehem, as you notice, is shaped in the form of a crescent, rising upon terrace after terrace on the hillside. On one of these terraces, (here, Père Paul directed our gaze to eastern extremity of the city,) are grouped the massive buildings of the Latin and Greek convents, between which stands the basilica of the Nativity, charming the eye by the peculiar grace of its lines. All the houses are distinctly Jewish in appearance, with flat roofs capped by cupolas, and many of them have pointed archways which offer pleasant places for repose in hours of sun or shade.

This creeping of the houses down into the very gardens of the valley, heightens wonderfully the beauty of the landscape; while in the background toward the Dead Sea, the mountains of Moab tower majestically above the gentle undulations of hill and vale.

You will observe that every feature of this never-to-be-forgotten scene is full of sacred significance. In front of the city lies the field where Ruth and Boaz met, and near by is the spot where the shepherds were told of our Saviour's birth. At a point still nearer the city is the well from which David so desired to drink after giving battle.

(I will interrupt our Rev. guide at this point, to cite the Scripture of the last mentioned occurrence, as it is found in the eleventh chapter of "First Paralipomenon:" "And three of the thirty captains went down to the rock, wherein David was, to the cave of Odallam, when the Philistines encamped in the valley of Raphaim. And David was in a hold (fortress?), and the garrison of the Philistines in Bethlehem. And David longed, and said: O that some man would give me water of the cistern of Bethlehem, which is at the gate. And these three (Abisai, Sibbachai and Jonathan) broke through the midst of the camp of the Philistines, and drew water out of the cistern of Bethlehem, which was in the gate, and brought it to David to drink: and he would not drink of it, but rather offered it to the

Lord, saying: God forbid that I should do this in the sight of my God, and should drink the blood of these men: for with the danger of their lives they have brought me the water. And therefore he would not drink.")

"Bethlehem," resumed Father Paul, "is situated on a mountain composed largely of soft rock of a calcarious nature, and is surrounded, as you perceive, by fertile valleys planted with fruit-trees and vineyards. It runs from east to west. Formerly a fortified and walled city, it is now without either of these protections. Its population consists of some 8,214 souls, of whom 4,700 are members of our holy faith; 3,200, Schismatic Greeks; 180, non-uniate Armenians; some 20, Protestants; a hundred Mussulmans, and 4 Jews. Several religious orders have flourishing establishments here, viz., the Franciscans, Carmelites, Priests of the Sacred Heart, Christian Brothers, Salesian Fathers, Sisters of St. Joseph ('of the Apparition,') and Sisters of Charity. Schools hospitals, orphan asylums and other charitable works are directed by these zealous servants of Him who, King of kings, as He was, vouchsafed to appear among men in this city in the feebleness of infancy, surrounded by want and privations, with a stable for His palace, a manger, out of which beasts fed, for His royal couch, wretched swathing bands for His raiment, and a few poor shepherds for His courtiers." I need not say, we were all moved by these concluding words of our good guide, who never failed to mingle some pious reflection with the information he gave us."

But now I must come to that portion of my "Notes" which will, I know, be of paramount interest to you, namely, the description, as far as my observations may allow, of the "Grotto" and its surroundings. After the solemn high mass of the pilgrimage, etc., we had ample time to look about us. Our worthy guide led us through the main grotto and its several dependencies, viz., the "Grotto of St. Joseph," (in which the saint slept while the Holy Family was at Bethlehem, and where, after the visit of the Magi, he received the command of God, through an angel, to flee into Egypt with the divine child and its mother.—St. Matthew, II. 13.) the "Grotto of the Holy Innocents," in which a number of mothers vainly sought refuge for their babes from the executioners sent by Herod to slay all the male children of Bethlehem and vicinity, of two years and under (St. Matthew, II. 16 et amplius), and where, according to a tradition, the relics of many of these first martyrs of Christianity were kept; the "Grotto" (or chapel of the Tombs in which the bodies of Sts. Jerome, Paula and Eustochia were buried; and finally, the grotto (called also the oratory) of the first named saint, in which he used to pray and meditate, and where he evolved those masterly commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures which won for him the titles of "Father and Doctor of the Church."

Now, to give you an idea of the Grotto of the Nativity, etc., I will ask you to represent to yourself a vaulted corridor, or "hall-way," about forty feet in length by a little more than three yards in width. As this corridor (or cave) is under ground—having been originally cut into the solid rock on the hill side,—it is reached from above by two stairways, leading from the "Basilica of the Nativity." The one used by the "Latins" consists of sixteen steps. At the foot of this stairway, and to your left as you descend, is the place where our Saviour was born, known as the "Grotto of the Nativity." It is a species of excavation in the shape of an alcove, and forms the eastern end of the corridor or cave already mentioned. On turning to your right and walking a few steps, you come to the "Grotto of the Crib," situated on the left side of the main "corridor" as you recede from the first-named grotto. Then, proceeding onward, you reach the western end of the main corridor, from which one enters the other grottoes, the titles of which, beginning with that of St. Joseph, I have already given. The floor of the main corridor is paved with marble slabs, and its walls are hung with rich tapestries, the gift of Monsieur Felix Faure, late president of the French Republic. The light of day never penetrates the principal grotto, (I say this in contradistinction to that of St. Jerome, which has a circular aperture in the top, leading into the open), but fifty-three elegant lamps of precious material and skilled workmanship burn there—before our

Saviour's birth place—day and night. In the "Grotto of the Nativity" a "table" serves the purpose of an altar, seeing that only priests of the Schismatic-Greek and Armenian rites celebrate there (of this, more anon); but underneath the same is a silver star about six inches in diameter, around which is a broad circlet of precious metal bearing the Latin inscription:

Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est. (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.) It is the pious custom of pilgrims to kiss the spot thus indicated, and we were not slow in conforming thereto, despite the ever present Greek ecclesiastic, whose lynx-eyed vigilance never relaxes, and who would doubtless prevent such acts of devotion on the part of any but "Orthodox" (!) Christians were it not for the Turkish soldier constantly on guard a few feet away—armed cap a pie—to see to it that the rights and privileges of Catholics (*Latins*) be respected. The Grotto of the Crib is lower than that of the Nativity, and one has to go down three steps, leading from the main corridor, to get to it. The dimensions of this small apartment are about four yards in length by two and a quarter in width. It, too, is cut in the rock. The ceiling is covered with drapery. In the west wall is an excavation some three feet long, two high, and one deep. Here, tradition has it that the wooden manger was stationed out of which the ox and the ass fed, and in which our Blessed Lady placed our new-born Saviour. In the Grotto or chapel of the Crib there is an altar, and the "Latins" have exclusive charge of it;—as, indeed, was once the case with all the sanctuaries of Palestine. The constantly increasing encroachments of the Schismatics upon the time-honored rights of the Church in the Holy Land are a painful subject to contemplate. They have been renewed time and again during past centuries with the connivance of schismatic or heretical governments, such as Russia and England. The inner history of the religious policy of both these powers would, if published, be a surprise to most mortals. Catholic nations are not without their faults in this connection, it is true, but this is not so much the question, as what the final result will be. To pass over the many attempts of the Greek, Armenian and other schismatic creeds, dating from the year 1564, to seize and control exclusively the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the Grotto at Bethlehem, etc., etc., I will merely cite what occurred on the 25th of April 1873, with regard to the latter sanctuary. Without the least warning to the devoted Franciscan religious, who until that date had, in virtue of repeated firmans of the Sublime Porte, been in sole charge at Bethlehem, the Greeks—not laymen only, but ecclesiastics, in all, some three hundred,—armed with sabres, guns and pistols, rushed down the steps leading to the place of our Redeemer's birth, and wrought ruin and destruction on all sides, their avowed object being to utterly blot out every inscription and sign of prior possession on the part of the "Latins" (Catholics). They burned, broke, and trampled under foot everything that came in their way. Five Franciscans were in the grotto at the time of the onset, and attempted to stay it, more as a form of protest, indeed, than with the hope of triumphing against such tremendous odds; but they were severely wounded and utterly routed. Even the Mussulmans in their respect for Christ as a prophet, have shown more reverence for the holy places than these miserable renegades from the unity of the Church. By the vigorous action of the French government, the damage done was in a measure happily repaired; but the "Latins" never recovered control of the spot on which our Lord was born, the Turkish authorities, in conjunction with the French, considering it wisest (?) to leave the Greeks in possession, for peace' sake (sic!), whilst the Catholics were permitted, after centuries of prior right, to keep the "Grotto of the Crib!" It was after this outrage that Felix Faure (then a private citizen) covered the walls of the main corridor of the grottoes with costly hangings representing scenes in our Lord's life. The pavement, in marble, having been utterly ruined by the Greeks, was replaced by the government of France, as were also many of the priceless objects stolen by the Greeks. I shall not weary you, my dear Walter, by an exhaustive description of the grand basilica of the Nativity, built originally over the holy

grotto by St. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great. Suffice it to say that the sacred edifice which now bears this name is a grand and imposing structure, but, alas, unused, because the rival (?) claims of the Latin and Greek branches (?) of the Church cannot be settled. The dear, good and holy Franciscans, however, have erected a beautiful church, called St. Catherine's, next to the basilica, where the faithful may worship in peace. Let thus much suffice for the present, dear Coz., lest this letter be swollen beyond due proportions, and the Turks prevent its transmission, through the fear that it might be a treasonable document.

(To be continued.)

A Miniature Life of Leo XIII.

J. William Fischer.

"From a pure heart proceeds the fruit of a good life."
St. Thomas à Kempis.

The birthplace of the Holy Father is the little town of Carpineto—built on the slope of the mountains, which rise opposite Velletri. The hand of despoliation has already done its deadly work and ruined castles and fortifications, once the glories of a by-gone day, tell their tale of woe to the passing traveller. A little up the mountain, surrounded by massive chestnut trees, stands the quaint French chateau in which Joachim Vincent Pecci, who was one day to become the successor of St. Peter, first welcomed the light of day. This was on March 2nd, 1810. His father, Count Louis Pecci, was a colonel in the Italian imperial guard of Napoleon I. and a descendent of an ancient noble Roman family, with a very distinguished history. In 1792, Count Louis married Anna Prosperi-Buzi, a descendent of the famous Cola di Rienzi—a woman of culture, in whom were found all the virtues and qualities of the ideal wife and mother. Her only thought, her only desire, in fact her every solicitude, was in the welfare and education of her children—those precious souls so near and dear to her. Being of a very religious turn of mind, she early inspired her children with that piety, which was ever a solace to them in their after lives. The Countess was the mother of six children, two girls and four boys. Cardinal Joseph Pecci, the third of her sons, speaks of his mother thus: "She was a woman devoted to the poor and to good works. She toiled unceasingly for those in need. During those years when the harvest failed, she baked bread, which she distributed at her own door, or sent to the old and ill. She was the soul of all charitable works in the town and its surroundings. But in spite of all this, she never neglected anything which had to do with the welfare of her family and the education of her children. She was unceasingly active in all good, and this, undoubtedly, shortened her days."

When at the call of Pope Pius VII. the Jesuits returned, young Joachim Vincent—or Vincent as he was called while his mother lived—was sent to their college at Viterbo. He was then in his eighth year—precocious, docile and pious. The many admirable qualities, which a mother's soothing influence had implanted on his pure young soul, soon blossomed forth in all their beauty, nourished by the teachings and examples of those self-sacrificing and noble sons of St. Ignatius. The professors of Viterbo, especially the distinguished Father Leonard Giribaldi, were not long in noticing the extraordinary talents of their young protegè. He early conceived a great love for the tongue of ancient Latium; Cicero, Dante and Petrarch became his most cherished friends in his silent hours. Soon he began to write poetry and his productions were a credit to the brilliant young student of twelve.

While at Viterbo, his mother took ill. Vincent left his Alma Mater in all haste and arrived in time to receive her sainted dying blessing. His responsive, sympathetic heart had experienced its first great sorrow; a

dark cloud hung heavily o'er his young life—it seemed to strike his very soul with a strange terror and for a time he was inconsolable. He had loved his mother with a tender heart and, now that she was gone, his cross was doubly hard to bear.

After his mother's death, young Vincent came to Rome to live with his uncle in the Palazzo Muti, and to prosecute his studies at the Roman University, Sapienza—that famed nursery of intelligent minds. Under the watchful eye of a Minimi and a Buovicini, he completed his course in rhetoric, and at the close of the scholastic year, he was given the prize in Greek, physics, chemistry, mathematics and Latin poetry. The subject chosen for the latter by the examiner was Belshazzar's Feast, and in six hours, without the assistance of professor of books, Vincent had composed one hundred and twenty hexameters of such eloquence and accuracy that the much coveted prize fell to his honor. "I can attest," writes one of his classmates, "that while he was still at Viterbo, we all admired him for his fine intelligence, but still more for the singular purity of his mind and habits. In the classes of literature, I was his friend and rival and everytime I saw him, he gave me the impression of a lad, who was full of keenness and intelligence. During our studies at Rome, he cared nothing for social gatherings, games or amusements. His little study table was to him his world; his delight was to master the tasks which were given him. At twelve and thirteen years he wrote Latin, both in prose and verse, with an ease and elegance which were remarkable at that age."

Early in life, an inner voice was ever leading this promising youth onward—directing his steps toward the holy priesthood—that noblest of all vocations. In 1830, therefore, the Sapienza claimed him as a student of theology. Here he took the name of Joachim instead of Vincent and did not abandon it until he assumed the title of Leo XIII. About that time, also, his health was beginning to fail, and it was then he penned the following touching lines:

Scarce twenty years thou numberest, Joachim,
And fell disease thy young life invade!
Yet pains, when charmed by verse, seem half allayed,
Recount thy sorrows, then, in mournful hymn

Wakeful till latest night, thy limbs in vain
Court needful rest; nor sleep nor food restore
The strength outworn—thine eyes, all darkened o'er,
Dejected sink, while racked the head with pain.

Fever consumes thee; chill, as ice congeals,
Or parch'd with burning thirst. Pallid as death
Each several feature; toils the weary breath—
Through all the fainting form the languor steals.

Why dream of future years, with promise bland,
While fate swift urges? Then I said: "No fear,
My spirit shall quell! Draws death indeed so near?
Cheerful I wait, to grasp his bony hand.

No fading joys allurement offer now;
All undelayed, I pant for bliss supreme.
Glad as when wanderer's footsteps home return,
Or seaman, when to harbor veers his prow."

A veritable dirge! And yet the author of these self-same lines, lives after the lapse of seventy-two long, eventful years.

In 1832, he took the degree of Doctor of Theology. He next entered the Academy of Ecclesiastics—a training school for prelates, who were destined to serve the Pontiff, where he remained until 1837. During those years he received the degrees of doctor of both canon and civil law. Joachim had now surpassed all his classmates and, on the eve of his entry into the priesthood, his admirers were many, among them, the eminent Roman prelates, the Cardinals Pacca and Sala—names well known in church history. "It was a close friendship that existed between the

future Pope and Cardinal Sala, who favored the youth in many ways and afforded him great assistance by wise councils and admonitions." On December 23rd, his fondest hopes were realized and the young noble was duly ordained by Cardinal Odescalchi. "There had hardly been a hesitation," writes one, "as to his vocation from the first; and he, doubtless, at his ordination, wept most abundant and sweet tears at the thought of what he had then become; but he is reticent, even in his poems about his inmost feelings." Ah! little did the pious Cardinal dream that Joachim Pecci, the priest, whom he had just anointed, was some day to serve the Catholic world as its Pope; little did he dream that, that same Pope was destined to steer the bark of Peter over a stormy sea of disorder and trouble into a haven of peace.

And now, although only twenty-six years old, Joachim Pecci began to show great executive ability and Pope Gregory XVI. did not hesitate to intrust him with offices of the greatest importance. In February, 1838, he was therefore appointed civil governor of the papal province of Benevento, which was then a veritable hell of criminals, smugglers, brigands and conspirators. Disorder and carbonarism spread everywhere; misery, want and despair soon followed. Such was the state of the country of which he was to become the reformer and enlightener. It was a great and terrible responsibility, that he was called upon to face, and he was young in years; but he had vowed to God to do his duty and he went to work with a heart and a will—

"For where he fixed his heart, he set his hand
To do the thing he willed and bear it through."

History tells us that during his administration tranquility and prosperity reigned everywhere, and that it was a veritable transformation. "He was too alert to be hood-winked," writes one, "too firm to be terrified," and as Justin McCarthy, the eminent biographer writes, "he dealt with the mighty problem firmly, unflinchingly, justly." His Holiness, however, wishing to find a vaster field of labor for the young governor, recalled him to Rome in 1841. He was immediately appointed delegate to Spoleto, but before he left the Eternal City the Pope also made him governor of Perugia—the capital of Umbria. Perugia proved another Benevento to Monsignor Pecci, but as before, he worked wonders in bringing about necessary reforms, and scarcely was Umbria enjoying peace, than he was again summoned by the Holy Father.

It was a great surprise to Mgr. Pecci, when upon his arrival in Rome, in 1843, the Pope—more than ever convinced of the Monsignor's abilities—preconized him, Archbishop of Damietta, in partibus. The next three years found the Archbishop doing heroic work in Belgium, and the King and Queen felt keenly their loss, in his departure in 1845. And more than that, the Catholic subjects of Belgium, also, had their regrets, for they felt that they had lost their best friend, "whose rare wisdom had bridged over more than one difficulty. His advice was always of great value to Leopold. The Queen, while regretting the departure of the accomplished and skillful diplomat, regretted still more the educated prelate, who, like Bayard was without fear and without reproach. Everywhere it was a universal concert of regrets and praises." Shortly after Archbishop Pecci's return to Rome, Pope Gregory XVI. died. A few weeks later, Cardinal Feretti became Pius IX. On January 10th, 1846, Mgr. Pecci was made Bishop of Perugia and named a Cardinal. And now he became the spiritual head of the province, which had already claimed him as its civil governor. In Perugia, 60,000 people gave him a hearty welcome. Most of his time here was devoted to education. He himself reorganized the studies of the diocesan seminary, created new professional chairs and filled them with the most famous lecturers. He took a personal interest in all matters pertaining to education. "Neither my pupils nor I," writes Professor Brunelli, "will ever forget a certain incident. I do not know how the thing happened; but, one day, I failed to be at my place at the regular hour. As soon as I perceived my mistake, I hastened to the class-room, but what was my surprise to see His Eminence seated in my chair and instructing my pupils. Confused at first, I was soon reassured, and seat-

ed myself among the students, begging Mgr. Pecci to continue his lesson. But he left the chair and graciously invited me to take his place, at the same time exhorting his young admirers to gather from the study all possible fruits. Perhaps the smile he cast at me was a tact but amiable reproach!" While stationed at Perugia, he also built thirty-six churches, a seminary for the ladies of the Sacred Heart and the institution of St. Thomas Aquinas for priests. Simple in his manner of living, indefatigable in his efforts to instil into the hearts of the Umbrians the love of order and peace, he daily added to his treasure of knowledge. His was a life, every minute of which was either consecrated to study, work or prayer. "During the thirty-two years of his episcopate," says a writer, "he constantly showed himself gentle and benevolent, yet firm and austere. He admitted no consideration, where there was a question of principle."

Called by Pius IX., Cardinal Pecci took the dignified office of Cardinal Camerlengo, in July, 1877. Sixty-seven summers had now shed their blessings on his fair brow. But he was not long to hold his office. With a heart, crushed in deepest grief, he knelt at the death-bed of Pius IX. on February 7th, and watched the last spark of life of this truly noble man die away. "There is a strange and striking ceremonial," writes a recent biographer, "by which the Cardinal Chamberlain assures himself and the Vatican and the outer world that the late Pope is actually dead—that 'gone is gone and dead is dead,' to quote the words of Jean Paul Richter. The Cardinal Chamberlain approaches the bed of the dead Pontiff and bears in his hand a little hammer of silver. The Cardinal Chamberlain prostrates himself before the bed, and calls the dead man three times—not by his name as Pope, but by the name which was given at his baptism —and three times touches him lightly on the forehead with the silver hammer. The silence which follows this appeal by voice and by touch is final proof that he who makes no answer to it is beyond its reach, and the Cardinal Chamberlain announces officially to the waiting priests, that the Pope has ceased to live. This was the sad ceremony, which Cardinal Pecci had to perform, and he three times touched the forehead of the venerable Pontiff who lay there with a face still beautiful in the marble of death."

After the Pope's death Cardinal Pecci superintended the arrangements of the coming conclave. It was then he wrote to his former flock as follows: "I implore of you, dear brothers and beloved children, fervently to ask God that He will soon deign to accord a chief to the Church, and when he shall be elected, to cover him with the buckler of His virtue, so that the bark of Peter may sail through the storms until it reaches the desired port." Truly lovable words! But little did he dream as he penned those sweet lines, that he was asking the faithful to pray for himself. Ah no! Cardinal Pecci was a saintly and an humble man and asked no favors of a flattering future.

On February 18th, 1878, then, sixty-one cardinals of the Sacred College assembled in the Pauline chapel at Rome. Three were absent—Cardinal Broesais, St. Marc, was at the point of death; and Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, arrived in Rome after the Pope's election. After mass the Cardinal proceeded to the Sistine chapel, where the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" was sung. After the ceremonies each cardinal was escorted to a cell in the Cortille di San Damaso of the Vatican, where he spent the time in meditation and prayer. At nine o'clock that evening the conclave was declared closed.

The next morning a small silver bell broke the stillness of the long, breathless halls of the Vatican, and then followed the clear ringing voice of the Master of Ceremonies in the—"Ad Capellam Domini." At nine o'clock the cardinals assisted at high mass, in the Sistine chapel, celebrated by Luigi Amat, the Dean of the College of Cardinals, and then the election of a new Pope began. At noon the votes were counted. Cardinal Pecci had received twenty-three votes, but this was not sufficient, as he had not received the required two-third vote necessary for the election of a Pope. The ballots were burned and the ashes thrown out from one of the chapel windows, told the assembled multitude that there had been no election.

Some time elapsed. A second election soon followed with the same result. Cardinal Pecci had received thirty-eight votes, and for the second time he could not be elected.

On Wednesday, February 20th, the third sitting took place. Joachim Pecci, pale and trembling, knelt alone in his cell, and heavy was the burden of thought that weighed upon his tender heart in all the fervor of his soul he prayed that God would not permit this cross to rest upon his shoulders. That morning the sound of the bell and the "Ad Copellam Domini" pierced his very soul with a new terror. The long row of scarlet-gowned cardinals wended piously and slowly toward the Sistine chapel. Cardinal Pecci was in the rear; his face looked troubled and he walked nervously—upon his lips a last, humble, pleading prayer to his God and Creator.

The election began, and now for the third time the strains of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" faded away and died in the distance like the sounds of angel voices. Many ballots had been deposited, and now the last one was thrown in and the counting commenced. The name of Cardinal Pecci was heard again and again—ten, twenty, thirty—yea, forty times. He turned sickly pale and every muscle in his body twitched and quivered like a leaf in a rain-storm. Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who was sitting beside him, draws the following interesting pen picture of what happened then. "I noticed that Cardinal Pecci, hearing his name reappear so often, and when everything seemed to point to him as the successor of Pius IX., could not contain himself. Great tears rolled down his cheeks and his hand trembled so that the pen he held fell to the floor. I picked it up and returned it to him, saying: 'Courage! you must not think of yourself; the only question now is of the Church and the future of the world.' He made no reply, but raised his eyes as if to implore the aid of God."

The last vote had been counted; Joachim Pecci had received forty out of the sixty-one and he was proclaimed Pope of Rome and Vicar of Christ upon earth. He took the name of Leo XIII., in memory of Leo XII., whom he loved deeply.

When Caterini, the oldest cardinal-deacon, announced to the anxious multitude, occupying the piazza of St. Peter's, the election of Leo XIII., 50, 000 voices struck up a cheer that filled the air for miles around with its notes of love and thanksgiving; and, when the tall, emaciated form of the newly-elected Pontiff appeared in the distance, enthusiasm ran high. But when two thin, trembling hands were raised in their first, solemn, papal benediction, all hearts seemed dumb-stricken, and silence fell like a shadow over that surging sea of upturned faces, below. It was a happy moment and thousands and thousands wept tears of joy, as they besought God to strengthen and prolong the life of His Holiness and we know their prayer was answered. When Leo XIII. retired, fifty thousand voices again thundered forth their shouts of "Viva il Papa!" "Viva Leone XIII.!" "Viva il Papa Re!" and the sound of jubilant voices floated down the Tiber and gradually died away in the distance and before long the shades of evening hung like a veil over the majestic dome of St. Peter's. Rome—fair city of the Caesars! Thou hast known many a gala day in thy history, but that day, on which tender, warm, blue skies looked down upon the pale, pious, ascetic face of this great man—this ruler of Christian peoples—will ever remain one of the dearest, one of the brightest.

The solemn coronation ceremonies took place early in March. The Mother-Church celebrated the advent of its new Ruler with all becoming pomp and splendor, and the leading lights of church and state saw the tiara placed upon the head of the Pontiff, who looked as if life's sunset was already throwing its shadows around him. And now Joachim Pecci—the brilliant rhetorician of Viterbo—the distinguished theologian of the Sapienza—the noble priest and self-sacrificing archbishop—the humble and pious cardinal—occupied the chair of St. Peter. Many prophesied that the aged man with the tiara on his head, could not last very long, but many years have elapsed since then, and Leo XIII.—the idol of an admiring world—is still at the helm of the Catholic Church, directing her safely, let us hope, for many more years to come.

Leo XIII. has a striking and charming personality, and I can do no better than quote the impressions of several, who have come into contact with him. Our own dear Cardinal Gibbons wrote of him several years ago: "Represent to yourself a man in his eighty-sixth year, pale and emaciated, with the pallor almost of death upon him, and this pallor intensified by the white cassock and zucchêtto which he habitually wears. His body is more bent than it was eight or ten years ago, but his eye is bright and penetrating, his voice is strong and sonorous, his intellect is remarkably clear and luminous, and his memory is tenacious, enabling him to recall events accurately which occurred eighty years ago. He has, also, an astonishing power of physical endurance, which enables him to hold audiences for several consecutive hours, treating on important subjects with cardinals and foreign representatives, as well as with private individuals, and passing with ease and elasticity of mind from one subject to another. He is remarkably familiar with the public events of the day."

The following pen picture is that of Mr. Thaddeus, an English artist, who once painted a portrait of His Holiness. He said of his distinguished sitter:

"Pope Leo XIII. is of medium height. His attenuated figure is bent by study and the weight of years; but in every movement he is astonishingly quick and energetic. His head is a most remarkable one, once seen, never to be forgotten, with its every feature out of strict proportion, yet with the harmony of the whole. The small, bright, rapid eyes set close together, denote 'the man who is ever on the search;' the largely developed aquiline nose, a capacity for domination. The mouth, when under a pleasing influence, forms into an exceedingly wide sweet smile, its benevolent expression brightening the whole face, and supplying the benignity which is less observable in the eyes. The skin is so thin—a rare thing with Italians, and much admired by them as a sign of high breeding—that a perfect network of blue veins (the 'blue blood') is visible over all the white ascetic face. His Holiness is gifted with the fire and impulse of youth without its accompanying physical strength, and feels keenly the disabilities of age. When he saw my portrait for the last time he thoughtfully remarked its look of years, and advised me to remember when painting another Pope (?) that 'Popes are of no age.' I thoroughly appreciated the finesse of the phrase, and only regretted that a painter could hardly give it practical effect. During long functions the Holy Father's muscular force almost entirely gives way, but by a nervous effort he will raise himself from time to time straight as an arrow."

Justin McCarthy pays his Holiness the following glowing tribute: "It is hard, indeed, not to grow enthusiastic as one studies the records of such a career. Statesmanship and philanthrophy are combined in it, each at its best and highest. Pope Leo loved the working classes and the poor and strove unceasingly with all his power to lighten their burdens and to brighten their lives. He spread the light of education all around him. As a great leader of men, endowed with unrivaled influence, he made it his task to maintain peace among his neighbors. Better praise no man could have earned; a better life no man could have lived." And again he writes, "I always think of Leo XIII. as one of those figures which must have been more often seen in the days, when saints walked the earth, as, indeed, some saints do walk the earth even now."

A great writer once said that many a visitor to the Eternal City, when seeing the great ruler of the Church, is reminded of Cardinal Manning—that great Prince of the English Church—and when we place the two portraits side by side, we cannot fail but admit that there is a strong resemblance. The Pope lives a very frugal life. His austerity is extreme and it is said that he spends less than a hundred francs a month for his table. He is a man of great mental activity and "at times those about him perceive a moment of exhaustion and collapse; but a little happiness, a piece of good news, or a pleasant telegram restores the life of his worn frame. Suddenly well again, he takes up once more his heavy burden, and betakes himself to that work of reconciliation and peace-making to which he devoted himself."

"In some rare high types, head, heart and hand are balanced to one expression of power," writes Marion Crawford, the distinguished novelist, "and every deed is a function of all three. Leo XIII probably approaches as nearly to such superiority as any great man now living. As a statesman his abilities are admitted to be of the highest order; as a scholar he is undisputedly one of the first Latinists of our time, and one of the most accomplished writers in Latin and Italian prose and verse. As a man, he possesses the simplicity of character which almost always accompanies greatness, together with a healthy sobriety of temper, habit and individual taste, rarely found in those beings whom we might well call "motors" among men. There has not been his equal intellectually for a long time, nor shall we presently see his match again."

The encyclicals, of His Holiness,—those tender, heartfelt, encouraging missives to his loyal children of the Church—will forever stamp him as one of the brightest luminaries in the literary firmament of to-day. In them, he shows the world how thoroughly he understands the social problems pertaining to modern society and governments and how he sympathizes with all classes of men. Who does not remember his beautiful encyclical alluding to his Golden Jubilee, which occurred in 1887? Its sentences were pregnant, with that strong love for his children, which ever distinguishes the timely and fatherly utterances of the Prisoner-Pope of the Vatican.

His tender and sympathetic poems, too, have won their way into the appreciative hearts of many warm admirers. The following sapphic verses were written in honor of St. Constantius, Mgr. Pecci's predecessor at Perugia:

Dive, Pastorem tua in urbe quondam
Infula cinctum, socium et laborum
Quem pius tutum per iter superna
Luce regebas,
Nunc Petri cymbam tumidum per aequor
Ducere et pugnae per acuta cernis
Spe bona certaque levare in altos
Lumina montes,
Possit o tandem domitis procellis,
Visere optatas Leo victor oras;
Occupet tandem vaga cymbra portum
Sospite cursu.

Here are a few tender lines, addressed to Hermelind Montespertti, a pious Abbess of the Cisterscian convent of St. Juliana:

High born, yet with true virtue more refined
God's consecrated Hermelind,
Watching thy cloistered charge with mother's heart,
In counsel wise, thy chosen better part,
Strenuous to keep, yet ever kind.

Many of the Holy Father's poems have been translated into the English language, and "represent," as one writer puts it, "very unworthily the grace of the original."

What a tender bit of verse is the following, entitled "O si daretter hora!"

Listen to the agonizing cry of pity of the poor lost souls!
Through Hell's dread vault resounds the tortured groan:—
"Oh, might one hour for those lost hours atone!"
What, were it given? for penance would they live,
And one brief hour their life's transgression shrive.

In 1885, Leo XIII. penned the following beautiful verses—a prophecy of the glorious triumph of the Church:

With prophet eye, the tremulous dawn I mark;
Lumen in Coelo! breaks the radiant day:—
And terror-struck, all demon-forms and dark
Plunge to their Stygian lake, there sink away.

God's human foes perforce His might have own'd,
Tearful their sacriligious crimes confess'd—
Hush'd is the long fierce hate, and love enthron'd
Within those hearts, in sweet alliance blest.

The virtues chaste, our fathers once bequeath'd,
Faith, manly trust, their ancient home regain;
And Peace, her glorious brow with olive wreath'd,
Bids the Arts flourish, and fair Plenty reign.

Wisdom's pure torch on every watch-tower burns
Through this dear land, to scare dark Error's crew—
Such be the triumph, when Italia learns
What heaven-fed springs her vigor may renew!

Leo XIII! What heart does not throb with pride at the sound of this sweet name? From the lips of King and beggar alike fall the sacred words of allegiance. The Indian in his wigwam in the western wilds, listens eagerly to the words of the zealous missionary, as he paints the glorious picture of the Church, and extolls the praises of the humble, white-haired Prince, who sits on the throne of Peter.

The shadows of evening are creeping around his noble life, but let us hope that the night is still far off. The weight of years and the fatigues of yesterday are upon him, and the morrow brings forth new trials, new hopes, but the aged Pontiff is ever active, spreading forth his kindly rays of faith and understanding over the whole world,—in his heart, the love of Christ and His Church and on his lips a tender prayer for the welfare of his children. Leo XIII. is and ever will be the Lumen Coeli—the Light from Heaven.

God grant that he may yet be spared for years to come, so that he may long shine forth in his prison-home—a guiding star for every true and loyal Catholic heart!

True Education

(For Carmelite Review.)

By P. W. R.

An erroneous and pernicious theory seems to have taken root in our soil, that education is the fundamental principle of happiness. The youth of our age are led astray by those whose duty it is to teach them the truth. Probably there is no land on earth where so much time, talent and money are devoted to the propagation of knowledge and the instruction of the coming generation. Yet it seems that all this expenditure of labor and capital is comparatively abortive, because founded on a false notion. The real foundation of civilization is not the diffusion of science. Culture and refinement are not merely the results of knowledge. Real wisdom, in order to bring with it, a love of the good, the beautiful and the true, must be based upon a more secure and permanent ground. Nothing but religion can provide the abiding aliment on which civilization and happiness subsist and thrive. There is no doubt a certain glitter and grandeur in the munificence, and even extravagance, with which the state fosters the school; but all this guise of zeal and reckless expenditure ill conceal the sordid and material views which prompt it. I do not pretend to give a diagnosis of the causes in which the present system of primary education, prevailing in our country originated, but I do claim that it proceeds from very worldly views. Nay more it bears upon its very brow the stamp of secularism. It even assumes a hostile attitude to Christianity. Whether it is born of malice against God, or nurtured on ignorance of Him I will not set forth as a fact, but it requires little effort of a mind attuned to the tenets of Christian belief to penetrate its spirit. Especially is there existing an animosity to Catholic Faith, which it hesitates not to declare an enemy of the spreading of knowledge. It seems that the element of our population who repudiate the idea of God are in the ascendant in controlling the instruction that must be imparted in our schools. All religion must be banished from its precincts. All questions of God must remain outside its walls. Nor is this all. Insinuations are made that Faith, at least, that of Catholics, is incompatible to the development of science. Some partisans even publicly teach that the Roman Church antagonizes the progress of ideas as unfolded through successive centuries and culminating in the present civilization.

Before entering into the subject of

education, I find it necessary to say that volumes could be written on this theme, and I shall confine myself to a certain view, namely, that it must be begun and for the most part carried out in the bosom of the family, that is, it must be safeguarded by religion and that the state has no right to assume that she alone can prescribe what shall be taught. And then I shall proceed to eradicate some queer notions that are rampant concerning it. Education does not consist merely in an extensive memory of facts and events that have transpired. More pertinent to it is the regulation of will power and logical deductions grasped by our intellect. Now, in order to have our will pursue only that which is good and our intelligence follow that which is true, they must be educated and trained to these objects from the earliest dawn of infancy. There is no use trying to delude ourselves. Our minds and hearts are prone to evil which can never be fully eliminated from our being until we pass through this fleeting and perishable life. There is no perfection here below, hence perfect education cannot exist. We cannot hide from ourselves that a curse was pronounced upon our race, that our intellects were clouded and our wills weakened and our hearts perverted. From this fact arises the need of education. Were we born in the same state as Adam was created, the meanest of us would outstrip the greatest savant that ever lived. It is to obviate the shortcomings of our nature that we must be instructed. When we enter this world our minds are endowed only with receptive faculties. They gradually become aware of their exterior surroundings. Through our external senses we imbibe our earliest knowledge. But even these senses are not fully alive to the functions they must perform until the dawn of reason. They are not aware of the tremendous responsibilities that rest upon them until reflection is awakened in the mind. Thus in our early youth, others must think for us, others must teach us, others must provide for us in every way. We are not responsible agents during the term of infancy any more than one whose mind in mature years is bereft of its wit and become a lunatic. Yet during those first years of our lives, our minds are very tender and more capable of receiving impressions than later on. Consequently it is then that our training should commence; it is then our character should be moulded; it is then our disposition should be formed. In after years the memory of what transpired about our cradle may fade and vanish in mists of forgetfulness, but still the adages we then learned, the principles that then guided us, the lessons in virtue that illumed us, will be potent factors during our entire career. Hence the important period for every one of us, is the time when we are cast upon the resources of our parents and the friends that surround our youth. The all-wise Creator, therefore, made that peculiar institution amidst humanity, called the family the closest by ties of blood, the sweetest by reason of endearing charms and the most fascinating possible. On it he reposes the preservation not only of the individual but of all society. To preserve it and keep it intact is of incomparably greater consequence than even the political life of a nation, because the family is the second soul of humanity. Disrupt it and you pave the way to the destruction of the state. History is no silent witness in this matter. From its pages you can glean without great labor or erudition, that empire after empire, kingdom after kingdom rose, fluctuated and fell, according as the family bond flourished among their citizens. What makes a people powerful and prosperous? Is it not respect for lawfully constituted authority? Is it not contentment and happiness among those subject to that authority? But will there be peace beaming benignly all over the land, will there be serene countenances of contentment, if virtue both moral and civic be not practised by the inhabitants? In society and in the family life same laws must be observed, the same magnanimous qualities manifested. But these things are not spontaneous to our nature. They are the results of early and persistent training. The education that elicits generous impulses, open-hearted and guileless hospitality, firm and courageous wills and nobility of character, must take place in the bosom of our family. The home must engender these traits else they cannot be found. It would be eminently unfair to contend, for instance, that the defenders of any nation are made in the barracks or on the battlefield. And it would be just as

illogical to hold that the rulers of the country are found in the political arena, or that the thinkers are produced in our academies and universities. No ; if the home brings forth only a weakling or only educated as a sensual pleasure seeker, of what avail would be the military drill of such a person. All the manoeuvring could not drive cowardice from his heart, or dispel the element of treachery. If children are not taught to regulate their fancies and trained to submit their wills, govern their tempers, curb their passions and manifest their obedience to parental authority, they will never be able to rule over others. Only those who know how to obey can wisely and prudently command others. If the mental faculties be dwarfed in childhood, if the mind be too stunted to take hold of home truths, all the teachers in the world, all academic lore, will likely make no impress. No ; education must begin and mostly carried out around our own hearthstones. Elsewhere they only receive what may be called the finishing touches. I do not wish to institute comparisons. All are not born with equal mental avoirdupois any more than they are born with the selfsame physique, strength and form. In life we are not all determined by a wise Providence to engage in the same pursuits. There are varieties of avocations, each demanding a different training and a widely divergent education. To become proficient in any special calling, it is necessary that all our efforts tend to that one end. Now generally, I do not say always, our special sphere in life is selected for us by our nearest and dearest. So on them should devolve the responsibility of fitting us for our after life. It is to be regretted that the world at large does not understand this, hence so little real education in the world. A father who perceives that his child's brain is not apt, in a certain line, does it the greatest injustice in forcing it to adopt his fancy. It is undoubtedly laudable, for parents to desire exalted stations in life for their children, but their desires and wishes must not run away with their common sense, when there are convincing proofs that their sons or daughters are not designed for what they affectionately intend them. Such misfits too often occur, and they bring neither happiness to parent or child. Those who are rich and prosperous often bring untold misery on their progeny by not being discreet enough to educate them according to their capacities. Their son Tom would make a far more successful farmer, than doctor, and at the same time find joy and pleasure in the life. But no ; like pagans they take a degraded view of physical labor, see nothing ennobling in it, see nothing God-like in it, and consequently their boy, who is unfitted by nature to a doctor's life, and who is inapt in mental acumen to master even the names of the various parts of the body, much less diagnose their ailments, must trudge on through a medical college for years without comfort, and then in the end make a very indifferent saw-bones, and so often administer the wrong medicine to his patients to their injury as he prescribes the proper remedy. Their daughter Antoinette, according to their view,warped by ill considered affection, must prepare for the drawing-room, to which she will never add grace nor dignity. By nature and by grace she is too modest to discharge such onerous duties without awkwardness. On the contrary, if properly trained, she would be an ornament to a merchant's home, make a sweet and tender mother and a delectable wife. It is highest time that our families should realize they are the principal moulders of character and not the schools, where they are taught to read, write, cipher, acquire a little knowledge of history and geography, even later on in life should they send their children to academies and universities to be further developed in science, art or literature, it is an absolute requisite that there be character, that there be virtue and mental equilibrium for the instructors to work upon. The home should be the sanctuary of everything great and noble. It is natural to expect that children bred amidst squalor, shame, intemperance and crime would inherit these same conditions and propagate them in the next generation. "Evil communications corrupt good morals."

Unconsciously we take in the intercourse and example that surround our early years. True, in this world our minds only touch each other externally. There is a commerce or exchange of civilities, but rarely any interpenetration of thoughts and ideas. Yet alas there is certainly too much, if it be of a vicious nature. Should

our ears only hear conversations that are replete with modifying clauses, known as cursing, we will all too soon become adepts in stringing like phrases together. If lewdness meet our eyes and ears constantly we anticipate strong animal propensities. Should sots and bums and idle and corrupt persons be the companions of our tender years it is difficult to see how we are going to arise above the same level. If on the contrary we witness nothing but a conscientious performance of duty, if we perceive a continual manifestation of affable conduct, if we hear only worthy topics treated, without being spattered with invective and ribaldry, it seems to follow as a consequence that we imbibe those lessons and that we persevere in them throughout life.

However, no constant effort to educate properly can be dreamt of without the aid of religion. By religion I wish it to be understood that I refer to the faith that Jesus Christ taught and which He wished to encircle the globe. He being God, was invested with all power and all authority, and He commissioned His Disciples to "go forth and teach and preach." Any so-called knowledge, science or art that is not in accord with His doctrines is a positive evil and subversive of the best interests of mankind.

Religion is an indispensable condition of humanity and there has been nothing sublime in any work of man which did not originate in it. Seek where you may you will never succeed in finding a whole people devoid of it. There may be and are isolated and perverted creatures who have flung it aside. Even though it be a false religion, it has formed the chief basis of society with every nation and wherever there is a record of man, there is also a record of religion. It overlies and moulds the whole range of thought both in literature and art throughout the ancient pagan nations of the Orient as well as the Grecian, Roman and Christian world. Philosophers, orators, poets, artists, one and all, declare it the inspiration of their works and masterpieces.

Before the advent of Christ there was little happiness or hope in the world. The vast bulk of mankind was bound hand and foot in the darkness and error of paganism. He who is the way, the truth and the light, came to dispel the mists. There are instances among different people and at different epochs of men who had attained the highest point of human science and art. We stand in wonderment even to this day at the triumphs of their genius. We have the relics still extant of the mighty intellects that dwelt in Egypt and Assyria, yet if we scrutinize history without bias, we shall find little ennobling in all their enterprises, or of lasting benefit to the human race because they were reared on erroneous ideas. At different eras during Grecian history we find traces of the highest perfection of human art, both in architecture, sculpture and painting, but being devoid of soul or reason for their existence, produced by little influence over the hearts of the people. True indeed, philosophers, like Plato, Aristotle and Socrates, have been scarce during the world's history. It seems these men have sounded and fathomed the very depths of human knowledge, unaided by the light of revelation, but after all their opinions swayed but few hearts. From merely an intellectual point of view, few, if any, Christian philosophers have had more penetrating minds. Few are the poets in any language that have surpassed those of Sparta and Athens. Few the orators to rival Demosthenes. Few the epochs in any country or among any people to vie with ancient Greece in the zenith of her glory. And yet that glory was restricted to a very few. Nearly the entire population outside the few names handed down to us in history, lay groaning in the darkness of ignorance and slavery and sin.

When dominion passed from Greece to Rome and with it genius and culture we behold the same, if not a worse state of existence.

High birth is an accident, not a virtue.

Humble wedlock is far better than proud virginity.—S. Austin.

"I go through my daily stage, and care not for the curs who bark at me along the road."—Frederick the Great.

"I would rather make my name than inherit it."—Thackery.

Idleness is many gathered miseries in one name.

If an organ can drown a curse, don't silence it.

The Mission at Tucker

(By Fr. H. J. Hamers, O. C. C., Tucker, Miss.)

Tucker is the name of a post office situated in Neshoba County, in eastern Mississippi, at the public road, six miles from the county town, Philadelphia, and thirty-eight miles from Meridian, Landerdale County, nearest R. R. station, Neshoba, as poor as its sister counties, has over thirteen thousand inhabitants. Its only brick building is the court house in the county town. Glass in windows as well as brick chimneys are still an article of luxury. The erection of the post office at Tucker was chiefly the work of one of our Catholics, M. P., Mr. Daly, twenty years ago. Whether Mr. Tucker, the celebrated jurist of Virginia, is the godfather of the post office, we cannot tell. In the beginning there was mail three times a week. Since July, 1900, we have mail every day, Sunday excepted. Tucker is renowned for nothing but for its mission for the Choctaw Indians. There are now two religious communities engaged in the conversion of the Indian and white people, the Sisters of Mercy, an American foundation, and the Carmelite Fathers, a Dutch foundation. There is a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the title of the Most Holy Rosary. The mission has two schools, one for the Indian and one for the white people, conducted by the Sisters. Both are well patronized.

THE INDIANS.

It is a general belief among historians that the Indians who are the first inhabitants of America, descended from Jews. They prove their assertion by the likeness in the Indian dialects to that of the Hebrew. Color and other qualities peculiar to the Indians they ascribe to their mode of life, food and climate. This fact assumed, they are said to come from Asia by way of the Behring Straits. Whether they passed over land or water into America is a case still undecided; for it is thought by many that the Behring Straits came into existence by a convulsion of nature at a more recent date. Once in America, they began their journey from west to east, never making a permanent settlement, attracted as they were by better hunting and fishing grounds. They were always at war, one tribe with another. Book shelves are full of records about their lives, wars and heroism. The once stout, strong, vigorous Indians of old form now a dying nation in the wilds, unnoticed by their white brethren. According to the census given in the "Mission Work," there were on the first January, 1901, 244,000 Indians within the boundaries of the United States; 99,338 Indians belong to the Catholic Church; a few belong to the different Protestant denominations, while the largest number is in complete heathendom. Eighty-seven priests are engaged in the mission work among the Indians, in one hundred and fifty-four churches, while their fifty-seven schools are conducted nearly exclusively by Sisters of different congregations. In 1892 they numbered twenty-nine tribes within the old bounds of the Indian territory. At the present there are in the Indian territory 100,000 Indians. Of these there are only three thousand and thirty Catholics.

THE CHOCTAW NATION.

The Choctaws descend from a people called the Chickemicans, who were among the first inhabitants of Mexico. When first known to Europeans, they occupied the territory on the left bank of the Mississippi, from the Ohio River almost to the Gulf. In September, 1830, the Treaty of Chookfahithl Bogue (Dancing Rabbit Creek) was effected, and the Choctaws disposed of their land in Mississippi to the United States Government and the greater number moved to the Indian territory. The treaty was fought with great obstinacy by many powerful chiefs of the tribe; but according to Claiborne, the prevailing policy was to make a general sweep of the Indians to the West, but the Government finding it impossible to effect this with the obstinate Choctaws, owing to the influence of the dissatisfied chiefs offered to insert what is known as article 14 of that treaty, which secured to every Choctaw, who would signify, within six months to the resident agent of the United States his

intention to remain, a section of land and a portion to each of his children, said reservation to include his place of residence at that time. But for this clause with all the influence of the chiefs in favor of the treaty, the removal of the Choctaws could never have been made. More than three thousand Choctaws remained in the country, and at the appointed time applied to the agent to register their names. Said agent was frequently drunk or absent from his post. He interposed every obstacle to registration and finally, after registering a few, absolutely refused, declaring he had his orders from Washington. The Indians with their families were required to travel from remote points to his agency. They abandoned their homestead for that purpose, taking their families along, and enduring all the severities of the weather, hunger and sickness, at last to be told that he would not write down their names. On returning to their homes they often found them in possession of white men, who said they had bought them and sadly and sorrowfully they lingered around their former homes, in poverty and humiliation, or wandered into swamps in search of food and perished from exposure and hunger. Since, several attempts have been made to allow the Choctaws their rights in the State of Mississippi and in the Indian territory, but without any success. The white people abuse their ignorance in order to enrich themselves. According to the report of the commissioner of Indian affairs for 1869, p. 37, they numbered 17,000 souls; 12,000 Choctaws were living in the Indian Territory in 1892. The Choctaws of the Indian Territory, with the Snake Creeks under the leadership of their newly elected chief, Daniel Bell, are in a state of rebellion against the United States Government. Three thousand Choctaws are still living in the State of Mississippi. Their number in Neshoba County is estimated at six hundred. The census taken by the State prior to 1885 was less than the number given in 1885 by His Grace the late Archbishop Janssens, then Bishop of Natchez. "The discrepancy," says the New York Freeman's Journal, May 16, 1885, "has been fully explained to us. These poor Indians have been systematically cheated by the white agents of the Government, that ought to have protected them in their rights. Consequently the Indians look on paper, pencils, pens and ink as instruments of further depredation. Only a short time ago a census-taker for school purposes visited the "Bogue Chetto" Indians, who also are Choctaws living in the northeastern part of Neshoba County. He could not find that there was one child of school age, so he had to come to the Catholic priest at Tucker, the self-sacrificing Father Bekkers, to find out what the latter, with his school master, would tell him." A similar fact happened in the year 1899 in Scott County, when there was a white man for making claims in the Indian Territory, in behalf of those who would give their names. Nobody dared to do so, unless the father approved of it. The Choctaws are one of the five civilized nations. If we believe the statement of His Grace Archbishop Janssens, that the Choctaws can boast of having never sullied their hands in the blood of white people, then they make a rare exception. The Choctaws, or properly Chetto nation, is copper-colored, has black, coarse hair, no beard; beard and moustache tell us that he is of mixed blood. The Choctaws, like all other tribes, have their own dialect, which is very difficult to the white man to learn. It has many peculiarities. Some of them are as follows: I. The want of the verb "to be" as a declinable word. II. The want of personal pronouns in the third person singular and plural. III. The want of a plural form in many nouns, verbs and adjectives. IV. The irregular manner in which the plural is made. V. The want of a passive voice in some verbs, and its irregular formation. VI. The order of words in a clause or sentence. VII. The use of prepositive particles or prefixes. VIII. The use of post-positive particles or suffixes. IX. The use of fragmentary pronouns, simple and compound. X. The repetition of pronouns. XI. The numerous gerund forms of the verbs arising from internal changes in the primary root. XII. The negative forms of verbs, adjectives and fragmentary pronouns. XIII. The causative forms of verbs. XIV. The internal changes in the causative forms. XV. Uniformity of grammatical forms and structure. XVI. The extent to which the rough aspirate "h" supplies the want of the

verb of existence. XVII. The difficulties in resolving and translating the article pronouns. The alphabet is composed of sixteen letters ; the consonants, c, d, g, j, q, r, v, n and z are absent in Choctaw. By way of example, hina—road, henah—there is a road. David—Lewi; Rachel—Luchel. A. J. Beckett, vol. I, p. iv. Hunt McCatel. The Weekly Picayune, New Orleans, Sept. 15, 1892. Le Moniteur de Rome, Dec. 4, 1887. Mr. Byington's Choctaw Grammar. Chatha—people having cooking utensils.

A Favorite of Caesar

By Dolorosa Kline.

The noises of the city had ceased, the shouts of the populace had died away, and the lordly waters of the Tiber swished calmly and gently beneath the rays of the setting sun, as if enjoying to the fullest, the unusual quiet, that had settled over the throbbing streets of Imperial Rome.

Caesar was tired after the day, spent in all the wild excesses of the Saturnalia, and wishing to enjoy uninterrupted rest, until the games of the coming week would need his august attention, he had given orders that for the present hours all traffic and noise in the streets should be stopped, and no one, patrician or plebeian dared go contrary to Caesar's will.

About the twelfth hour, there issued from the gate of the Imperial palace, the magnificent litter, of the Senator, Aulus Cortonious.

Aulus was a man high up in the favor and estimation of the Emperor, a devout adorer of the gods, and an enemy pronounced of those despicable people, the Christians.

Now Aulus was a busy man those days and a very happy man, for had he not enjoyed himself well during the celebration of Saturn's feast? and had he not seen to the arrest of many of his Christian enemies, who would later make amusement for him and his friends? Caesar had called him, "a tower of zeal and good sense". Surely that was a delicate compliment to his pleased senses? Ah yes! Aulus was a very happy man.

He was also commissioned, to inform his son Colinthius, who like himself was a favorite of Caesar's, that he was to sit on the latter's right hand at the games, an honor which any Roman youth might envy.

Chuckling with anticipated pleasure, at the delight his son must experience upon receiving such news, the senator smiled and rubbed his hands and bade his slaves hasten with double speed to the palace near Campus.

The home of Aulus was rich and magnificent. He had inherited it in all its grandeur, from his father, the elder Aulus, and it lacked nothing in all that was grand in art and elegance.

The Senator's wife had long been dead, and as selfish as he was, he cherished Fermoya's memory so that he never took unto himself a second spouse, but chose to live alone with his son and heir and a princely retinue of slaves.

The young Colinthius was reclining with indolent grace against the silken lining of his velvet couch, when his father entered the atrium. Instantly the youth rose up, and extended his hand in greeting.

"To my father, the noble Aulus, peace, from whence comest thou sir? I have not seen thee since the fifth hour." "Thou knowest well, thou god-like," and he looked at the noble young face fondly, "that I come from the palace on the Tiber, aye, from the august presence of our Emperor. The Saturnalia is finished, and Caesar is resting. May the gods continue to smile on him benignly, and I have word for thee from him. Wouldst wish to hear it, Colinthius?"

The youth toyed carelessly with the jewelled dagger fastened at his waist, and a strange light came into his dark eyes.

"If thou feelest disposed to tell me now, oh noble father, if not some other time will do?"

Aulus frowned. Colinthius had of late been acting strangely. He was now seventeen and according to popular belief and opinion, handsome, honorable and clever and having a brilliant future before him, in whatever

profession he might adopt. These facts were highly satisfactory to the ambitious Aulus, but of late Colinthius had caused him grave apprehension and no small annoyance and that was, the youth seemed to be daily more and more, showing his aversion to the worship of Rome's Deities, and leaning towards the superstitious creed of the Christians, and most terrible of all crimes he was growing constantly indifferent to the many favors the Emperor saw fit to shower upon him. However, Aulus comforted himself with the belief that when his son had come more fully to man's estate, he would change his mode of life and become like himself, a warm admirer of Caesar and a zealous defender of the gods against the Christus of the Christians. How blind thou wert poor pagan! that thou couldst not see that thy son had already thrown to the winds the passing favor of Caesar, and the false beliefs on whose dark waters his soul had so long been tossed and sought now only the favor of God in heaven, and believed only in the truths of Christianity.

"Thou speakest carelessly, Colinthius, thou speakest as if thou didst not care to be a favorite of Caesar's" he said, the frown deepening on his intellectual brow.

"Thou art right, noble father, thy son despiseth the patronage of Rome's Emperor, for know thou, there is a higher and greater Emperor than Caesar and One who reigns in a mightier court than Caesar does; but what is it thou wouldst tell thy son?"

"Thou hast spoken as I have heard the dogs of Christians speak, boy;" he looked at the youth sternly, "and I forbid thee ever to do so again in my presence or in the presence of others, but enough of this! here is Caesar's word to thee. He commands thee, oh Colinthius, that at the games which commence on the first day of the third week, thou shalt sit on his august right. Think of the honor thou hast been done. Art thou pleased?"

"Caesar is kind, of father, but I say to thee, I am not pleased, for have I not told thee I belong to, and serve a greater Emperor than he, whose head the people crown with laurels?"

In a minute the truth dawned on Aulus and he knew that which he had so long dreaded had come to pass, his son was a Christian. Then, it was, that all self control deserted him, and springing towards Colinthius he caught him by the throat.

"Art thou a Christian?" he demanded fiercely, "hast thou forsaken the gods of thy forefathers and of Rome, for the false Christus? Speak, I command thee!"

He loosed his hand on the boy's throat while the terrified slaves crouched in the corners trembling lest their beloved young master who never spoke to them but in kindness would be killed before their eyes.

Without the least hesitation and calmly making the sign of the cross, Colinthius fearlessly replied:

"Thou hast guessed rightly oh my father, I am a Christian and love and adore only the One True God."

With an oath which he called the gods to register, Aulus threw the youth to the ground, wounding him right and left with his gleaming dagger. Then leaving the slaves to do what they could towards binding up the bleeding wounds, the inhuman father took his departure muttering, "thou shalt pay for this, ungrateful boy; thou shalt return to thy gods and Caesar, or thou shalt furnish amusement for us at the games. We shall see, we shall see!"

....

The sun shown brightly, the market places were decorated, the temples of Mars and Venus were a mass of fresh flowers and shrubbery and Rome was once more en fête. The day of the games had at last arrived and every one was happy, that is, the pagan portion of the Imperial city.

Early in the third hour the crowds began to wend their way to the Amphitheatre, the patrician in his luxurious litter, jostling the less fortunate plebeian and smiling haughtily down on him as from an inaccessible height. When would the time come when Rome would give equal rights to all? When would the proud imperious patrician noble learn to respect and bear with their poor brethren? When would they cease to walk on them?

Only when they had bowed their proud heads to the sweet firm yoke of Christ, learning from Him the meaning of true justice, by wrapping around themselves the cloak of charity, by strengthening themselves by humility and by sharing a true bro-

therhood with all classes. It would take many years for the accomplishment of all these things, but He the Omnipotent One, would work them, and His glory would be sung in all quarters and by all classes in Rome's dominions. As we have seen it was so. How brilliant, how splendid looked the moving throngs, now all attired in gala dress. How loud was the hum of those thousands of voices raised in the praises of Caesar, or on subjects of less weight. All were hastening in the one direction and soon every seat in the vast amphitheatre was taken up.

"Didst hear," said a man sitting amidst a group of others to the rear of the building, "that the young Colinthius sits on Caesar's right to-day?"

"Yes," was the reply, "we have heard, and by Jove he is handsome, the handsomest youth in Rome."

"See ! he comes ! he comes ! Great Caesar comes!" interrupted a chorus of voices from below and then the whole multitude rose up in cheers and greeted the Emperor, whom inwardly numbers of that same multitude hated with a hate born of unjust treatment and tyranny, but who were powerless to demand anything of a different or better nature, at least for the present. Smiling graciously and followed by his princely court, Caesar advanced with dignified mien and seated himself in the purple bedecked space he always occupied on such occasions.

Aulus Cortonious, strikingly imposing in his senatorial robes, was with him, but the young Colinthius was missing. Much conjecturing as to the cause of the youth's absence passed from mouth to mouth, for who had not heard of the honor that had been conferred on him?

"He must be ill," said the man who had first spoken in the little group of Christians we have already mentioned.

"Bah," said another, and not a Christian, "how could he be ill for the games? See Caesar and Aulus are talking together. There must be something that has hindered the young Colinthius. We will learn later. Ah ! here is the champion Gondona ; see how he wrestles!"

The wrestling matches and other feats were soon gotten through with, the victors applauded and the defeated ones hissed and laughed at and then every cruel eye began to concentrate itself more attentively on the arena. The last number and to those pagan hearts the most interesting on the day's programme was about to be performed, the slaughter of the Christians would soon begin. First a gentle slave girl was brought in and instantly dispatched by the horns of a wild bull, then a mother and her two young sons after most painful tortures were put to the sword and so on, until upwards of three hundred Christians had received the crown of glorious martyrdom. Then a strange thing happened. An attendant came in and poured fresh sand over the blood-marked spots, and the praetor led forth, into the arena, a splendid young specimen of Roman youth, bare-armed, bare-legged, and deprived of all other raiment, save a long white tunic, and the band of gold that adorned his dark noble head.

"Colinthius! Colinthius!" rang through the whole Amphitheatre, "what has happened to Colinthius?"

A second more, and the question was answered by the youth's father, as jumping to his feet, Aulus pointed a scornful finger at his son, standing so straight and manfully before the sea of cold irresponsive faces, gazing down upon him, and cried in angry tones.

"That is not Colinthius Cortonious; hear me, oh Emperor! Romans, hear me plebeians ! that is not my son standing before you, that is a dog of a Christian, ha! ha! ha! Aulus meant what he said ; thou shalt make amusement for us to-day, ha! ha! ha!"

People looked at each other speechless with wonder. What did it mean, this, the Senator's denunciation of his only son? Was it possible that Caesar's favorite had forgotten his Emperor, his father, and his gods ? Even so, surely his father must feel some pity for him who had drawn his life's blood from his own veins? But no, he could not, or he never would have made that bitter speech. Caesar clapped him on the back when he had concluded the taunt, crying warmly: "Bravo! Bravo! thou hast spoken well, thou hast indeed no son, but we shall give him one more chance." The cry was quickly taken up, for those fickle Roman hearts, who so sudden-

ly felt a ray of pity creep into them, for their young countryman, with few exceptions as quickly closed again, and Aulus was applauded again and again, for the stand he had taken against his Christian son.

The Emperor was noticed talking to one of his followers, and immediately after Coelum stood up, and when silence had been restored in the audience, he addressed Colinthius thus:

"Young man," he said in a stern voice, "thou hast heard the charge against thee, and thou darest not contradict it; this day of the games, our August Emperor commanded thee to sit at his right, but thou didst slight that command, so kindly given, because thou sayest, thou hast given thy allegiance to a Greater Emperor. Thou hast been guilty of great contempt, which merits the sword, but our high and generous Caesar, because of thy youth, and god-like beauty, will give thee one more opportunity to repair the insult thou hast offered him; therefore, I ask thee, wilt thou abandon the false principles taught by the old man, Polycarp, concerning the Christus and return to thine ancient worship and to Caesar's favor? What sayest thou. Turn thy face up to Caesar and answer him."

The young man looked immediately towards the Emperor, and then on the calm June air, his answer floated back, as loud and clear as the notes of a clarion, to the head of Rome and the awaiting multitude.

"I am a Christian, oh Caesar; I was baptized a month ago by the priest Polycarp, who has since gone from Rome,, and I say to thee, I love and adore only the one true God. All other gods are false, but Christ Jesus, whom the good old man, Polycarp, hath taught me to know. He is the God who reigns, He is a mightier Emperor than thee, and His kingdom shall yet conquer thine. Again, I say to thee, I am a Christian, and thou, oh my father, noble Aulus, I repeat it to thee, and I forgive thee for the part thou hast taken in delivering me up to my enemies, and I pray that thou, too, will yet be converted, and learn to know and love our Supreme God."

"Choke him! Kill him!" cried his inhuman parent, whose pride was stung to the quick, at being known as the father of a Christian, causing him to forget all those sacred ties which should have bound him to his son. "Put him to the sword," called out several voices, while from the group of Christians occupying seats in the rear of the buildings, sobs and loud weeping issued.

But Caesar would not permit the dauntless youth to be put to the sword, as was the custom in dealing with a Roman offender. No, there would be too much honor, in that, for a Christian, and an ingrate like Colinthius, so he must suffer the deepest humiliation. Accordingly a fierce Numidian lion was set upon him, while the yells of the populace were horrible to hear; a merciless, pitiless populace yelling at a defenceless, beardless youth. What a spectacle for Imperial Rome!

"Fare thee well, oh Caesar. Fare thee well, oh my father, Aulus; I will pray for thee," and waving his right hand to Caesar, and his left to his exasperated father, Colinthius had just time to murmur, "Jesu," "Mary," when he felt the hot breath of the king of beasts upon him, and in another minute, the devoted boy to his God was a bleeding mass of lifeless clay. Until the last breath left the quivering body, the populace amongst them, the young martyr's father jeered and laughed, then waited impatiently, till it was hauled away to give place to greater cruelties. The praetor threw the body that Aulus would not claim, nor even look upon, into a pit, just as it was, without preparation or funeral rites; but two hours afterwards, Seedeni, Colinthius' faithful freedman, rescued all that remained of his young master, and washing the cold, lifeless form, that had once been the envy of Rome for its grace and shapliness, Seedeni wrapped it in purple edged linen, put a fresh band of gold in the black matted hair, and laid the martyr to rest, deep down in the catacombs, and Rome knew Caesar's favorite no more.

If a man is not virtuous he becomes vicious.

If a man once fall all will tread on him.

If an ass goes travelling he won't come home a horse.

Happiness

St. Augustine once determined to write to St. Jerome to find out from him what he thought about happiness. In the meantime, however, St. Jerome had departed this life and after his death appearing to him, said: "See, if you can count the stars of heaven and the grains of sand on the sea-shore. For it is easier to do this than to explain in words the state of happiness. For it is so great a thing that unless I had seen it, I would never have believed it. Moreover, it is something infinitely greater than all that I considered it to be during my life-time." St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "The eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him."

Human words are insufficient to explain fully the state of perfect happiness. Still it can be defined. St. Augustine says: "A man is happy when he has everything he wishes, and does not wish anything unbecoming." For to be happy is to be contented. Perfect happiness implies a total absence from all suffering of both body and soul. Trials and tribulations, pains and sufferings, misfortunes, calamities, disasters are things incompatible with it. To be perfectly happy in this world is utterly impossible, because the above-mentioned evils are unavoidable. Only in the next life will man's happiness be complete and lasting. In this life everything passes away and vanishes like smoke; in the next all things remain forever and ever. Neither death nor any other evil shall approach the habitations of the Saints. For "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and death shall be no more, nor mourning nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away. And night shall be no more; and they shall not need the light of the lamp, nor the light of the sun, because the Lord God shall enlighten them and they shall reign forever and ever." Apos. xxi. and xxii. There, beyond the clouds is the abode of bliss, of supreme happiness, of never-ending joy. All shall be satiated to the full as the Psalmist says: "They shall be inebriated with the plenty of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of thy pleasure. For with Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light we shall see light." Man's ideas about the state of future beatitude are confined within very narrow limits. They hardly ever go beyond what he sees, hears, tastes, smells or feels. As a horse invited to a splendid banquet would wish for nothing else but the choicest quality of oats, the coldest and best water, because all other delights are unknown to it, so also a man who knows hardly any other pleasures than those that come to him through the senses, cannot better understand or explain the pleasures of Heaven, than through banquets, delightful sceneries and similar things. But when the veil is drawn aside, when the shadows disappear and the brightness of God breaks in upon the immortal soul, then the darkness of mysteries will be unravelled, untold-of wonders will rush upon her, and she will be swallowed up by an ocean of supreme delights and heavenly joys, so that she can truly cry out with the royal prophet: "O, how great is the multitude of thy sweetness, O Lord, which thou hast hidden from them that fear Thee!"

This supreme happiness can be obtained by man and even in this life a certain foretaste may be had. The Saints of God rejoiced in the midst of the greatest sufferings and trials; they laughed at torments, they welcomed labors and hardships, because, by considering the greatness of the future reward, all these things seemed small to them. The labor demanded is of short duration, but the reward is long, aye, everlasting. A fly once addressed the ant: "Behold," said she, "what a mean and contemptible creature thou art. You inhabit little excavations in the earth and creep continually on the ground, and you work hard for a scanty living. But my wings carry me on high, I am present at the tables of kings, partake of the choicest food, rest upon

the royal purple and even kiss the most beautiful cheeks." To which the ant replied: "Your improbity and boldness have made you hateful to all for which reasons fans and poisons are prepared for your destruction. Your happiness lasts but for a short time of the year and in winter you soon perish. But I labor moderately in summer, that in winter I may have a quiet and secure life." So likewise man labors in the heat of the summer of this life, that afterwards he may have a secure, quiet and blissful eternity. The wicked and impious sometimes prosper in this life, they have plenty of all things, they are honored, esteemed and flattered by the children of the world, they take life easy, never giving a thought to the things beyond the grave. But lo! a few years more and all this glitter of prosperity is at an end. Like the fly, they boasted in their pride and greatness, looking down with a certain mien of contempt upon the poor and needy, the pious and saintly. But at the end they themselves will perish miserably, whilst the friends of Christ will continue to live happily for ever and ever.

"B. K."

Holy Communion

All men acknowledge that love tends to union. This flows from the very essence of love, for love is nothing more than the yearning or outgoing of the heart to the object loved.

It springs from our nature to desire always to be near those dear to us, and when the different vocations to which we are called compel us to separate from them, the separation casts a bitter sorrow over our hearts and brings, though involuntarily, tears to our eyes. And when again we meet these dear ones, how our hearts are filled with joy; how, for example, will a loving mother fly to receive her darling boy from whom she has been separated.

Love, therefore, essentially tends to union. Jesus having tenderly loved men, and as He was to return to His Father, found out a means of leaving the world in such a manner that He ceased not to remain in it and to be united to man, on earth, until the consummation of time.

This union of love Jesus effects through the Holy Eucharist. When we receive the Holy Eucharist Jesus is united to us in His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity. To give us this Bread of Angels, Jesus is not changed into us; no, He, because we are less perfect than He, changes us into Himself. Hence those beautiful words which St. Augustine puts into the mouth of the Saviour, "I am the food of grown men, grow up and you shall eat Me; you shall not change Me into you, as happens with bodily food, but I will change you into Me."

The life of man, left to himself, is a life of pride, of love of creatures, of forgetfulness of God, of self-interest; a life of all the passions, and all kinds of sin.

The life we draw from the Holy Eucharist, is a life of meekness, of humility, of patience, of charity, a life of all the virtues, and of all kinds of good works.

His own divine life is communicated to us, for He says: "He who eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me and I in him."

"When Jesus Christ is within us," says St. Cyril, "He relaxes the cruel law of our members, abates the ardour of our passions, and heals our wounds. Then Holy Communion strengthens and beautifies the soul."

"The man," says St. Cyprian, "who has not been armed by the Church, is incapable of martyrdom, and the soul which has not received the Holy Eucharist falls."

"The divine blood," says St. Chrysostom, "causes the image of Jesus Christ to shine resplendently in us."

Holy Communion purifies, adorns and refines the soul, which becomes, in consequence, brighter than gold or fire.

As he who dips his hand in liquid gold draws it up all gilt, so the soul plunged in this Divine Blood becomes as pure and as beautiful as gold.

The poor sinner, whose soul is grovelling in the most shameful and sordid kinds of sin; who hates himself for the wretched life he is leading;

whom misery and sin drive almost to despair; if this poor sinner were encouraged to drink often at this fountain of grace and love, and to persevere in receiving Jesus in Holy Communion, how soon would not his evil desires be checked! How eagerly would his soul begin to love virtue and hate vice! His soul, cleansed in that crimson stream flowing from the pierced heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, becomes brighter than ever, and by receiving again and again this sacrament of divine love, the sinner would finally conquer the world, the flesh, and the devil, three powerful and dreadful enemies of man's salvation. He would overcome the evil maxims of the world: the world, with its pride, with its avarice; the world, flooded with impurity and bad example. That great enemy, our flesh—the blood in our veins; the passions and the senses of our bodies cannot be strangled and smothered without the grace of God. The intensity and fever of the passions are blighted and cooled down forever by drinking, frequently, at this fountain of grace. St. Ambrose says, "I ought often to take the blood of the Lord, so as often to obtain the forgiveness of my sins; since I sin often I ought often to have the remedy for sin."

Oh, how many sinners would be brought back to God! How many Catholic youths and maidens would be snatched from a life of vice and shame and turned to the paths of virtue, if they were encouraged to kneel often at the Holy Table and receive Jesus, their best Friend and kindest Benefactor, who has in store for them happiness eternal; for He says, "This is the Bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever."

Communicate often, dear reader, and encourage those around you to do likewise; but always with the advice of your spiritual father; "and believe me," says St. Francis de Sales, "as the hares become white on the mountains in winter from seeing and eating snow; so by adorning and eating beauty, goodness, and purity itself in this divine sacrament, you will become all beautiful, all good, and all pure." By T. O. N.

Death of Mr. J. G. Moylan

(Monday's Ottawa Citizen.)

Ottawa lost an old and distinguished citizen on Saturday night in the person of James George Moylan, ex-Inspector of Pentitentaries. His death which came suddenly, occurred at the family residence, Daly avenue. For some time the deceased, who had attained his seventy-fifth year, had complained of not feeling well and was subject to pains in the region of the heart, yet he moved about the house with his usual activity. On Saturday night, as was his custom before retiring, he took a cold bath and getting into bed became critically ill. Dr. Prevost and other physicians were summoned but the patient never rallied, dying soon after the last sacraments of the Church had been administered. Heart failure is assigned as being the cause of death.

The late Mr. Moylan had a long and eventful career. According to Morgan's Canadian Men and Women of the Time he was a descendant of an old and prominent Cork family. Born near Maynooth, Ireland, Jan. 11th, 1826, he was educated at St. Carlath's Tuam, and at the Royal College, Maynooth, being a fellow student at the last named institution of the late Martin O'Gara, for many years police magistrate of Ottawa, and like that gentleman was, it is said, intended for the priesthood. Coming to America in 1851, he became attached to the Chilian legation at Washington under Count de Carvallo, then plenipotentiary from that country to the United States. On his recall in 1852, Mr. Moylan entered journalism as Washington correspondent for the New York Times and other leading journals in the Northern and Southern States. Subsequently he joined the staff of the Times under the late Henry J. Raymond. In 1856 he came to Canada as professor of classics and English literature in the College of the Jesuit

Mission, Guelph, Ont., remaining there till 1858. In that year on the suspension of the Catholic Freeman newspaper he established the Canadian Freeman at Toronto and continued to edit and publish it as an organ of the Irish Catholic people of Canada. In his hands the paper wielded much influence, first as an organ of the Liberal party and afterwards of the Liberal-Conservative party, led by Macdonald and Cartier. Mr. Moylan was on close political and personal terms with the late lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Geo. Brown and other founders of the Dominion, and was consulted by them in many matters affecting the welfare and advancement of the Irish Catholic people. It was he who secured the appointment to the Senate of the late Sir Frank Smith, having himself first declined the honor. In 1869, on the personal solicitation of Sir John A. Macdonald, then Prime Minister, he went to Dublin, Ireland, as commissioner of Immigration for the Dominion, he being the first to fill that office. On his return to Canada in 1872 he was appointed a member of the Board of Penitentary directors, and in 1875 on the abolition of the Board he was named by the Mackenzie administration sole inspector of penitentaries for the Dominion. This office he continued to hold up to January, 1895, when he was on the retired list with a liberal superannuation allowance. During his term of office four new penitentaries were opened—at St. Vincent de Paul, in Manitoba, British Columbia and Dorchester, N. B He also initiated and carried into successful operation many necessary and valuable improvements and reforms in matters of administration and discipline and for the benefit, morally and physically, of the officers and prisoners, more especially the latter.

Personally, the late Mr. Moylan possessed a charming and agreeable manner which won for him a wide circle of friends throughout Canada. An able writer, at all times vigorous and sincere, his productions were crowned with grace of style and gave evidence of unmistakable ability. A devoted Catholic, the late Mr. Moylan was one of the mainstays of St. Joseph's parish, and Rev. Father Murphy made a touching reference to the loss sustained in his death. He leaves a widow, nee Markham of Dunbeg, county Clare, a niece of the O'Gormans of the Causeway, and two daughters, Mrs. Philpots, wife of the manager of the Bank of British North America at Kingston, and Miss Moylan, who resided at home.

One who had known the late Mr. Moylan long and intimately on hearing of his death Saturday evening spoke in the highest terms of his services to the government of Canada at a momentous period in its history. At the times referred to Mr. Moylan may be said to have literally carried his life in his hands—in fact his life was once attempted during a visit to Buffalo in the sixties. To get him out of the country in order that he might not share the fate of McGee, Sir John Macdonald sent him on the mission to Ireland. Mr. Moylan, he added, was a journalist belonging to the school of Howe, Brown, Macdougall, Kinnear, Penny, Sheppard, Morrison, Chamberlain, Lowe and others who in their day wielded an important influence in the affairs of British North America, and whose utterances were widely read. He was a man of the highest sense of honor—a gentleman to his finger tips—and had never been known to say or do anything unworthy of his high character.

If an idiot were to tell you the same thing for a year, you would in the end believe him.—Burke.

If everyone knew what one says of the other, there would not be four friends left in the world.—Pascal.

If evil be said of thee, and if true, correct thyself; if untrue, laugh at it. —Epictetus.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Longfellow.

If we do well here, we shall do well there.

If you can't heal the wound, don't tear it open.

Many good purposes lie in the graveyard.

Thoughts for Lent

The holy season of Christmas has passed, and we are now standing on the threshold of Lent. Many, indeed, are the exhortations which Holy Mother Church lavishes on us during this holy season; many, indeed, are also the graces, which Almighty God bestows on us. Lent was instituted in honor of the forty days, which our Divine Redeemer spent in fasting and prayer, to prepare Himself for the great mission, for which His Heavenly Father sent Him into this world. Now our Lord wishes us to follow Him. He Himself said, "If any man wish to follow Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me." He wishes us to follow His example. This is why He came down from Heaven, to give us an example, to show us how we can gain Heaven. If man were left alone, he would never find the road to Heaven. Man would be like the lost sheep in the desert, which could not find its way back to the fold. When that good shepherd found his sheep, he took it on his shoulders and carried it home. Now, supposing the lost sheep had not followed the shepherd, when he found it? It would have perished, because it could not find the road without a guide. It is the same way with us. We were lost sheep, and it was therefore necessary, that our Lord, the good Shepherd, should show us the right road to our true home, to Heaven.

Following our Lord during the holy season of Lent, we have to pay special attention to fasting and prayer, because this was the sole occupation of Christ for forty long days. However, nobody is bound to the impossible, but fasting is impossible for many, either because they have hard work to do, or for some other reason, they are not able to fast. But they can pray.

Everybody can pray. There is no excuse for anyone for not praying. From the child, who is learning how to speak, to the man, who is on his deathbed, all, without exception, can pray, and are bound to pray. Christ Himself said that we should pray always, and never cease to pray.

Prayer is especially recommendable during Lent, because during this time of the year, Almighty God seems to be more liberal with his graces than at any other time. This seems to be likewise the opinion of Holy Mother Church, because during Holy Mass, she uses the words of the Prophet Isaiah, "Behold, now is the acceptable time, behold now is the day of salvation."

Prayer is the elevation of the mind and heart to God. When we converse with God, we are praying. It is not necessary that we read a certain formula in our prayer books. The best prayers, and those to which Almighty God will always answer, are those which we compose ourselves in times of sufferings and trials, because such prayers come from the heart. We pay attention to what we say, and have the necessary faith, which is required for prayer. Moreover, such prayers are always simple and childlike, and this is what our Lord wants. "Be ye simple as doves," said He on one occasion. A man who prays and expects to be heard, has to act like a poor man, who goes to the rich to ask for alms. If a beggar would go to a rich man to ask him for an alms, and look out to the window whilst asking, he would certainly not get anything, even though this beggar quote Shakespeare to the rich man. It is the same way with God; if we don't attend to what we say, if we are not humble, have no confidence, God will not hear us, because such prayers are more of an insult to Him, than anything else, even though we read the most rhetorical formula of prayer. The simple, childlike heart is the heart which God loves the most. On one occasion our Lord said, "Suffer little ones to come to Me, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," and again, "Unless you become like unto these little ones, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." God will certainly not hear the proud, because Holy Scripture says that "God resisteth the proud."

Prayer is necessary for everybody. It disposes us to receive the grace of God in a more proper state. Prayer will help us to take notice of and grasp the good thoughts, which present themselves to our minds. The

consent of the heart will follow much easier, because we will perceive the helping hand of God in all our good actions.

Prayer is necessary, because it is the most efficacious means to alleviate the troubles of this life, the sufferings and trials, which visit each one of us. Where is the man who has no cross to carry in this world? Everyone has his own. Some have a heavy one, others have a light one. Almighty God gives no one more than he is able to carry, because our God is not a cruel God. If we, in our afflictions look at our Saviour, Who has carried His cross before us, and ask Him to help us; if we, in our trials, have recourse to prayer, we will surely be alleviated. Our Lord is anxious to help us carry our cross, but He wants us to ask Him. "Ask, and you shall receive."

Let us therefore during this holy season of Lent lift up our hearts to God frequently, and pray more fervently than we have formerly done. Let us also teach our children how to pray. The most pleasing occupation for a mother should be to teach her babe how to pray. If the child is taught to pray, the man will love to pray.

B. H.

The Society of Saint Vincent de Paul

This is the season of the year when the Society, called after the great Apostle of the poor and wretched, is at the period of its greatest activity. When the snow lies deep and cold winter storms are blustering; that is the time when the efforts of the Conferences are appreciated at their fullest.

Wherever is gathered a Conference of the Society, there will be found self-sacrificing men devoting considerable of their time and energies and of their means, to the Christ-like labor of alleviating in some measure the sufferings and privations of the poor and unfortunate ones of the earth; of those whom our Saviour has said we will have always with us.

The mission of these good men is by no means a narrow or limited one. Rightly understood, it includes every phase of human life.

Commencing with supplying the necessaries of physical life, food and clothing, they are then confronted with the delicate task of speaking to the ones they are assisting concerning their attendance at Church, whether they send their children to school, and Sunday school, and other questions of like nature. They are questioned about what can be done for some sick one of the family, about work for the growing up boys, about what can be done with the husband, who has got into lazy, idle habits, also numerous other enquiries; in fact, are expected to know something of everything which can affect these poor families.

Now all of these duties, when faithfully attended to, form a task of no light labor, and it is a labor which is the outcome of strong faith, and real charity. Very rarely, indeed, if ever, will it be found that it is undertaken for any of the usual worldly considerations, such as political or social reasons, which enter so largely into the motives of men.

Workers in this noble cause are not without recompense, however, here below. They feel a distinct satisfaction in the knowledge that they are doing something to show gratitude for the greater advantages and favors which have been bestowed upon themselves, and that they are fulfilling in some measure the responsibility which is thereby placed upon them to do something for the less favored ones.

They nearly always find a profound respect and gratitude shown them by those assisted; and even the slightest help, given kindly, and with a word of cheer and encouragement, brightens up the careworn faces they so often meet. Though indeed the visitor often remarks that many of his "patients" are more cheerful and happier of disposition, than the rich and pampered-followers of the pleasures of the world.

The sons of St. Vincent on their return from their calls have a very tangible realization of what our Lord meant when He promised blessings to those who feed the hungry in His name.

—W. M. W., Toronto.

Editorial Notes

February, the shortest month in the year, a real winter month, the month of expiation (from Februum—an expiation), the month of purification of the ancient Romans, is a strange month. It is very cold, yet still roots and bulbs begin to sprout and the sap of the trees begins to circulate. Seedmen begin to be busy. The farmers prepare for the dropping of the maple sap. As they say, the racoon comes out at Candlemas and if he sees not his shadow he goes to hibernation yet for six weeks.

To us Catholics this month has a great meaning. The Feast of the Purification of our Blessed Lady on Feb. 2nd brings to our minds the necessity of purification of our souls. Our Blessed Lady, though all pure and immaculate in her humility, in obedience to the Jewish law, submitted to the ceremonial of purification. The truly innocent and pure are always humble, like Mary. We can awake and shake off the lethargy of our usual ways and open up a beginning of purifying ourselves from our sin and daily failings. The Blessed Virgin offered a pair of turtle-doves. We can well afford to make some offering. Religion without some offering and renunciation is not true religion. Our Lady offered her all—her Divine Child, the Eternal Father, in the Temple. Holy Simeon rejoiced when he held his God and Saviour in his hands. Simeon rejoiced and now was ready to die, having seen with his own eyes his Saviour. Mary's heart though was pierced with a lance, for Simeon prophesied to her—a sword shall pieree thy soul. As good children we condole with Mary's sorrow. She is the Woman of Sorrow. She is most innocent and pure—the Mother of God.

Now, we are taught that Christ has brought the sword of sorrow to test all the hearts of His true children. What He wishes of us is the renting of our hearts with true sorrow and repentance. We can give up nothing that we love without suffering, and yet the demand stands that we must renounce ourselves if we wish to be His disciples.

Spiritual sorrow, however, begets peace and joy of the souls. As hunger lends zest to our appetite, so sorrow and troubles give a spiritual appetite to noble Christian souls. Sorrow chastens and purifies virile hearts and leads them to strength and beauty in the grace of God.

Men toil and sweat in the zero-cold North and the torrid equator, and all for gold with which, after all, they can only feed and clothe themselves. The children of light, if they would only have such wisdom as the children of the world, how happy they would be! The youngest stripling knows how necessary is sacrifice and hard work in order to the obtainment of proficiency in any pursuit. We should be as wise as the world is in worldly things, in the pursuit of eternal things.

Without purifying our thoughts, words and actions, we are only pre. tences and shams as men and Christians.

To-day many men shirk sufferings and pains, especially if they must be borne for God only. We have heroic examples of many who suffer much for the sake of God. Many women bear such tortures in love for their children, putting up with the sin and evil example of many around them; having to deal with grisly-hearted husbands and ungrateful children, but these mother-like, true heroines carry out their work firmly and determinedly to the salvation of their families and the glory of God. Some men are brave, their hearts are eaten up with the canker of domestic infelicity — sometimes the woman plays the game of insolent pride in her power and despises the husband of her youth—nagging, discord, coldness and indifference take the place of the holy matrimonial vows — and the man must be strong. And by what strength? Only the strength of God which is to be found in silence and truth.

Lent opens this year on February 12. Blessed ashes will be sprinkled on our heads on that day; and the Church, by the ministry of her priests, will tell us: Remember, man, thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return. This truth has knocked all the pride out of the king and the mighty ones; for if we are only dust, why should we exalt ourselves? Wherefore, why do we not resolve to

exert ourselves in the spirit of the Ninivites and all true penitents in work of penance and good works, for, as our Saviour says: For unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish.

Lent is a time of penance. If we look at the tables of some of our Catholics, we are naturally astonished at much laxity in the observance of Lent. Of course, the hard workers, and the sick, and so on, are not obliged to fast. Unfortunately, some neither work, or are sick, or have any excuse whatsoever, and yet do not fast; or, in fact, keep Lent as they ought. And why? Ignorance and want of faith. The Church is a good mother, and she asks nothing impossible of us. It is a noble thing to do a little fasting; but the wise ones of the day often discard fasting and such like sufferings from their plan of sanctification. However, it is far more safe to be ordinary Catholics and keep the laws of Holy Mother, the Church.

Some, for many reasons, cannot and should not fast. They should not, however, forget the spirit of Lent. Many a good old Catholic who put away his pipe from Ash-Wednesday until Lent, did an heroic work for his own soul. The giving up of all alcoholic drink during Lent, in honor of our Divine Saviour's thirst, would be a most acceptable offering. Parents should teach their children, both by word and example, to give up something at each meal, in honor of the forty days' fast and the Passion of our Divine Saviour. Nowadays we hear all kinds of comments about youth and maidens going astray in foolish and insane ways, and the reason for all this is that the parents of such children never taught them to restrain themselves in anything. Hence, not being taught in restraint, they rushed into every license.

Though the exact time when the use of lights during the Divine mysteries was first introduced is a disputed point, yet we are safe in ascribing their origin to apostolic times. The first mention of lights in the new law is found in the Acts of the Apostles, "And there were a great number of lights in the upper chamber where we were assembled," xx, 8. The use of lights is mentioned in all the Oriental liturgies. St. Jerome also bears testimony to the early use of lights during the Divine ceremonies. This celebrated Doctor of the Church, in his reply to the heretic Vigilantius, who considered them to be a superfluity, says: "Throughout the churches of the East, whenever the Gospel is read they bring forth lights; not certainly to drive away darkness, but to manifest some sign of joy, that under the type of the corporeal light may be symbolized that light of which we read in the Psalms, 'Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths.'"

The Feast of the Purification is called Candlemas because on that day the candles were blessed by Holy Church and carried in procession in commemoration of Jesus Christ, Who was carried by His Mother to the Temple and presented to the holy Prophet Simeon, by whom our Lord was called the Light of the World.

St. Anselm tells us the reason why Holy Church has selected wax candles in preference to all other kinds. He says: "The wax, the product of the virginal bee, represents Christ's most spotless body; the wick inclosed in the wax, and forming one with it, images His human Soul; whilst the flame, crowning and completing the union of wax and wick, typifies the Divine nature subsisting unconfusedly with the human nature in one Divine Person."

The intentions of Holy Mother Church respecting the use of blessed candles is well shown forth in the prayers used by her in the blessing of these candles. In one of them she asks Almighty God, who on this feast day presented His only-begotten Son in the Temple, to be received into the arms of Holy Simeon — to deign to bless these candles which the faithful desire to carry in honor of His Holy Name; to the end that they may be inflamed with His holy charity and meet to be presented in the Holy Temple of His Glory. In a second prayer, our Divine Saviour, who was received into the arms of Holy Simeon, is besought to bless the light which we have undeservedly received through the invocation of His only Son; and that it serve as a light to His people, and that He would deign to grant the true light of His glory to all those bearing this light.

Holy Church in all her functions,

makes use of blessed candles. They are used during Holy Mass, the most sacred of all moments ; when the Son of God, the Light of light, is immolated upon our altars, as a symbol of Him who is the light and truth of the world.

Scarcely are we brought into this world, when the Church, at Holy Baptism, places a candle in our hands, exhorting us at the same time to preserve our baptism unsullied, so that when Christ, the Way and the Light, shall come we may be able to see Him and thereby possess life everlasting.

The candle, with its ruddy flame, shows us how our love for God, our Divine Saviour, should be inflamed —like the fragrant smell of the wax it should be mingled with the odor of devotion and charity. Our hearts, like the unadulterated wax, should be pure and simple, they should not be concerned and taken up with the things of this world. Like the candle, other than wax, that are used during Divine services, they should only use the world as a means to their final end.

There exists in the Church a beautiful and praiseworthy custom of making a donation of one or more wax-candles on the Feast of the Purification, to be burned during the Holy Mass. How consoling must not the thought be to those whose circumstances do not admit of their being present at Holy Mass, when they are able to raise their hearts to God and tell Him that although they are not able to assist, yet their candles will be as a testimony of their good will !

If the people of our time would accustom themselves to the frequent use of these holy candles, many and untold would be the trials and dangers that would be averted from their homes. Like holy water, they are a preservative against the attacks of the evil one.

This is the reason, no doubt, why Holy Church wishes us to make use of these holy candles. We therefore, as Catholics, should try to place more confidence in these candles, " for the prayers of the Church have ascended that God would bless and sanctify them for the use of the faithful, for their souls and bodies."

Devout Catholics always keep wax candles in their houses, and light these candles in their family devotions, and in all dangers, storms, and afflictions. The priest who visits these Catholic homes is always pleased, on his sick calls, to see everything so well prepared for the receiving of the Holy Sacraments : spotless linen, blessed crucifix, holy water and blessed wax candles. Such devout Catholics deserve the grace to die holding the blessed candle in their hands as a testimony to Him who lives in their hearts. And the last word on their lips and in their hearts is Jesus, their life and light.

On February 4th we celebrate the Feast of St. Andrew Corsini, Carmelite, Bishop and Confessor. For learning, and holiness and austerity of life, our Saints give us a lasting testimonial.

Nowadays, many complain of the difference of times and the many circumstances interfering, in these modern days, with the progress in virtue and holiness. The arm of God's might is not shortened, and the obligation is upon us all, to work out the way of our salvation. No matter in what state of life we may be, we can always be pleasing to God. We can set to work earnestly and begin this Lent, the good work of curbing our appetites, and see to it that we do something for God. Many are so self-conceited and self-sufficient that they forget the words of our Saviour: Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish. Like our Saint, we can give ourselves up to penance. To work I am not able, to beg I am ashamed. Many say, to fast I am not able, and to pray I have no time. Surely, hard workers and many others cannot keep the fast of the Church, but why not do some fasting, and practise some restraint in food and drink and the use of other luxuries. Some delude themselves about fasting; they say it is hard. Of course it is hard, but we should at least do a little penance for our sins and in memory of the passion and sacred fasting and thirst of Christ, do a little sacrifice to ourselves by restraining our passion for eating and drinking. During these Holy Days, we should pray with special devotion; assisting at the devotions in our Church and saying our Rosaries and other devotions at home, and if possible in common with all the family. Let us pray and mortify

ourselves as St. Andrew did, and then Lent will be most salutary for our bodies and souls. Love our Blessed Lady, as he did, and we shall be true children of God.

The recent dispersal of the religious orders in Paris—according to the correspondents of the New York papers—has been followed by the appearance of a large number of religious books in the boxes of the dealers on the Quai d'Orsay. Here they jostle with Voltaire, under the shadow of his statue, and with ditties of the "cafe concert." These books principally come from the Carmelites' library, in the Rue de Vaugirard, which was dispersed two months ago, when the order turned its back upon France at the bidding of an inhospitable law. Some of the books are very old, dating back two or three hundred years. The signatures of their pious owners are pale and rusty on pages that have turned yellow with age. Neither will it require much diligent search on the part of those who haunt old book stores in our American cities, particularly in Boston, to find several valuable books which once adorned the library shelves of some Carmelite convent in Europe. Alas, 'tis sad, but true.

Many Scapulars, made of felt and other materials have been received by us and we are sorry to say that some of the lovers of our Blessed Lady have been deceived by ignorant pedlars and unscrupulous sellers. The Scapular should be not only brown, but of pure wool. These shoddy, rotten imitation of Scapulars have been scattered far and wide. As we have said in former months, we are prepared to supply a limited amount of Scapulars of our own make. Since our Blessed Lady has given the Brown Scapular to the Carmelites, necessarily we wish to cry out against the desemination of Scapulars, which are not Scapulars at all. We shall be happy to supply out friends with Scapulars. Enclose stamps or silver, five or ten cents, and we shall send Scapular to you by mail. We shall also be pleased to send brown habits, shrouds, to those who order them. Many are sold which are not entirely correct.

The contract for $1,000,000 has been let for the development of electrical power on the Canadian side of the River. This will probably be the greatest achievement of man's ingenuity so far, in harnessing the Niagara River, and causing it to develope 200,000 horse power for light, heat and power. It is also certain that by spring, another company will start the development of power, leading the waters of the Welland River, a distance of two miles, and allowing it to drop in a pit to the level of the lower Niagara River.

The intention of the Sacred Heart League for February is "The Benefits of Penance."

We ought to pray for the spirit of penance. Without that spirit we will not be able to keep Lent as we ought, and, we find in ourselves a very poor showing for the benefits attached to penance. Penance is the work of the children of the Church of Jesus Christ, who was crucified. Many bolster up their spiritual life by imagination of all kinds of perfections, but the test of all true success before God is the true practice of spiritual and bodily penance. If St. Paul said of himself, I must chastise myself, etc., how much more must we poor sinners set about in reality to practise work of penance.

The energy with which men work for material gain, should incite us to work for the eternal reward.

The Review has been placed under a better printing management, and, we hope, by the March number, to see the Review published on time and, in first-class form.

The Pope has appointed a special Pontifical Commission to consider all questions connected with Biblical studies. Cardinal Parocchi is its president, Cardinals Segna and Vives Luto assessors. There will also be eleven consultors chosen from different countries.

In three Canadian cities the Catholic increase has been notable since 1891—67,967 in Montreal, 10,121 in Ottawa, and 7,174 in Toronto. Combined the Church now shows, in the three cities, a greater number than can be claimed by all the other denominations.

The completion of the recent Rus-

sian census affords a revelation of the strength of the Catholic Church in that country. In cold official figures it is shown that there are eleven and a half million Catholics in the empire of the Czar. In Canada the statement will be received with astonishment.

Even society makes a show of change in its turmoil of excitement during Lent. What will we do for Lent. Resolve upon something and keep your resolution.

Niagara Falls can now boast of the most wonderful picture in the world. The winter scenery, the gigantic, grostesque and sublime ice-bridge, the wonderful beauties of frozen spray on every side, give a new view of Niagara, never to be forgotten.

The Sacred Passion of our Lord should be in our mind every day during Lent. Read the history of the Passion, according to the New Testament. Look often upon the Crucifix and make the way of the Cross. Meditate upon the sorrowful mysteries of the Holy Rosary.

Notes on Books and Other Things

Libri quatour De Imitando Christum auctore Thomas a Kempis.

A new publication in Latin, by Ferdinand Philips, North Penn Junction (4th street and Glenwood ave.) Philadelphia, Pa. This edition has received great commendations for the purity of its latinity and the exactness in expressing the mind of the Ven. Thomas a Kempis. The book is most beautifully gotten up, well bound, and of a size and form that will be most pleasing to all its readers. The publication will fill a long felt want in our schools and will give much pleasure to the teachers and pupils in latinity, giving to them the polish of the classics and the profundity of wisdom of the great and renowned writer of the Imitation of Christ, a book which ranks next to the Holy Scriptures in doctrine and wisdom. This book should be translated by every Latin student and daily read by all readers of Latin.

"Saint Anthony in Art," and Other Sketches; by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

This book is really a most complete album, containing dozens of true copies of the pictures of the greatest masters. Even a novice in artistic knowledge cannot help from being deeply impressed by the grandeurs and beauties of these masterpieces in religious art, which are found in these pages. Native taste and lucidity of text elucidate the masters and their work. Having often looked at these illustrations of our Blessed Lady and Her Divine Child, and at those of the Saints, we begin to realize in some degree at least, a truer ideal of spiritual things. This book is really invaluable,for most of us cannot have the original paintings of the masters, but in this book, we can, at all times, find their work near at hand. This book should be found in all libraries and in every home. 260 pages. Net $2.00. Marlier & Co., Ltd., Boston, Mass.

"The Perfect Woman." Translated From the French of Charles Sainte-Foi. By Zépherini N. Brown.

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Obituary

We recommend the following deceased to the prayers of our readers:

Elizabeth Hiernan, who died on December 13th, 1901, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gilbert Connolly, who, being fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Mother, the Church, recently died.

Mrs. Catherine Schult, a native of Oberberg, Westphalia, Prussia, died on January 7th last at Reese, Michigan. The deceased was a good friend, a devoted mother, a patient charitable Christian and sincere Catholic.

We were glad to have received the following letter from our old friend Mr. John S. Ormsby. His poetry and prose often, in the past, brightened the pages of our Review. We pray that he may succeed and prosper in all things.

James G. Moylan, who died at Ottawa, Ont., Saturday, January 18th, was a most devoted son of our Lady of Mt. Carmel and a sincere benefactor to us. May he rest in peace.

We beg the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Father J. A. Van Hoomissen, late pastor of St. Peter's Church, Mount Clemens, Michigan, who was called to the reward of a life spent in zeal for souls, having received with edifying devotion the rites of Holy Church. Deceased was a model priest, a friend to all, an upright citizen, and one who practised all that he preached. He died young, as far as human reckoning goes. Before God his years were full of merit. His memory will live in our prayers.

Charles F. Lutz, who died at Buffalo, N. Y., on January 23rd, was for many years a staunch and true friend of ours, and a man truly devoted to his Holy Religion. R. I. P.

The Rev. Peter F. Cassidy, S. J., died Jan. 19, at the clergy house of the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, New York. A week ago while taking part in mission services which were being conducted in the church by the Jesuit Fathers, he was attacked by pneumonia. Father Cassidy was born in Ireland on May 13, 1845. He came to this country at the age of five and was educated at St. James' School, Brooklyn, and at the College of St. Francis Xavier in New York, where he was graduated in 1865. Entering the Society of Jesus in the same year, he studied philosophy at Woodstock Seminary in Maryland and theology in Laval, France, where he was ordained a priest. Returning to America, he taught at St. Francis Xavier's, at St. John's College, Fordham, at Boston College and at Georgetown University. He was at one time president of St. Peter's College, Jersey City. The last four years of his life had been devoted to missionary work in this country and in Canada.

Resurrexit Sicut Dixit! Alleluja!

"If thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. X: 9.

Carmelite Review

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Address communications and make orders payable to **The Carmelite Fathers,** Niagara Falls, Ont.

Easter: The Meeting of Jesus and Mary.

I.

A SCENE of beauty haunts my prayerful hours,
A fragrance softly breathes of white Spring-flowers,
A song resounds—it is the grateful strain
That wafted o'er Judea's listening hills,
And through the cycles ever sweetly thrills
"Magnificat!" our Mother chants again.

II.

A scene of beauty! Yes! A vision bright
Illuming Mary with its golden light;
"The Lord is with the," Mother of the Lamb!
All Passion-shadows now have passed away,
In golden radiance of this festal day,
Thy sea of anguish sleeps at last in calm.

III.

"Magnificat!" Celestial melody!
It echoes o'er the earth and sunlit sea,
Like chime of sweet bell's mystic silvery voice.
"Christ rising from the dead, now dies no more!"
And glorious are the Sacred Wounds He bore.
* O Queen of love! in Him thou doest rejoice.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* "Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo."—MAGNIFICAT.

Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Specially Prepared for The Carmelite Review by Very Rev. Aloysius M. Beakely, C. P., Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

Bethlehem.

Numerous minor objects of interest are shown the pilgrim in the vicinity of Bethlehem; and whilst he does not feel in any sense obliged to credit the alleged proofs of their authenticity, he is, nevertheless, quite convinced of the solid character of the same, resting, as they do in many cases, on authority which is above suspicion. I was much impressed in this connection with a remark of Disraeli's in his Tancred. "Tradition," he observes, "perhaps often more faithful than written documents, is a sure and almost infallible guide in the minds of the people where there has been no complicated variety of historic incidents to confuse and break the chain of memory; where their rare revolutions have consisted of an eruption once in a thousand years into the cultivated world; where society has never been broken up, but where their domestic manners have remained the same; where too they revere truth, and are rigid in its oral delivery, since that is their only means of disseminating knowledge." To no other country is this reflection of the gifted statesman and author more applicable than to Palestine; and we are disposed, consequently, to accept with respect, and even reverence, the local statements made us in regard to various sacred sites, particularly when we find that there has been no variation in them for centuries —from the beginning of the Christian era, in fact,—and that (what is more,) there has been no successful effort made to contradict them by attempting to establish rival claims for other sites or objects. Naturally, therefore, I was not averse to taking as fact, inter alia, the situation vouched for as that of the "Grotto and Field of the Shepherds," and handed down as such from generation to generation even unto our time. We may readily believe, indeed, that the good and highly favored men just mentioned would not be slow in making known to their contemporaries the spot whence they saw and heard the angelic messengers who announced to them those "good tidings of great joy, that were to be to all the people." (St. Luke, II. 10.) It is quite probable, moreover, that "all the people," for whom these "good tidings" were intended, would hold so sacred a spot in constant veneration; wherefore it is extremely unlikely that its location would ever be forgotten, or that it would be allowed to drop entirely out of sight even with the lapse of ages. When, then, the pilgrim is shown, as were we, the field in which the "Shepherds were keeping the night-watches over their flock" (St. Luke, II. 8.) on the first Christmas night, he will not, if he be a sensible man, pooh pooh the tradition as absurd or as an invention of interested parties, priest-craft, and the like; but he will be more inclined to say to those who do doubt it: "Show me another site with equal or superior pretensions to be what is claimed for this one, or else hold your peace." These were my sentiments on occasion of seeing the "Field of the Shepherds," and they were confirmed, when, later on, I read up what has been said on the subject by divers authors whose probity is unimpeachable. The Grotto referred to is now an underground structure, which is reached by a flight of twenty-one steps. It is said to have been the crypt of a church built by St. Helen over the original grotto, in which the shepherds were wont to take refuge from storms, and in which they gathered their sheep at night, etc., as is common in the East. This church was consecrated, under the invocation of St. Joseph, to the sublime event which has rendered this spot for ever memorable, viz., the announcement by angels to these humble men of our divine Saviour's birth and mission. About the middle of the edifice are still to be seen the remains of an ancient mosaic pavement. The

field of the Shepherds is about a mile from Bethlehem. An ancient writer, Daniel the Igoumene, speaks of it as follows: "On going in an eastern direction from this locality (meaning the site of 'St. Joseph's house') at a little more than a verst (a Russian measure of 1166 yards) from the place of our Saviour's birth, at the foot of the mountain we find the spot where the angels announced this great mystery to the shepherds. Here there is to be seen a cavern surmounted by a church consecrated to St. Joseph, the spouse of Mary. Formerly, there was a beautiful convent likewise, but it is now in ruins. Around about this site one sees a fertile field, where the harvest is abundant, and which produces a plentiful crop of olives. It is called Agia Pimena, i.e., the Holy Pastures." After stating that most of the ancient writers agree upon the site just mentioned, Frère Lievin says: "Furthermore, it seems impossible to me that Bethlehem, which has always been inhabited by Catholics, and which has been able to preserve unto this day its primitive church, built by St. Helen, should have lost the true and correct tradition on this point."

Our party can, then, rest secure in the undisturbed assurance that it saw the veritable "Field of the Shepherds." Bethlehem is noted for more modern attractions, however, principal among which are the many, many stores where objects of vertu and of devotion are sold at a wonderfully low rate. Exempli gratia, for a dozen of beautiful mother-of-pearl rosaries, which would retail in New York, etc., at not less than fifty cents a pair, I paid only six cents a piece, and I was given to understand, afterwards, that I had been overcharged! Then, there are cute little pictures for sale, representing our Saviour in the manger, surrounded with a wreath of real flowers, grown in Bethlehem and said to have been laid in the "Crib." It is certainly well worth one's while to visit these booths and stores, even if one does not intend to buy; for they are most interesting. The people of Bethlehem are not mean artists, by any means, being quite skillful in carving and in all kinds of fancy work. But anyone who can get out of their clutches without leaving some of his cash in their hands must certainly be a prodigy. And now I will inflict on you a description, in part, of the Basilica, which, as you will remember, I spared you in my last letter.

This superb edifice was, says Frère Lievin, one of the most beautiful jewels which the Franciscans possessed in the Orient. But now, unfortunately, it is held by the Greek and Armenian schismatics, who make use of the "choir" (sanctuary) and transept as a parish church. The "naves" (aisles), sad to say, have been converted into market stalls and into a place of rendezvous for loiterers. This grand church is situated at the extreme east of Bethlehem, and without the ancient enclosure of that city. Many buildings, which hide it in a measure from view, have risen up around it. On one side, for example, is the Franciscan monastery, which stands on a high terrace dominating the valley called by the Turks "Ouadi Djemel." On the other side are the Greek and Armenian monasteries, which serve largely to hide the noble structure. Only the pointed gable of the roof, in fact, is visible from all sides. Of the three doors which formerly led into the atrium or vestibule, the middle one alone is now to be seen, the two side entrances having disappeared under later alterations. Even the main door is greatly obstructed on the outside by vast buttresses; whilst on the inside it is all walled up, save a narrow space which resembles a ventilator or "air-hole" more than a place of ingress. The vestibule runs the entire width of the body of the church, and rises to the beginning of the lower or side-roofs. It is dark, and without adornment, being divided by partitions into three compartments, and leads into the church proper by one sole door. On passing through this a magnificent spectacle bursts upon the eye. With a glance, one takes in the five spacious aisles of thirty-five yards in length, formed by four rows of splendid columns (each a monolith) of a reddish hue, veined with white. These columns, which appear to be marble, are crowned by Corinthian capitals. At the farther extremity of the aisles—if by an act of the imagination we suppress for the moment the partition walls running across the building, which unsightly

obstructions were raised by the Greeks—we behold the huge transept and "choir" (sanctuary), apses, etc.,—all brilliantly lighted by a series of windows in the superior walls of the edifice. Each collonade, according to the architectural rules of ancient times, supports an architrave, whose borders, highly ornate as they are, carry us back to the classic times of art. On the lower sides these architraves serve as a support to the joists of the side roofs. In the central nave they carry upon themselves two walls, from nine and a half to ten and a half yards in height, on which, in turn, rests the framework of the main roof. The superior part of these walls is pierced by a suite of semi-circular windows. During the twelfth century these walls were also adorned with mosaics, some traces of which still remain. After the manner of all the ancient basilicas, that of Bethlehem is not vaulted, but is covered by a simple wooden pitched roof, the great rough timbers of which, discolored by age, are fully exposed and plainly visible from within. The present roof was constructed in the seventeenth century. Frère Lieven thinks it probable that in the primitive covering of the basilica the beams were hidden by a ceiling of wood adorned with paintings, gilding, etc., in keeping with the magnificence of the rest of the interior. Towards the western end of the sacred edifice, there are two iron side doors. The one on the north opens into the monastery of the Franciscan Fathers; that on the south into the monastery of the Schismatic Greeks. The five aisles of the church, composed of eleven arches resting on twelve massive pillars, are of equal length. The centre one is itself as wide (its width is eleven yards) as those of the sides combined. The breadth of the transept is equal to that of the central nave, and with it forms a Latin Cross. The two extremities of the basilica are terminated by semicircular apses. Finally, the centre of the sanctuary ("choir") is raised about a foot and a half above the level of the floor of the building, and it is beneath this elevation that the "Grotto of the Nativity" is found. I may mention here that in the left portion of the vestibule of the church I have just described, there is a Turkish "corps de garde," or guard-house, where a number of soldiers are constantly on duty, as is the case in the basilica of the Resurrection at Jerusalem, etc. These, it would seem, are a necessary evil, their presence being required in order to prevent the rival claimants of the several sanctuaries from coming to blows in defence of their respective rights, real or imaginary. I was, I regret to say, the witness of one of these unpleasantnesses (to put it mildly), the participants being a number of Greek priests and Armenian monks—all Schismatics. One of these parties took possession of a chapel at an hour assigned to the other. The latter, coming a little late, and finding that their opponents had taken advantage of their tardiness, sought, first by argument and next by physical force, to maintain their claim. This occasioned a general "scrimmage" and afforded no end of entertainment (!) to the crowd of loungers who, having nothing to do and plenty of leisure to do it in, spend their time in the basilica. While this disgusting brawl was in progress, some one gave the alarm, and within a very brief interval, half a dozen Turkish soldiers were on the scene. On their appearance the contending parties calmed down somewhat, though each chattered away like so many magpies, whilst trying to convince the poor perplexed Turkish officer in command of the justice of their respective claims. If I remember aright, the outcome was that the late-comers were dismissed with the injunction to be more punctual another time, and the first-comers permitted to finish the service they had begun. Such edifying (?) scenes as this are not infrequent in the holy places—the Schismatics always being the dramatis personae in them. Thus, where the "Prince of Peace" was born and where the celestial heralds of His coming sang: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will" (Luke, ii. 14), strife and contention reign, and that, too, among men calling themselves priests of the Most High! Evidently, "good will," or, in other words, the spirit of union and divine charity, which can exist only among the children of the "One Fold," is wanting to

these unhappy men, whose aim seems not to be "glory to God in the highest," but rather self aggrandizement under divers forms—that which the Apostle calls turpe lucrum seemingly predominating. Matters are likely to continue as they are in this respect. The Greeks and other "dissidents" have gradually wormed themselves into the sanctuaries of Palestine by every means possible; and the indications are that they have come to stay. Little by little, slowly but surely, they are crowding the "Latins" out. Great odds are on their side—the power of might against right, and of gold against poverty. The issue, however, is in the hands of God, wherefore we may hope for the best.

On leaving Bethlehem, finally, we set out for "St. John in the Mountains," the birth-place of our Lord's precursor, the "Baptist." This excursion was a most delightful one, taking us along the outskirts of Jerusalem and thence by the "Jaffa Road" to that leading directly to our destination. Altogether, from Bethlehem to "St. John" we were some three hours on the way, carriages being our mode of conveyance. Once arrived in the mountains, we proceeded to the "Sanctuary of the Visitation," where our Blessed Lady met her holy cousin Elizabeth. Tradition tells us that Saints Zachary and Elizabeth had their country-seat here. A chapel was built on this spot in 1861, and one of the notable objects it contains is a rock which bears this inscription: Dum infantes ab iniquo Herode mactabantur, Elizabeth in hac rupe abscondisse filium suum Joannem continua tenet traditio. Anglice, "Whilst the babes were being put to death by the impious Herod, Elizabeth, so says a constant tradition, hid her son John in this rock." It is said that, fleeing with her precious little son to these mountains for safety, she laid him upon this rock, and that it immediately became soft like wax and received the imprint of his body. The altar of the chapel is most appropriately called after the Magnificat, in memory of the entoning of that glorious canticle on this spot by our Blessed Lady. (St. Luke, i.) Next, we visited the "Grotto of the Nativity of St. John"—a rock-hewn cave, which receives no light from without, but is illumined by six lamps. Under the marble table of the altar is this inscription: "Place of the birth of the Precursor of our Lord Jesus Christ." This cave, formerly one of the chambers of St. Zachary's house, is now an oratory. There is a church over the grotto, served by several Franciscian Fathers. We did not omit a passing visit to "The Fountain of the Holy Virgin," to which, tradition says, our Blessed Lady went for water during the time she spent with her holy cousin. It is even yet the sole spring possessed by the village of St. John, and it is so abundant, that it not only suffices for the ordinary wants of the inhabitants, but is conveyed by trenches throughout the neighboring fields, much to the advantage of the crops raised on them. We finished our sight-seeing at "St. John in the Mountains" by a visit to the convent of "Les Dames de Sion," an order of women founded by the noted Ratisbon brothers.—both converts from Judaism, and, later, faithful and zealous priests. These good and hard-working Sisters have quite an extensive establishment here, including a school and an orphan asylum. The little girls belonging to the latter entertained us very sweetly with French songs and recitations, and the hospitable Sisters treated us to lemonade, etc.,—a most acceptable refreshment, I assure you, after the jaunt of the day and the heat incidental to Palestine in the summer season. We bade good-bye to "St. John in the Mountains" rather late in the evening, and set out once more for Jerusalem, delighted and consoled by the varied experiences which had fallen to our lot since our recent departure from that city for Bethlehem and other points.

(To be continued.)

The Phillippines.

Having been honored by the editor of the "Review" with an invitation to contribute an article on the Phillippines, I hasten to comply with his request. The topic may be considered an old one, but in my humble opinion the Phillippine Islands will form the subject of much congressional discussion for many moons to come.

In the acquired territory in the orient, the United States has an elephant on its hands that gives promise of great restlessness. There are many islands and many different classes of people inhabiting them. Their tribal customs are vastly dissimilar, and they prefer to rule separately, but if they are ever to be brought under one government, they desire the government to be composed of their own race.

After a stay of nearly two years and a half on the Island of Luzon, the largest island in the Phillippine archipelago, I think I may venture to give my impressions of the country, its climate and products, for the benefit of readers of the "Review,"—

The area of the whole group almost equals that of California or Japan, estimated roughly from 120,000 to 160,000 square miles. It is claimed Luzon alone is about 56,000 sq. miles,the size of Illinois. The population of Luzon is said to be almost 7,000,000. The second largest island is Mindanas, covering about 24,000 square miles.

It may be of more than passing interest to readers of the "Review" to know that the city of Manila was held by the British for nearly two years, about two centuries ago. England occupied the town by virtue of her victory over Spain, and the latter was forced to promise to pay a ransom to her conqueror of $5,000,000, but owing to Britain's complications in Europe at the time, the levy was never enforced. To-day, however, many people believe English statesmen look with covetous eyes on the fertile islands of the orient. Typhoons are often to be encountered in the waters of the Phillippines, and many lives and vessels have gone down in the China Sea,—the white man's grave—as sailors call it. Earthquakes are not unknown in the islands, and the writer experienced a shock in the town of Dogupan, about 18 months ago. I was with several others, quartered in a convent building adjoining the parish church. The edifice rocked to and fro for about a minute, and the occupants hurried out of doors as rapidly as possible. The people in the adjacent church ran to the plaza, and throwing themselves to the ground began to pray fervently. My sensation on the occasion was one akin to sea-sickness.

There are numerous large and beautiful churches throughout the island. All the natives are Catholics and good ones at that. On feast days they flock to the place of worship in thousands, and I have known of several thousands of people tramping over the mountains for the purpose of attending the Christmas ceremonies at a large church many miles from their humble homes. The ceremonies are conducted on a splendid scale. The choirs are made up of male singers and their musical accomplishments are fully up to the standard of our own people. The Filipino padre or priest, is honored and beloved by his many people, and they work in entire harmony. The pioneers of the Catholic faith in the Phillippines were the Augustinians. They were closely followed by the Dominicans, Religious Devotees, Jesuits and Capuchins.

The Jesuits did not, I believe, go far into the interior, but contented themselves by establishing a large university, to-day without a peer, in Manila, where a host of natives received a brilliant education, fully fitting them for the society of any nation on earth. In connection with this it may be said that many erroneous statements have been made to the effect that the Filipinos are semi-savages. It may be here asserted without fear of contradiction from reliable sources, that before the city of Chicago was founded, Manila was the seat of colleges, observatories and technical schools, and the assertion is upheld by

the Hon. John Barrett, a former United States Minister to Siam. It may be further stated that before the Pilgrim Fathers set feet on Plymouth Rock, pious padres carried the true gospel to the heart of the tropical jungles.

Hemp, sugar and tobacco form the material wealth of the Phillippines and coffee promises to be also an important factor in her commercial circles. One may see in the forests logwood, ebony, iron wood or ligna vitae, sapan wood, gum trees and cedar. The principal fruits are oranges, mangoes, guava, tamania, and cocoanut, cotton, bananas, vanilla, cassia, ginger, pepper, indigo, pineapples, cocoa, wheat and corn are also to be had in plenty. It is said the minerals include gold, copper, iron, coal, quicksilver, sulphur and saltpetre, though none have been found who claim to have made a fortune along these lines

The sea contributes amber, tortoise shell, mother of pearl and coral. Goats sheep, swine, sturdy little ponies, and water buffaloes are to be met with everywhere. Alligators, spiders, ants, snakes and lizards abound, but there are few beasts of prey. The flora of the country is very rich and birds of beautiful plumage are very numerous.

Space will not permit of a full detail of the richness of the islands under a propitious government, and the writer is limited to time and space at the present time.

At the present writing the country is really in an unsettled state, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The natives and American soldiers, Catholics, attend mass as regularly as possible and good feeling exists between them on such occasions, but between Sundays it is a different story.

I cannot close without publicly thanking Our Lady of Mount Carmel for her watchfulness over the writer during his long campaign in the islands. Over 20 years ago I was enrolled with the Scapular of our Blessed Lady.

Under the promise of more anon, I am,

Gratefully,
John S. Ormsby.

Fragments in Honor of St. Joseph.

Next to "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel" there is no one amongst the Saints so dear to Carmelite hearts as her glorious spouse, St. Joseph, and the following examples of devotion to him will, therefore, we trust, be acceptable.

Very near Dublin a humble school mistress lived such a holy, edifying life, that it may be well spoken of as one of those F. Faber tells us are in "the diamond mine of Holy Church." Rich,indeed are the gems that will be revealed to us in eternity "hidden with Christ in God," in these humble paths during life. This soul ardently loved St. Joseph, and collected £40, for the purpose of placing a beautiful statute of him in her parish church, which is attached to a Presentation Convent. Out of her limited means she supplied oil for a perpetual lamp in his honor, and even in her last illness remembered and gave directions regarding it. She desired that her death should be in March under his special protection, and the prayer was heard. In that month, 1901, this favored soul passed to her everlasting reward, leaving £100 for a new altar in the same beautiful church, in honor of St. Joseph's Immaculate Spouse.

The life of this servant of God is unknown to us, as it was merely in connection with devotion to St. Joseph, the above incidents were related by letter, but we felt they were worthy of shining before men, and encouraging them to honor this great Saint during life, and confide in his protection for their last hour.

Another example was related of a young man who had in childhood received first Communion on the 19th of March, and desired that his death should occur on this cherished anniversary. So, indeed, it happened. As nearly as we can remember, consump-

tion, "the death of the predestined," was the illness which took him away in early manhood, but it mattered but little, when his death was "precious in the sight of the Lord," embalmed with the sweetest remembrance of life,—overshadowed by the paternal love of St. Joseph, patron of a happy death.

One more incident, and here the writer was intimately acquainted with the subject. A nun, greatly devoted to and bearing in Religion, the name of her glorious Saint, was for years in consumption, and at last, in March 18—, the end seemed near, and we felt surprised that, as she so loved St. Joseph, he did not take her home. The days went slowly by, still she lingered, at last, the 31st dawned, but for her, earthly life was fading, and before the evening shadows fell, her soul had gone to swell the chorus of virginal-voices singing before the Lamb.

I will conclude by a little extract well remembered, though the name of its writer is forgotten.

"St. Joseph drew joy from every sorrow, O calm and happy Joseph, obtain for me this gift that I may find joy everywhere and leave it behind me when I go. Let me never forget that without speaking it preaches Him; that its odor is as the odor of His Presence."

Infant de Marie,
St. Claris.

The Sorrowful Mysteries.

We have said in a preceding number that flowers are ever blooming in the "enclosed garden" of Holy Church for God's altar, and so, in the wintry month we may gather roses more beautiful and fragrant than those of Sharon.

Let us seek them in Gethsemane and linger 'neath its olive trees until we know more intimately and love more ardently and resolve to follow more closely our dear Lord's example. Let us when kneeling in spirit before this Divine Victim in his cruel scourging, offer our flowrets of compassion, remembering that in a revelation to St. Gertrude He showed her that such aspirations were like roses of wondrous splendor. We may contemplate them blooming in His thorny crown, and exclaim with a holy lover of the passion, "Thy thorns are my roses and Thy sufferings are my Paradise." Yes! a "Paradise" for souls "weak and humble," for it is to these He has promised rest. All along the "via crucis," they spring crimsoned with Precious Blood, Roses of patience, silence, fortitude— "obedience even unto death."

Above all on Calvary faith sees the full bloom of love in Jesus and our own charity exhales new fragrance in union with our "Mater Dolorosa." Listen to the words of a spiritual writer, most touching in their sweetness and persuasive to excite sympathy for the Son and Mother.

"And worse than all His Mother's eyes are there, piercing His breaking heart with her speechless agony; for she too must suffer with Him, and not a blow can reach His soul but through her virgin bosom; and she must hear the nails crash through his hands and feet and see the tortured frame stretched living on the framework of the cross."

Beautiful roses of the Passion, glistening with the mystic dew drops of trees, and exhaling "the good odor" of Christ. May we in the daily sorrows of exile gather those springing in our path, and uniting ourselves to His sacred Heart, and the most pure heart of Mary, twine them into chaplets of unfading beauty, to lay at our Blessed Mother's shrine.

"Infant de Marie,"
St. Clares.

The Power of Kindness.

It was late in March. Everything was dreary in Lennox Street; the sky was leaden; slush was underfoot; the air was damp with a chilling fog, and one could hardly see twenty feet ahead. The light grocery wagons scurried by, and the shrill voice of the newsboy called out, "Telegram? Morning Tele gram?"

But in spite of all discomforts, the poor must go to their work. Through fog and slush, past newsboys, a thin struggling line of operatives wended their way to the street car, which was to carry them ten miles down town to their daily work. Down in the morning, back at night, day after day, year in and year out, Sunday sometimes excepted, sometimes not,—such was their life. Holidays had often no other meaning to them than extra or special work. If they fell sick, well, there were others to take their places. They were cast aside as broken parts of the great human machine. Other workmen stepped in; the broken parts were forgotten, and the human grind went on and on, with never-ending clock like regularity.

At number 507, Lennox Street, dwelt one of these poor working people. The building at this number was a narrow three-story wooden house of a dull-red color. On the ground floor was a grocery store; on the second floor lived the proprietor of this store, and on the third floor, a poor working girl, and her widowed mother. The third story was reached by a covered stairway on the outside of the building. One glance at the house would have told the most careless observer that its inhabitants were the poorest of the poor.

It was sadly in need of repairs. Broken window panes, rag-stuffed sashes, rickety stairs,rudely fitting doors,crumb ling gables,—all these make us certain of this; no need of entering the place to assure ourselves of the fact. But to see its misery we must.

On the third floor is one of the small, dingy rooms,—the dining room if such we may call it—sat a pale, emaciated girl of some three and twenty years, eating her breakfast. A cup of weak tea, a crust of bread and a bit of dry cheese composed her meagre meal. Her mother hustled about the room, busy preparing a lunch for her daughter. The mother was as thin as her child, but more wiry, and with all her bustling work, she never ceased to look at the sickly girl and to urge her to eat her breakfast.

"Don't be in a hurry eating your breakfast. You've lots of time. Won't you have some more tea? No?"

Here Stella burst out coughing and it was some minutes before she was quite recovered. Her mother looked at her anxiously and sorrowfully.

"I must get something for that cold" she said to Stella. "I must do it to-day, because I have delayed it so long already. I'll get——" she stopped abruptly and her eyes became moist for she recollected that she had only thirty-three cents in the house, and Stella would need ten to-day for car-fare.

"O, never mind, mother," answered Stella, "it will soon be warm weather, and then the cough will leave, and I'll be better."

Having finished her breakfast, she rose and prepared to go. She kissed her mother, and taking the small lunch, went down the creaking, rickety stairs into the cold, foggy air, to take her place again as one of the wheels in the great grinding machine.

At the factory door she entered — one of three hundred,—and was registered by the recorder in the hall. At seven o'clock work began, and continued without cessation till noon; then time was given for dinner; after this work was resumed till six o'clock.

The factory in which Stella worked made men's clothing. Stella's particular work was cutting. She had formerly been an expert at this sort of work and earned high wages, but lately, her health failing, she had not been able to do nearly so much work, and consequently did not receive so high a salary. In fact, at times, her harsh and unfeeling

overseer had threatened to discharge her on account of her "laziness," as he termed her inability to do more. The damp weather of March had brought on her coughing fits very frequently, and to the annoyance caused by the dampness, was added that occasioned by the fine penetrating dust that is often present in a large factory. The overseer had inhumanly reprimanded her for delaying, by her coughing, those next her. This day she was coughing almost continuously.

"Miss Margrave," said the overseer to her, "if you don't work as you should, I'll discharge you. I'll not stand it any longer. Remember."

Poor Stella almost sobbed aloud, but exerting herself with a heroic effort,she managed to brace up sufficiently to avoid being discharged, though she still received some severe and menacing glances from the foreman.

Coming home in the evening she passed the parish priest's house. Father Prince was standing at the top of the flight of stone steps that led to the front door. He was affable to everyone, and no deserving man ever turned away from the good priest's door with an empty hand. Stella glanced up at him as she passed and was greeted with a friendly "Good evening," that went straight to the poor girl's heart. It was the first word of true friendship that she had heard since leaving home that morning. It greatly gladdened her poor soul, and made her feel that, after all, life could have some soothing balm in it, if people would only be kind. She answered "Good evening," and walked on with a lighter step.

As she opened the door of the house, her mother was sitting near the little stove and sewing away, thus helping to eke out the small doit that her child earned.

When Stella entered the good mother immediately rose and took a bottle from the shelf above the stove.

"There's the medicine," she said joyfully, "I told you I'd get it to-day. You must take some right away, and then you'll soon be better."

Stella smiled and looked around the room anxiously. Her quick glance soon told her that there were only three chairs in the room now, whereas in the morning there had been five. She said nothing, but she felt her heart sink as she realized how poor they were fast becoming.

In silence, she took the medicine her mother held out, thanked her sweetly, and then recollecting the "Good evening," of the priest, she said,—

"Oh, mother, I saw Father Prince this evening, and he spoke to me. He is the only person, besides you, dear mother, who ever speaks kindly to me. I don't see how his religion can be bad and wicked as we are told. Anyhow I know that it hasn't made him bad yet."

"No telling what it may do, my child," said her mother. "Those Catholics aren't to be trusted. I've heard awful stories about those priests, that don't say anything good about them."

"But mother, do you think all these stories are true? You know people tell such lies sometimes. They've told frightful ones even about us, and surely we don't harm any one."

"No, no, my child; God knows we haven't. But these Catholics———." Here she shrugged her shoulders and was silent.

"I don't think," remarked Stella,"that we really ought to believe what people say of Catholics. I know some Catholic girls who work in the factory with me, and they're just as good as the other girls. Annie Hanin, a Catholic girl, gave me half of her lunch the other day, when I forgot mine. They don't hate us; they can't. I don't believe it, and when I get a chance I'm going to ask Father Prince about his religion. I'm sure we can believe him."

Mrs, Margrave answered nothing, but busied herself preparing their scanty supper. This eaten, they sat down near the little stove, and by the aid of a yellow flickering light endeavored to piece out their poor income by sewing till ten o'clock.

Thus we have seen the daily monotonous life of this little family. Day after day, Stella went to her work, while Mrs. Margrave stayed at home and sewed. The good priest's kind sal-

ute was almost the one ray of bliss that shone in this humble household.

As summer drew nigh, and the weather became warm, Father Prince used to sit outside under a maple tree on the lawn. Here he read, and spoke, in his kindly way, to the passers-by. Little did he know what an instrument of grace these words were destined to become. But as with him, so with us, the little things we think not of, are often the means employed by the Almighty God to spread abroad the light of faith, and to lead wandering souls into the sheepcote of His Divine Son.

This is what we so often forget— the power of little things. A tiny drop of water is indeed small and innocent looking; yet drop upon drop forms those huge billows that you see rolling in from the ocean, and that mock the power of man. Man's genius has wrought great wonders; it has piled stone upon stone till that huge pyramid of Cheops, stands forth the wonder of man's power; it has dyked the ocean back from the land till fertile Holland looks up to the sea o'ertopping it and smiles; it has fathomed the secrets of the ocean's depths and soared aloft into space,—but it never could and never shall, of itself, escape from that fell shadow which broods over every human soul. Yet one tiny, insignificant drop of crystal water does that which man's genius is unable to do—it cleanses the spirit of man till that spirit is as white and chaste as the unsunned snow.

Summer came and went; autumn succeeded with its falling leaves, dank woods, and chilling fogs. Stella's cough had left her in peace during the summer months, but when the raw, damp weather returned, it came again,—and worse than ever. She felt that she could not stand it much longer, and her loving mother sought in vain for means to allay it.

Finally Stella had to give up her work. Cough, weather and overseer had reduced her to a pitiable state. The world was fast gliding from her. She was obliged to remain in bed. Her weekly wages ceased, and of an evening, she could sew no more. She and her mother were in dire straits.

Stella lay on her bed coughing from morning till night, from night till the morning. Her mother sewed and sewed, but she could not earn enough to keep even the soul and the body of herself much longer together. Death from starvation, and from cold stared them in the face. They had no friends,— no one cared for them.

When Stella had been in bed about three weeks, she felt that she could last but a few days, if help did not come. She dreaded death; she knew not what it meant. She had never been taught to look beyond this life to live for something higher and nobler. She had, indeed, heard of a life beyond—a life of happiness or of misery; but she never had realized what it all meant. Others had told her that death is the last of us, that after it "all is silence." She had heard several ministers preach, but they had given forth no definite tangible belief on life beyond the grave. They had spoken on "The Fellowship of Man" on "Character," on "Anti-Christ at Rome," or on some similar subject. But what did these subjects teach her? What did they tell her of a life to come? They did not tell her how to gain it. The vitality of a true spiritual life was lost in vague and formless assertions.

One morning she called her mother, and said, "Mother, I would like to see Father Prince. Please go and ask him to come and see me. I'm sure he will if you only ask him."

Mrs. Margrave demurred at first, saying that no good could ever come of it; but, seeing the earnestness of her daughter, and hoping to please her, she went to get the parish priest. Father Prince was not at home, but the servant promised to tell him when he returned in the afternoon, that she had asked for him.

When told about the old woman who had come for him, Father Prince wondered which one of his parishioners lived at 507 Lennox Street. He could think of no one; yet, since he was called, he must go

As he clambered up the crank stairs, he knew that it must be a poor family that lived in so tumble-down a place. When he knocked, Mrs. Margrave opened the door to let him in. A glance at

the room he entered, confirmed him in the estimate of the inmates' condition.

"Good evening, ma'am," said Father Prince, "so you sent for me this morning, and what can I do for you, my good woman? Do you go to St. Anne's?"

"No, sir; but my daughter, who is sick, wanted to see you. She knows you," said Mrs. Margrave, as she led him into Stella's bedroom.

The priest at once recognized in the sick girl, the one who used to pass his place so regularly in the summer. He recollected that he had not seen her lately.

"So, my child, it is you," he said, holding out his hand to her. "You look very sick. I know your face, but what is your name?"

"Stella Margrave, Father," answered the sick girl, already feeling better at the kind manner of the priest. "It is so kind of you to come and see me. I was almost afraid to send for you."

"Afraid? Well, well! Afraid of a poor old man like me! Am I so very dreadful to look at?" asked the priest laughingly.

"Oh! no, Father, I didn't mean that" said Stella. "I mean that I didn't like to ask you to come to see me."

"Well, now, my good child, what can I do for you? Are you a Catholic?" asked Father Prince.

"No, father; mother and I don't belong to any church, but I feel I would like to become a Catholic before I die."

"Very well, and why do you think that? What put such a thing into your head?"

"O, Father, you've been so kind to me that I thought if your religion made you so, it must be good," answered Stella.

"I kind to you," said the priest. "My good girl, you must be mistaken. I never did anything for you in my life."

"O, Father, don't you remember how I used to go by your house every evening?" asked Stella.

"I do, but what has that to do with my kindness?"

"And you remember how you used to say "Good evening' to me each time?"

Father Prince nodded.

"Well, that was the one kind word that a stranger spoke to me the livelong day. I used to feel happy when I found you sitting on your lawn, because I was sure of receiving a kind word and look. When you were not there, I came home with a heavy heart and could not feel happy. Did you notice how I used to cross over the street before I came to your house?"

"No, I did not," said Father Prince.

"But I did, in order to get your kind word, though it would have been shorter for me not to have crossed the street in coming home."

"I am glad I caused you some small joy, though it was very small, indeed," said Father Prince. "But now are you really sincere in your desire to become a Catholic on this frail reason?"

"Yes, Father, I am truly sincere," replied Stella. "I feel that I could be happier if I were a Catholic, like you, and I wish you to tell me about your religion. I've heard some things about Catholics, but I don't see how they can be true. Can I become one?"

"Certainly, my child," answered the priest; "but first I'll have to teach you the truths of our holy religion. Were you ever baptized?"

"No," said the sick girl.

"Do you know anything about the Catholic religion at all?" asked Father Prince.

"I have heard some things about it, but I don't think half of them can be true. Won't you have time to teach me all, Father?" asked Stella, looking wistfully at him, for she began to think it would be impossible for him to waste so much time on her.

"Oh! yes, my good child," answered the priest, "I'm only too glad to do so. I'll come every day to teach you, and then in a few days you'll become a Catholic."

"Oh! thank you, Father," said the poor girl, now in tears. "I'm sorry to give you so much trouble."

Father Prince, seated upon a box, which Mrs. Margrave had brought him, began to tell the sick girl of the religion she so longed to know and to make her own. The mother, with pinched and hunger worn face, sat on the opposite side of the bed, and both mother and daughter were attentive listeners to

the explanation. Having thus begun the instruction, Father Prince promised to come every day.

Whilst in the house he had noticed the dearth of everything needful to life. The stove was cold from lack of fuel; the poor patient had nothing but a broken glass partly filled with water, and stand ing beside her; she had a thin quilt over her: in the corner of the room lay a straw mattress,—evidently the bed of the mother. In the dining room, or sitting room were three boxes, but no chairs or table. He knew it was useless to ask whether they had a doctor. At the thought of all this he felt sorely grieved, and resolved to do something at once.

He went into the store on the first floor and ordered a supply of groceries. Taking them in his arms, and ordering the clerk to follow him with a bucket of coal, he went upstairs again. He lighted a fire, told the shivering mother to get herself and daughter something to eat, and said that he would send some more groceries, and that he would also send a doctor to see her daughter.

The doctor came but gave no hope of final recovery. Stella rallied, however, under the influence of the food and warmth, and was able to listen, with a small degree of physical comfort to the instructions. Mrs. Margrave soon became as eager a catechumen as Stella, when she too began to feel the kindness of Father Prince.

In three weeks both mother and daughter were baptized, and then Father Prince brought Stella her first Holy Communion. She received this with fervent devotion, and before the priest left that day, she thanked him with tears in her eyes, for all his kindness to her mother and herself.

As the cold weather came on, Stella grew worse, and it was soon evident that she could last but a few days. Accordingly she received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

"I'd be happy to die now," said Stella, after receiving the last sacraments. "God has been so good to me and given me such hope. Mother and I had to bear much in our poverty and sickness, but it is worth all these troubles and trials, and a thousand times more, to be brought so near God in the end; and I'm sure," continued Stella, turning to the priest, "that you will take care of mother when I'm gone."

* * * * *

It is seven o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of November, eight months since the day we first saw Stella Margrave going to her work. The morning is as foggy as it was then, but underneath it is dry.

The door of number 507 opens, and four men carrying a narrow deal coffin, issue forth. Regardless of these the thin line of working people make their way through the fog. The newsboy still calls out, "Telegram? Morning Telegram?" Grind,—grind,—grind, the human machine runs on. A wheel has been broken, cast aside, replaced.

But amidst all this din and turmoil, amidst all this strife and struggle, amidst all this human surging to and fro, the Almighty God reigns supreme. By ways unseen and unthought of, the grace of the world's Redeemer is spread abroad, leading souls from the darkness of joyless error into the light of the living faith, whence they are wafted on the wings of eternal love to the realms of everlasting joy and peace on high.

C. J. A.

Chicago.

INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.

Do you know that Christ denounced the rich, exclaiming, "Woe to the rich!" And yet you look upon wealth as a blessing, and cringe to those who are found with the gifts of fortune! Evidently you did not learn such sentiment in the school of Christ. You are aware that Christ said, "Blessed are the poor"; and yet you regard poverty as a curse, and look down in contempt on those who do not possess the riches of earth. Oh! the sad, the unaccountable contradiction between the faith and the conduct of many Christians!—Catholic Record.

The Catholic Church Among the Choctaws.

The first records of the Catholic religion among the Choctaw nation, date from about the beginning of the eighteenth century. St. Valice, Bishop of Quebec, sent in 1698, Francis Pollick De Montigny, a man of vast designs and boundless zeal. He was invested by his bishop with the powers of Vicar-General; he had as companions Anthony Davion, a priest of the seminary of Quebec, Michael Anthony Gaulin and Geoffry Thierry Erborie. Father Erborie labored without any success among the Choctaws and Natchez till 1709, when he returned to Illinois. About 1727 Father Le Petit, S.J., founded a Choctaw mission, the fourth of those begun by the Jesuits in Louisiana territory; this was the most exposed and difficult of all. Father Le Petit was replaced before 1730, by Father Baudouin. The Choctaws, though allies of the French, and battling with them against the Natchez, were a wild and lawless band and could not be relied upon. The missionary acquired no ascendancy over them; he could not even obtain from them the church plate and vestments, taken by them from the Natchez and Yuzons. Desperate, however, as his mission was, Baudouin persevered for 18 years in this unproductive field. Of his struggle during that period, as well as those of his successors, we have no record. * Prior to February, 1764, all missions were closed. The Jesuits were dispersed at the point of the bayonet by the Royal officers of New Orleans, without awaiting the royal decrees in form. * Since that time no serious attempt of establishing a mission has been made; until His Grace, the late Archbishop Jansens, became bishop of Natchez, in the year 1881. The bishop animated by his zeal for souls, made, the same year, a trip through the territory of his diocese. Moved by the sad lot of the Indians, he resolved to bring them into the fold of Christ, and established among them a mission. To execute this noble plan, he needed beside the blessing of heaven, two things, ie., missionaries and money. He found both in 1882, on his trip to Holland, his native country. We may say that the bishop was fortunate in starting a mission for the Indians, because they were somewhat forced to make settlements, on account of the lack of fishing grounds. If there was an opportunity to bring to the Catholic church, it was now, for as long as they were a wandering people, all endeavors would be vain. When the first missionary was sent among the Choctaws, a tradition, current among them, was fulfilled. This tradition is as follows: "At the first appearance of a white man (La Salle entered in 1682, Mississippi) a prophet arose and foretold that the Choctaws would be in servitude for two hundred years, when a "Mingo Chitta" (great chief) would arise to set them free and to restore the nation. ** The first missionary sent to the Choctaws was the venerable Father Bekkers, now pastor at Meridian, Lauderdale Co. He labored with boundless zeal for fifteen years. He built a church under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin ——of the Most Holy Rosary, a priest's house, a little cottage of three rooms, and gave his former house to the Sisters of Mercy in 1885; enlarged the Sister house in 1888. Briefly, all that Tucker has and is, is the work of the zealous pastor, father Bekkers. We relate here the testimony of His Grace, late Archbishop Jansens, about Father Bekkers: "The mission is a work whereof the success far surpasses my expectations, and Father Bekkers is a priest of solid piety, of much intelligence, and moreover endowed with an iron will and iron constitution. *** Bishop Heslin promoted this worthy priest in 1901 to dean and canon.

* Shea. History of the Catholic Mission of the United States, p. 439, 441, 450, 457.

** N. Y. Freeman's Journal, May 16, 1885.

*** Londagsblod vive sal Koth Huisgezin, June 6, 1886.

From the very beginning, the life of Father Bekkers was a life of hardships, trials and disappointments, as we shall see in his diary. On the 19th of November, 1883, he set out from Natchez for Meridian, being comforted by the blessings and good wishes of his Bishop. He stayed over for a day in Meridian, and on the twenty-first he took the train for Macon ; here he expected to meet Rev. Father Yule Van Hoover, who would accompany him to the mission. Here he met the first disappointment ; Father Van Hoover was not there, and, unacquainted with the roads, he wisely went back to Meridian, Late Father Valley, eager to help Father Bekkers, picked up information about the road, and got the address of Mrs. Holland, at Tucker. With this information in mind he set out from Meridian on the twenty-third, on a wagon with a spring seat. His trunks and all his earthly goods were also on the wagon. He hoped to reach Mrs. Holland's that night, but he missed the road, stopped over at Union in the hope of reaching his destination the next morning. This hope proved to be a sad illusion. The next morning he started early, and by 7 o'clock arrived at a certain Mrs. Holland's. Alas ! only to find out that he had gone to the wrong place. This time he got correct information and started again on a trip of 25 miles, with some crackers for breakfast and dinner. At 4 o'clock, Saturday evening, the twenty-fourth, he arrived at Mrs. Holland's, forgetting the disappointments in the cordial welcome of the late Mrs. Holland and her kind family. Father Bekkers started at once on his mission work. The next day he became acquainted with the few Catholic families and with some neighbors. That day he picked up information about the Indians. He heard they were good people and that Tom Billy (5 Aug., 1900) was their leader (chief). These informations were of little use, as Catholics had no considerable influence over the Indians, as they said. The next day he set out on an exploration trip ; he found Tom Billy's cabin and told him that if the Indians wished, he would build a church and school for the Indians, and would do all the good possible for them. The chief received him very politely and said little, although his son, Willy Billy, by name, promised to come to mass next Sunday. The Rev. Father soon found out that he was not the only person looking after the Indians, for the Baptist preachers had been already among them. A preacher had been among them and a free school had been started that very summer. We heard that a certain John Smith, although not their chief, was a man of great importance among the Indians. We endeavored to meet him ; first he went by himself, unacquainted with any of the roads, through the woods, he failed to find him. The next day he went, accompanied by Willy Philip, an Indian well acquainted with the English, to see John Smith, but he was not home. Hearing that a white man by the name of Clark was a friend to the Indians, he went to see him. This trip, alas ! proved to be a complete failure, for Mr. Clark was a bigoted Baptist and consequently of no use for Father Bekkers' work ; moreover, he told him the discouraging story, that he himself had started that school among the Indians ; that their preacher was succeeding wonderfully in Newton Co., also Lake Co., but had not succeeded very well here, still he would try again, and that, as a matter of fact, he, a Catholic priest, could not expect any help. With truth wrote Father Bekkers, on the twenty-eighth of November : "This encounter did not encourage me much." On the 2nd of Dec. being Sunday, there was no Indians at mass, although some had promised to come a few days ago. Monday following, he went again to see the chief, Tom Billy ; he was not at home ; the next day, after having walked a couple of miles, he found the honorable chief. This day, Father Bekkers was told by the chief that John Smith would open a school that very same week, and ,of course, under the auspices of the Baptist church, there was no solace at all for Father Bekkers. On the fifth of December he went up to Philadelphia, to see whether he could buy a small piece of land, on which to build a little school house and to teach the Indians himself. This was a vain trip ; he did not succeed in buying land.

On the eleventh of December he heard some encouraging news from Mr. John Holland, who told him that he had met Mr. James Welsh, the best friend of the Indians, who assured him that he would assist the father to his utmost, which he did. The following day they met, and their meeting was very satisfactory. The father felt relieved and greatly encouraged, and gave heartfelt thanks to God. "Now," said Father Bekkers, "everything went on very well, the Indians knowing that Mr. Welsh was my friend, became less distrustful. "An Indian, Tim Billy by name, took sick at that time, and Father Bekkers visited him often and showed him kindness. At the close of that year he felt certain of succeeding, though many difficulties stared him in the face. Father Bekkers, the man of solid piety and iron will resolved to pursue his work, although up to this time he had no considerable success. He began the new year in bright expectations, and according to the plan agreed upon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and himself, he began to look out for land. In order to give stability of the mission, they intended to build up a colony of Indians. He bought, at different times, large tracts of land, whereupon the Indians promised to settle. Two thousand and thirty seven acres were bought; some families settled, but some left on account of mutual discord. They did not appreciate the colonization plan, so it proved a complete failure, to the great disappointment of Father Bekkers. He spent the winter in showing interest in and kindness to, the Indians,in order to gain their good will and to become more and more acquainted with them and their affairs, but without real success. On the seventh of April he quitted, for a while, the mission, to take the place of Father Bawer at Paulding, because he could not yet do much good, as he himself said. During his stay at Paulding he wrote in the Catholic Dutch newspaper "De Tyd," giving a report of what he had done and had still to do. His friends in Holland sent him $710.40, as a means for the building up of the mission; without the generous support from Holland it would be an impossibility to maintain the mission. Father FenBrink could justly write in the "De Tyd" on fifteenth of June, 1891: "The mission is wholly the work of the Catholic Netherland."

To be continued.

Little Crown, or Chaplet of the Infant Jesus.

This devotion owes its origin to the zeal of the Ven. Sister Marguerite of the Blessed Sacrament, a Carmelite nun who died in the odor of sanctity at Beaune, France, May 26, 1648, aged 27 years. This worthy daughter of St. Teresa was distinguished for her devotion to the Holy Child Jesus. Inspired from above she composed a chaplet, consisting of three Our Fathers, to honor the Holy Family, and of twelve Hail Marys, in memory of the twelve years of our Lord's Infancy. Before each of the Our Fathers, are said the words:— "And the Word was made flesh"; and before the first Hail Mary, the words:— "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

The Divine Infant revealed to His faithful servant how pleasing to Him is this Holy practice. He promised her that he would grant special graces,above all purity of heart and innocence, to all who carried the chaplet on their person and recited it in honor of the mysteries of His Holy Infancy. As a sign of His approval, he showed her these chaplets shining with a supernatural light.

Parents, do you wish to preserve the baptismal innocence of your children? Inspire them with a tender devotion to the Infant Jesus. Have them carry about them and devoutly recite this little chaplet, which recalls so well the Divine Model which they should love and imitate.

Mission of Our Lady of Pity,
526-530 Sycamore St.,
Cincinnati, O.

St. Joseph.

As the foster father of Jesus Christ, St. Joseph might well serve as an example of paternal solicitude to all fathers of families. Jesus was the object of all his cares and solicitudes. In Him he recognized the greatest treasure he possessed in the world. To watch over Him, to serve Him, to provide for Him and His Blessed Mother constituted the joy of his life and the happiness of his days. To guard this heavenly charge against the murderous weapon of a bloody tyrant, he fled to a far distant country, whose inhabitants were given to the grossest forms of idolatry and superstition. Notwithstanding the way thither being long, wearisome and perilous, yet nothing was able to daunt or terrify St. Joseph, the man of faith, who knew that he was doing but the the will of God, and that he stood under the protection of Heaven. In heathen Egypt he labored for the support of the holy family in the sweat of his brow, remaining there till God commanded him to return into his own country.

Moreover, St. Joseph was obedient to God and to man. After the departure of the Magi, an Angel of the Lord appeared to him saying : "Arise, take the child and his mother and fly into Egypt and be there until I shall tell thee. Who arose and took the child and His mother by night and retired into Egypt." Simple words, but full of spirit and life ! No murmurs, no complaints cross the lips of this just man ; no curses, nor imprecations are heard against his persecutor, Herod,the real cause of his flight. Joyously he obeys, and that very night repairs to that strange country pointed out to him by the angel. But, St. Joseph will not only be obedient to God, but also to man. When the decree of Caesar Augustus went out, that the whole world should be enrolled, every one in his own city, St. Joseph immediately betook himself to Bethlehem to be enrolled, doing so with as much alacrity as if God himself had commanded him to go there.

In imitation of St. Joseph, we must do the will of God in order to come thither, where endless joy and supreme beatitude abide. Under the immense vault of heaven a countless multitude of stars revolve, all of them pursuing steadily and unerringly the course that God has mapped out for them. In this way does inanimate nature execute God's adorable will. So, likewise, is there a sacred obligation incumbent on all men to perform conscientiously the duties of their state of life. We are not called upon to do great things and to make a name for ourselves, but we are called upon to do what Almighty God demands of us in our state of life.

Christian parents have to see that their children grow up in the knowledge and fear of God, and woe to them if they neglect this most essential duty. If they set it aside they have lived in vain, their life is meaningless and the curse of their children will sooner or later fall upon them. Children whose early education has been neglected, will become disobedient, proud and stubborn as Holy Scripture testifies, saying,— "A horse not broken becometh stubborn, and a child left to himself becometh head-strong. **** Beat down his neck while he is young and bend his sides while he is a child, lest he grow stubborn and regard thee not, and so be a sorrow of heart to thee." These are the words of the Holy Ghost addressed to Christian parents whereby they are taught how to educate their children properly.

Servants should obey their masters in all fear and reverence, as if they served Christ. The Apostle gives them the following advice :"Wast thou called being a bondsman ? care not for it," for God so wills it. If they honor their masters and serve them in all fidelity, God will reward them abundantly, and at the hour of death he will say to each one of them : "Well done thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It is the duty of subjects to have high regard for authority. Because all

power cometh from above, from the God of Might, as St. Paul says: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation."—(Epist. Romans xiii, 1-2.)

These golden words of the Apostle deserve special attention in our own days wherein a spirit of disobedience and rebellion against lawfully constituted authority so universally prevails, and where each one strives to throw off the yoke which he imagines weighs too heavily upon him.

In imitation of St. Joseph, all Christians should try to fulfil their several duties faithfully and conscientiously and learn from him how to do God's will in all things and under all circumstances of life. Call upon him frequently and he will assist you in all trials and afflictions. If prayers full of confidence are addressed to him, he will always hear them, as St. Teresa testifies. In the sixth chapter of her life she writes thus: "I chose the glorious St. Joseph for my patron, and I commend myself in all things to his intercession. I do not remember ever to have asked of God anything by him which I did not obtain. I never knew anyone, who, by invoking him, did not advance exceedingly in virtue, for he assists in a wonderful manner all who address themselves to him. Go, therefore, to Joseph, and he will give you all you need.

The Mecca of Michigan.

As it is said of books and other things, so it can be said that of the making of health-foods, health-clothing, and health resorts—there is no end. To-day the land is bristling with so-called sanitariums. It is not in our province to use these pages as the advertising medium of any of them. But for the bodily benefit and information of inquiring readers and friends, we make an exception. We take pleasure in calling attention to an institution which has proved itself a boon to suffering humanity. It stands on its own merits, and the purpose of its existence is not a commercial one. We refer to St. Joseph's Sanitarium at Mount Clemens, in the State of Michigan. The "Bath Town," as it is called, has a world-wide renown, on account of its salt-springs and fountains of perpetual youth which have made more than one crippled mortal throw down his crutches and walk away rejoicing and rejuvenated.

This commodious, well appointed and up-to-date sanitarium has been erected and brought to completion by the Sisters of Charity from Cincinnati. The handsome structure is practically fire-proof, and is an ornament to the city. No hard work, no difficulties or discouragement dampened the zeal of these good Sisters. To-day their sanitarium stands second to none, and once known is eagerly patronized. St. Joseph's Sanitarium has none of the disadvantages of a hotel, but all its advantages and more. Neither is it a hospital—nevertheless, attached to it will be found a hospital department which is fully equipped and attended by the best of trained nurses. In a word, this sanitarium is an ideal home, quiet, refined, convenient and having the very best of menus,— in fact, suited to the most exacting taste. In spite of the great outlay necessary to equip and sustain it, the rates are low enough to suit the most economic purses. The rooms are elegantly furnished to suit individual guests, families or parties. Every attention is paid day and night, to the wants of the guests. Each room is supplied with an electric call-bell and the whole house lighted with electricity. It has all sorts of baths, particularly mineral baths, a specific for persons afflicted with rheumatism. Some remarkable cures—seemingly beyond medical aid — are frequently recorded.

Moreover, guests can take advantage of vapor and other baths, also of electric treatment. Those desiring it can also take the full Kneipp treatment, administered by expert and reliable operators. Elevators bring patients to all parts of the handsome structure. The carriage of the sanitarium meets every train and electric car. The Grand Trunk Railway runs direct to Mt. Clemens. A convenient way is to reach Detroit via the Michigan Central Railway. At its Jefferson Ave. station, close to the main exit, will be found the electric cars of the "Rapid Railway," which run direct to Mt. Clemens. When you arrive be sure to look for the carriage, which runs to St. Joseph's Sanitarium. To insure the carriage meeting you at your destination announce your coming by calling "number 69, Mt. Clemens," by telephone. One of the many advantages of this sanitarium is that, although it is in touch with all parts of the country, it is sufficiently removed from the town as to assure the patient the desired quiet and rest so absolutely necessary for rapid recuperation. A post card with your address thereon, mailed to "St. Joseph's Sanitarium, Mt. Clemens, Michigan," will promptly bring you any further information. The Carmelite Fathers gladly approve of and heartily recommend St. Joseph's Sanitarium to each and everyone who seeks bodily relief, rest and recuperation.

The Confession of a Murderer.

(Translated from the German.)

Innumerable people owe the salvation of their souls to the holy Scapular. Every century tells us of hundreds of examples of this kind. I will only tell of one fact here, which has happened lately to a young man, who was of a respectable family, and who once was my pupil, when I was professor of rhetoric at a certain flourishing school. This young man, after ending his school days followed the practice, which is so common amongst young people, viz., the reading of bad literature, the frequenting of bad company, the indulging in all kinds of sensual pleasures, and the neglecting of their Christian duties. Giving himself over to such a life, he was gradually sinking lower and lower, until finally he reached the bottom of all this, viz.,—despair. But since the outcome of despair is, according to the general rule, nothing less than suicide, he also proposed to put an end to his life.

One day he was with his aged mother in a small town of the west. Here he managed to get hold of a revolver, went out into the country, and drove a bullet through his head. A man, who was working near by, heard the shooting, went to the spot and recognizing the self-murderer, went to the mother of the unfortunate, and he gave her the deadly weapon, saying, "Madam, here is the revolver which has killed your son but a few moments ago." These imprudent words struck the heart of the mother so heavily, that she was on the point of losing her mind, and the bystanders had all they could do to keep her from throwing herself out of the window. Whilst some were consoling the mother, others went to get the body of her unfortunate son.

Did he die suddenly? No, he is respiring! The priest and the physician are called. The latter examines the wounds. The bullet went through the brains, and consequently there is no hope, no salvation for his earthly life. The sick man now recovers consciousness, and the priest hears his confession and gives him the last Sacraments. After that the poor man makes one more effort and consoles his mother, who, bathed in tears, is standing by the side of her dying son. He opens the clothes which cover his breast, and shows the Scapular, the only sign of religion, that he retained during his life of sin and vice. "In my earlier days," said he, in a broken voice, "I used to pray to Mary, and this is the reason why she showed me mercy to-day." These were his last words, and all who heard them were convinced that the Scapular had been the anchor of his salvation.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

It cannot be our purpose to give to the readers of the Review a connected history of the Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

In fact, it might prove an impossible undertaking, because we have to speak of times so remote, and of places so distant, that we need not wonder, if the records in the course of time have been lost.

For the history of Carmel is an history of continued persecutions, pillage, banishment, death and the destruction of houses and records.

Besides, historians in olden times cared more for the description of some prominent person, than for an exhaustive picture of the time in which they lived; they did not write for posterity, but for their own time and place. All this contributes to render the picture deficient in completeness and obscure.

Hence we have to content ourselves with giving such scraps of information as could be gleaned, trusting that even they may prove of some interest.

The prophet Samuel had gathered a number of young men into communities, where they spent their time in prayer, study of the Mosaic law and other Asiatic writings and the singing of hymns, with musical accompaniment. These young men were called, "Sons of the Prophets." Saul was, against his will, carried away by their chants, and chanted with them. David sought refuge amongst them against the persecutions of Saul.

In the year 930, B. Chr., Elias, the Thesbite, of the inhabitants of Galaad, is first mentioned in Sacred Writ. The Bible does not tell us anything about his parents or his youth. But Epiphanius, in his book on the lives of the prophets, records: "Whilst his (Elias') mother was carrying him under her heart, his father, Sobac (or Sabbacha) had a vision. Men clad in white habits, saluted a fire brand, whilst the breasts of the mother were surrounded by fire, and gave fire instead of milk, as nourishment. The father travelled to Jerusalem and put the vision before the priests. The Chrematism (the oracle) answered, 'Take care not to make this public; for fire will be the domicile of this child, his language convincing, his words few, and he will judge Israel, as it were, in fire and with power.'"

The Hebrew tradition says, that his original name was Jaberschyt, which was changed into Elias, when the people exclaimed on Mount Carmel: "The Lord is God," for the meaning of the word Elias is :The Lord God. S. Jerome interprets it as meaning: "The strong one of the Lord."

S. Jerome, S. Augustine, the Patriarch John of Jerusalem, and S. Peter Damian, defend the opinion that Elias was sanctified in his mother's womb, like John the Baptist, to whom he was similar in all things, and Patriarch John maintains that Sabbacha, when seeing the vision mentioned, understood by inspiration, that his son was to be a founder of a body of religious, whom the men appearing imitated in their habit.

This Elias appeared before Achab, the King of Israel, in the year 930. How old he was at the time we do not know, but as the fathers of the church find in him the figure and precursor of the Messiah, it appears probable that at the time of his public appearance, he was about 30 years of age. He addressed to Achab the words: "As the Lord, the God of Israel liveth, before whose face I stand, there shall be in these years neither dew nor rain, but according to the words of my mouth." Achab, who for the first time saw and heard the prophet, considered and treated him as insane. But when everything, for the

want of rain, dried up, the prophet's life was no longer safe, since Achab would have attempted to force him by tortures to speak the word that would bring the desired rain. But, "there came the word of the Lord, 'Go away from here and go towards the east, and hide beside the brook Carith, which is over against the Jordan, and there drink of the brook, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee." Sacred writ records how the ravens brought him bread and meat, morning and evening.

In the year 929, B. Chr., Elias was hidden in the caves near the brook Carith. Finally, says Patriarch John, of Jerusalem, the historian of the beginning of the Order of Mount Carmel, "Elias formed the resolution to leave, after him successors to the monastic eremitical life, which he had commenced as the first of all. In order to be the first father of the monks he selected for his disciples some men, who had escaped to him whilst in hiding at Carith, that they might not be compelled by the impious Achab and Jezabel to worship Baal. For these men, filled with the fear of God, when they saw that Elias, by his word, closed the heavens, so that they would not give any rain, came to him by stealth, as to a true worshipper of God, in order that under his instruction they might continue in the adoration of the true God, and avoid idolatry. These devoted men therefore, Elias had for his first disciples for his monastic life, as shown to him by God, and his true followers, whom he taught to prophecy, that is, to sing the praises of God in canticles, hymns and psalms, with musical instruments."

Who these men were, is not known. But as we know that Abdias, a royal officer, saved one hundred prophets from the persecution of Jezabel, hiding and feeding them (III Kings 18), it is probable that they were these 100 Nazarenes, sons of the prophets of Samuel, whom Abdias sent to Elias, because he considered them safer there.

Here, as Patriarch John says, Elias instructed them in the essentials of monastic life, as shown to him by God, without, however, introducing monastic life yet, as the place was not suitable. These preliminaries developed later on into an eremitical community on Mount Carmel, therefore his disciples were not called Carithes, but Carmelites.

Naturally the essentials of religious life during the reign of the Mosaic law, could not be entirely, what they were in the law of grace, but as everything else of the New Testament had its figure and type in the old, so this Elianic community was to be the germ and nucleus of the christian monastic communities.

Year 928.— As in consequence of the continued drought the brook Carith dried up, Elias was sent to the widow of Sarepta near Sidon. Here he multiplied miraculously the flour and oil, and the same year raised the son of the widow from the dead, the first miracle of the kind on record. This son, according to the traditions of the Hebrews, was Jonas, the prophet, whom his mother confided to the care and education of Elias, so that he became one of the first Religious of Mount Carmel. Both S. Jerome and Patriarch John mention this tradition.

Year 927.—Three years and six months had passed without rain. Achab and Abdias, in person, went about in the country, seeking water and fodder for the horses. Then, by order of God, Elias presented himself, asked to have the people and the priests of Baal assembled on Mount Carmel, called fire from heaven upon his holocaust, got the prophets of Baal killed, in order to exterminate idolatry, and had the vision of the little cloud rising from the Mediterranean in the shape of a man's foot. By prophetic inspiration, he herein saw the figure of the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, and later on explaining this mystery to his disciples, bade them venerate the future mother of the Messiah.

Year 926.—The wrath of Jezabel, over the killing of the prophets, rendered the life of Elias precarious, therefore he fled to Mount Horeb, where he was encouraged by the vision of God, and commanded to return by way of the desert, annoint Hazael, as King of Syria, Jehu as King of Israel, and Eliseus as prophet, and his successor. He did the former through his disciples, but annoint-

ed Eliseus as prophet, and threw his mantle over him, making him hereby an associated monk.

As he knew, by inspiration, that he was safe from the anger and vengeance of Jezabel, he settled with Eliseus and his other disciples on Mount Carmel,and in this year the Order of Mount Carmel had its beginning. In this step Elias but obeyed an internal inspiration ; 2—he yielded to the fervent desire of a retired and contemplative life for himself and his followers ; 3rd—he wished to obtain for all greater perfection and hence greater merits, and 4th—he wished, after the glorious victory over idolatry, to establish a rallying centre for those Israelites, who had not yet bent their knees before Baal, or repented having done so, and sought instruction and encouragement for a sincere and religious life, since the Israelites were debarred from the temple at Jerusalem by their impious Kings, and hence had no place where they could be certain to find the true worship and assistance in their trials.

Thus the Carmelite Order was a bulwark against the enemies of God from its cradle, as from its cradle it maintained the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, and taught the world, that true happiness was to be found in renunciation, not in aspirations and pleasures of the world and the flesh.

The reasons for selecting just this mountain are given by Patriarch John in these words,—"As from this time and not before Elias knew that he could live with his disciples in the Kingdom of Israel in liberty and safety, he undertook to plant the Order begun before, in a convenient place, and hence selected for their abode Mount Carmel, as the best for prophetic discipline, and the teaching and practice of monastic life. For this mountain, by its solitude, gives the hermit silence and quiet, by its caves a suitable dwelling, by its woods, recreation ; by its height, an healthy air ; by its herbs and fruits, sustenance, and by its fountain of fresh water, a sweet draft. For all these reasons Elias not only elected it for his home, but he also built there a house of prayer, called Sennion."

The name of the first disciples of the prophetic order is unknown, save that of three, viz.: Eliseus, Jonas and Michaeas. Jonas was a Hebrew, at least on the father's side. Michaeas should not be confounded with the prophet Michaeas, one of the mission prophets, who lived 150 years later. The father of our Michaeas was called Jembla, and was famous through his spirit of prophecy in the time of Achab. Also the Abdias, the royal chamberlain, belonged to the followers of the prophet.

Of this time already it is asserted that Eliseus and his followers lived on Mount Carmel, Jonas and his companions in Sarepta, Abdias in Samaria ; others in Galgala, Jericho and Ephraim —therefore in six different houses.

Year 925.—The Patriarch John tells us, that Elias taught his followers to gather three times a day, morning, noon and evening, in the Seunion, the house of worship he had built, in order to offer up praise to God. That also the pious people from among the inhabitants of the country used to go there for religious purposes, is proved by the husband of the Sunamite woman, who tells her, when she announces her intention of calling upon Eliseus. "Why do you go to him ? To-day is neither the Calends nor Sabbath."

Their Oratory was the centre, around which the disciples of the holy prophets gathered even after, so that the Popes, Sixtus IV, Julius II and Gregory XIII, speak in their bulls of the Carmelites as holding the hereditary succession of Elias, Eliseus and the other fathers, who inhabited the holy Mount Carmel near the fountain of Elias. Thus the constant tradition of the Order has received papal sanction, and though it is far from us to conclude, that in consequence the uninterrupted succession of the Order has become an article of faith, yet the sovereign Pontiffs do not use words which they have not carefully weighed, and hence their dicta constitute a very strong human evidence.

Of the succeeding five years the chronicles are silent. But without doubt this time was used by the holy founder to instill more anh more the principles of religion and monasticism into the souls

of his spiritual children, and by the force of example and the efficacy of intercession, to reclaim of the people of Israel all those, who sinned more through weakness and cowardice than through malice. In this way the years of retirement were a blessing to the institution itself and the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

Year 919.—In this year a number of wars commenced, with the invasion of Samaria by Benadab, the King of Damascus, and other 31 kings. When Achab was beside himself with fear and terror, a prophet appeared before him, asking him, "Dost thou see this enormous multitude coming against thee? To-day I shall give them into thy hands, that thou mayst know that I am the Lord." According to the tradition of the Hebrews, sustained by Patriarch John and other Catholic writers, this prophet was Michaeas, whom we mentioned before as one of the distinguished pupils of Elias. "Through whom," asks Achab, "shall I be victorious?" "Through the footmen of the princes of the provinces," replies the prophet, showing thereby, that the victory was God's, not Achab's. The result justified the prophecy.

Year 918.—The Syrians attacked Samaria again in overwhelming numbers but Michaeas prophecies a second victory, and 100,000 Syrians are killed in one day. The King himself is captured but allowed by Achab to escape, for which the prophet rates him, and in consequence is imprisoned.

Years 917-916.—In these years Achab possessed himself of the vineyard of Naboth, by a crime of his wife Jezabel. Elias appears before him, upbraids him for his crime, and announces the downfall of Achab and his house. Achab, well knowing the efficacy of the words of the prophet, is terrified and does penance. Therefore God sends Elias a second time to Achab to announce to him, that for the sake of his penance and voluntary humiliation, the judgments announces against him will be postponed till after his death.

Year 915.—Achab, supported by Josaphat, the King of Juda, waged war against the Syrians also this year. The prophets of Baal prophecy victory to the allied Kings. But Josaphat wishes the word of a true prophet. Hence Michaeas, the son of Jembla, is sent for, and he foretells the defeat of Achab and his death. Achab, irritated at the prophecy, commands Michaeas to be incarcerated and given a small allowance of bread and water, until tke King returns from the field in peace. But he is slain in battle, and Ochozias, his son, rules in his stead.

He tries to capture Elias, but the prophet twice calls fire from heaven to destroy the soldiers sent against him. Then by order of God, he appears himself before the sick King, and announces to him his death, and then returns to Carmel, whither Abdias, the treasurer of King Achab, followed him, leaving his wife and children in Samaria.

Year 914.—This year is memorable in the annals of the order, because it is the year in which Elias was taken away in a fiery chariot, and his spirit and the government of the order descended upon Eliseus. The history of this departure is familiar to all, and hence it would be superfluous to repeat it here. Not only Eliseus, but others amongst the sons of the prophets knew of the event beforehand, for they asked Eliseus: "Dost thou know that this day the Lord taketh my Lord from thee?" In rising, Elias dropped his cloak, which Eliseus took as a token of his succession, and the same day he miraculously divides the waters of the Jordan with it. The sons of the prophets see this from afar understand its significance, and render their homage to Eliseus, the second superior of the prophetic order.

Before we proceed, we may say a few words about the place of abode of Elias, and his present condition. Sacred writ says, that Elias went in a whirlwind into heaven. This cannot be the heaven of beatific vision; 1st—because no one, before his death, can see God face to face; 2nd—because the Bible expressly declares, that until the ascension of our Lord, the heavens were closed against man, and 3rd—because Elias would have enjoyed a prerogative, which was even denied to the Mother of God. But where is he? That he did not die, but is reserved for the last days of the world, when, in company with Henoch,

he will convert the world, and especially bring the Jews into the church, is more or less plainly stated in the Bible and defended by the fathers of the Church. Some maintain that he is kept in the air, others believe that he is in the terrestrial paradise, others leave the question open. Ann Catherine Emmerich places both Elias and Henoch upon the mountain of the prophets, which, by her description, would be somewhere in Thibet. However nothing certain is known.

To be continued.

I Am Mary's Evermore.

My Scapular,
More precious far
Than earthly robes most white,
I love to wear,
The fiends to scare,
Who tremble at its sight.
What queen can dare
Their robes compare
With Mary's livery?
She gives to bear,
To those who care
Her children fond to be.

I kiss it oft,
With heart aloft,
To where my Queen's above;
And I think I hear
Her sweetly cheer
Me on with pledge of love.
She says to you,
Now bid adieu
To all that looks most fair;
For soon shall be
The day for thee
With me true joys to share.

In death I'll stand,
With angel band,
To soothe thy fevered brow;
Then fix thy throne
Close to my own,
For love you bear me now;
Ah! what joy will
My poor heart fill,
At home beyond the skies;
When on me beams
The love that gleams
From my sweet Mother's eyes.

Ave Maria.

Benefits of the Scapular.

The following letter of Father Amand, a Carmelite missionary in France was published in the July number, 1899 of the Chroniques du Carmel, although a little after date, our readers will be interested in its contents, as it furnishes another proof of the efficacy of the scapular.—

Bagneres de Bigorre,
June 22, 1899.

Reverend Father :—

While engaged in preaching the Lenten services in Paris last Lent, I received many persons, at various times, into the confraternity of the Scapular of our Holy Order. I also preached a sermon on the subject, as I always do on such occasions. Generally speaking, the Parisian is either all good or all bad. I cannot describe to you the fervor, the noble simplicity and the sincere devotion of the hundreds who responded to my appeal. I have given the scapular at the same time, to women of the people and to society ladies, to laboring-men and gentlemen of the upper classes, to simple soldiers and to the superior officers, who came publicly to ask to be enrolled.

I can still see before me a captain, who, on leaving the altar railing, turned to me to ask a question,—"Father," he said, "you spoke of two obligations and two privileges." I repeated the explanation of the Sabbatine Privilege "Thank you," he answered, and I saw a big tear stealing its way into his fierce mustache.

A landlady could not resolve on a necessary sacrifice,"and yet," I told her "you must do it. It is necessary. Take the scapular of Carmel and you will see a miracle." A few days later, the miracle had been accomplished, and her idol lay broken on the ground.

From the same Parisian parish, a servant girl sent me the following letter : "Reverend Father,— An humble domestic wishes to thank you for receiving her into the Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. For years I have suffered from a cruel disease. I am so happy to-day, to be able to tell you that since I wear the scapular all suffering and pain has ceased. I suffer no longer. I made a novena of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel ; nor do I forget every morning and evening to thank her for the grace which she obtained for me. How happy I am to have received such a favor from the hands of Our Blessed Mother Mary.—J. ——V.——, Paris, 10 June, 1899."

Yours, etc.,
F. Amand, Carmelite,
Miss Apost.

Mater Dolorosa.

J. William Fischer.

I.

O Mother, Queen! great was the pang of pain,
That pierced thy heart, when sad thy tearful eyes
Beheld the clouds of suff'ring round thee rise
To kiss the cross, that bore the Christ's sweet name

II.

No lips of thine to murmur gave relief
They moved ; yet 'twas in sorrow's silent prayer
Upon the cross, thy Son fast nailed there
And in thy soul, a Calvary of grief.

Antonio: A Tale of the Street.

J. William Fischer.

He stands at the corner in sun and in rain
  While the heart of the city beats free;
Upon his young lips lies the imprint of pain,
  His eyes full of longing, you see.
His cheeks are as pale as the lilies that bloom,
  In his own sunny land over the sea;
He stands there forlorn—all alone in the gloom,
  And sings sweet a love-melody.

And there, at his side, stands his harp, old and worn,
  That has lightened his sorrow for years;
Sad, homeless—an orphan—with jacket all torn—
  He kisses it oft with his tears.
And filled with emotion, his song often steals
  Into hearts that are gen'rous and rare,
And lingers entrancing and sweetly reveals
  The fond homes of pity left there.

One ev'ning he sang a sad, low, tender strain,
  And the harp played its cords in between,
And crowds gathered round him to hear the refrain,
  So sweet was its musical theme.
For the song he sang in his own native rhyme,
  Thrilled the pulses of past, weary years;
And the minors of grief found pity this time,
  And melted one heart into tears.

For close at his side, stood a man richly drest,
  And he wept 'neath the spell of that strain;
It recalled to his mind a grassy grave blest,
  On sunny Italia's plain.
"O mother, farewell!" came that clear voice again,
  And the stranger looked up with a start,
And said, while the harp notes sang o'er the refrain:
  "Come, laddie! your song's won my heart."

The bells of St. Patrick's are ringing, and slow,
  A fond message to us they do bring;
They recall to our minds that night long ago,
  When we heard an orphan-boy sing.
To-day at the altar Antonio stands—
  God's priest—and his lips move in prayer,
And mass being over, he raises his hands
  And blesses his friend, kneeling there.

Favors Obtained Through the Scapular.

The following incident in the life of Father Badour, S.J., is an extract from a biographical notice which appeared in the annals of the Society of Jesus. It was sent to the "Chroniques du Carmel," by a relative of the venerable religious.

One of the most terrible railway accidents in France occurred on the Versailles Railway in 1842. Among the few passengers who escaped with their lives was a young barrister from Ussel (Correge), Francois Badour, who was preparing for his degree as Doctor of Laws in Paris. At the depot something happened which made him change his compartment. He had already taken his seat in the coach when he noticed that the conversation of his fellow-passengers, three libertines, was worse than loose, and at the risk of not finding another seat, he stopped the conductor, who came to close the door, descended and with great difficulty found a seat in another compartment. "I shall be less comfortable," he thought, "but I would rather suffer some inconvenience than to be obliged to be in bad company."

At the moment of the terrible collision at Mendon (Bellevue), although bruised, he succeeded in disengaging himself from the wreck, and jumping on the roadbed, just as his coach was enveloped in flames.

Dragging himself along on hands and knees he succeeded in climbing up the embankment, and crawling through the fence. A little further on he fell exhausted and lost consciousness. After a while, when the sharp pain in his foot made him conscious again, he found himself stretched on the ground in the midst of a vineyard, without help in sight. He began to pray. Finally, as night approached, noticing a lantern, he shouted for help and was heard.

He was brought to the Necker hospital. While Dr. Netalou was examining his foot, he himself was looking for his scapular, and when he found it on his breast, showing the image of the blessed Virgin, he said, "Behold the one who saved me." Several papers of the period relate these words.

The coach, which he had abandoned on leaving the depot, was completely annihilated with all its passengers. But Francis Badour was not yet out of danger. The fracture of his foot extended from ankle to knee. Several little bones were crushed. For awhile it seemed as if gangrene had set in, and the sick man was placed before the alternative of choosing amputation or death. He accepted all with perfect resignation. But God destined Francois Badour for a long life to be spent in His service, and in promoting His glory, and was satisfied with his acceptance of the sacrifice demanded. The skill of Dr. Natalou triumphed. The foot was saved, but remained feeble, often painful.

Seven weeks after the accident the young barrister, walking on crutches, came to the Jesuit church, there to make a public communion of thanksgiving. An interior voice kept urging him to consecrate the life which had been so wonderfully spared, to the sole service of the great God, who had been so merciful.

He made a retreat in secret and concluded to give himself to God without reserve. Returning to Ussel, he gave all his possessions to the poor, and succeeded in gaining the consent of all his people, excepting his father. Not being able to overcome the opposition of his father, he escaped his vigilance one night, by crawling out of a window on the first floor of the house. He went to his older sister, Mrs. Boulet, and begged her to console his father, took the stage coach, and arriving at Toulouse, entered the novitiate of the Jesuit Fathers. Soon after a happy change took place in the heart and mind of his father, and the young man was left undisturbed in the peace and tranquility of his religious life.

Towards the close of the year 1847, a few days after his ordination, the young Jesuit was sent as a missionary to Syria. After forty years of a zealous Apostolate, on the 20th of June, 1889, at Beyrouth, in Syria, God called to his reward Fr. Francois Badour, who had been saved from death on the 8th of May, 1842, by Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

One of the Carmelite missionaries in India narrates the following facts in a letter published by the "Chroniques du Carmel,"—

"The evil one, seeing his reign diminish day by day, and that especially the dying escape him, seeks to revenge himself in a thousand ways. His most common and most perfidious attack consists in suggesting to the dying neophytes to take off the Scapular of Our Lady. I will tell you of two cases in my experience, one consoling and the other terrible.

Marie, the mother of my chief catechist, Jean, was on her death bed. All at once she lifts her hand to her shoulder, and pointing at the scapular of Mt. Carmel, she cried out,—

"Take it off! take it off! it is burning me; it is that which is making me so sick. It is killing me."

"No, dear mother," said her son Jean "it is the devil who is deceiving you. To drive him away, we will all say the rosary for you."

The attendants fell on their knees and recite the rosary. The prayer being finished the poor sick woman persisted in wishing to have the scapular removed, which, as she said, was burning her most painfully. Again the rosary was said, without rendering her more quiet. It was only after the rosary had been said eight times, that she ceased to importune the assistants to remove the scapular. She became more and more tranquil and her cries, her sufferings and her struggles ceased, when suddenly she fell into a kind of ecstasy and cried out,—"Oh, look, look, behold the Blessed Virgin coming to me. She recognizes me as her daughter, because I wear Her scapular. Oh, thank you my dear children, a thousand times, for keeping it on me."

And the child of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel expired calmly and peacefully.

* * * *

Alas! Paul, one of my christian children, unfortunately did not find such charitable souls around his death bed. The poor boy became seriously ill. I visited him day after day, and administered the last Sacraments to him, which he received with the utmost devotion, answering himself all the liturgical prayers.

Obliged to leave him in order to continue my round of sick calls, I recommended to his parents not to take off the scapular, and the little crucifix hung around his neck. After he was gone he entered his last agony. Suddenly, Paul, who had been completely exhausted and immovable, makes a supreme effort, and with feverish hands tries to seize and pull off the scapular and crucifix. But his dying hands are powerless. He moves his lips and tongue, plainly asking to have these blessed objects removed. His pagan mother hastens to take off the cross and the scapular, and a moment after Paul dies.

The news of Paul's death, and the distressing circumstances attending it, soon spread through the whole district, and filled my Christians with fear. Only to-day, at one of our meetings,, one of them, in the name of all, addressed me on the subject.

"Father," he said, "when we fall sick, we beg of you to give us strong scapulars and to fasten them well around our necks. And, we pray, do not leave us to the mercy of our pagan relatives. Appoint some fervent Christians to remain on guard at our bedside, relieving each other from time to time, in order to keep us from falling into this terrible temptation, and to prevent us from losing our faith at the last moment.

* * * *

An American general, well known for his military skill and bravery, became a convert to the Catholic church during the Civil War. The circumstances which accompanied and followed his conversion were so peculiar that they deserve to be recorded.

One day, while a big battle was raging, and the deafening noise of the booming guns and the sharp rattling noise of the musketry, mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying, the general saw a soldier fall near him. He sent help to him at once, and demanded information as to his condition. To his surprise, he learned that something very strange had happened. The ball, which went straight for the heart of the soldier, had been deflected by a

scapular, which the soldier wore, and turning aside, had inflicted only a very slight flesh wound, which would soon be healed.

The general, a Protestant, was so struck by this incident, that he carefully investigated the fact, and was convinced that only the goodness and power of the Mother of God could explain this wonderful happening. He found no rest until he had become a Catholic.

At the end of the war, he returned to his home. a little troubled about the reception which his Protestant wife might give him, if she heard of his conversion. He had not the courage to tell her. The first Sunday after his return, he heard the bells of the Catholic church ring for mass. Saying something to his wife about the need of a barber, he left the house and went straight to the church. The usher brought him to a pew, and assigned him a seat. The General, bending his head devoutly, said his prayer with profound recollection. A lady arrived who took a seat in the same pew, but the general was so absorbed in his devotions that he did 'not notice her. It was only when the priest had said the "Ite missa est" and given benediction, that the general, rising and making the sign of the cross for the last gospel, noticed the lady at his side, who also signed forehead, lips and heart with the cross. It was his own wife, who, unknown to him, had joined the church some time before. They had been hiding from each other the sweet "secret of the King." Our readers can imagine the holy joy which filled their hearts at the discovery that they were thus re-united in the same holy faith, as they had been united before in marriage.

Editorial Notes.

Now is the time to renew good resolutions, to be more zealous in doing good.

* * * *

Easter is a day of joy only to those who have carried their cross of suffering patiently and manfully.—No cross, no crown.

* * * *

Virgin Mother of God, Mary, pray to Jesus for me. (St. Philip Neri)— (50 days' indulgence.)

* * * *

All hail to St. Patrick, Ireland's Apostle, on March 17th. His dying prayer was: "O, Erin, my own dear land, mayst thou never lose the true faith, which thou hast so joyfully received."

* * * *

All Catholics know their duty to do penance and change their lives during these holy days. Everyone should go to the Holy Sacraments at Easter. Easter is Easter indeed to the families in which the father and mother and all the children go to the Table of the Lord on Easter morn. The Lord is, indeed, in such homes, and in the souls of such people. They may rejoice and be glad for the Lord is there. He liveth in their souls.

* * * *

"Peace be with you."

Many foolish people are carried away by sorrows, troubles, poorness, by foolish ideas and false teaching, but all men are looking for peace. Only in Christ the Lord can true peace and rest be found for our soul. Sufferings and troubles can be borne, and borne for and with Christ; such will be the harbingers of the spring-time of peace for our souls, and the token of our eternal resurrection. Only in Jesus Christ can we find peace. By listening to the word of the Holy Church, we will hear the voice of Christ, and we, being submissive to the command of Christ, shall find peace.

* * * *

All good Catholics will remember during these days the dolors of Our Blessed Lady. She, the mother of sorrows, suffered with Her Divine Son during the days of the Passion. Our Blessed Lady shows us how the innocent also most suffer. She was so pure and so loved by God, and when we behold Mary's beauty, innocence and goodness, and remember that she became our mother through an ocean of sorrow, under the foot of the cross, we, as her children, should imitate our mother's strength, patience and resignation in sorrow, and her purity and innocence in the days of our life. Doing so, we may expect the victory and gladness that were hers on Easter Morn.

Beginning with Holy Saturday, the faithful may gain the indulgences of the Angelus, by saying instead of the later prayer, the "Regina Coeli," as follows,—

Queen of Heaven, rejoice, Alleluia;
For He whom Thou wast made worthy to bear, Alleluia,
Hath risen, as he said, Alleluia.
Pray for us to our God, Alleluia—
Rejoice and be glad, O, Virgin Mary, Alleluia.,
For the Lord hath risen indeed, Alleluia

Let Us Pray.

God, who through the Resurrection of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, hast vouchsafed to make glad the whole world, grant us, we beseech Thee, that, through the intercession of the Virgin Mary, His Mother, we may attain the joys of eternal life. Through the same Christ, our Lord. Amen. (The New Raccolta.)

* * * *

The terrible crimes of even children and youths in their teens, call for serious reflection of all parents. The maudlin pampering of children by their parents, the want of early correction and kind chastisement are the causes of unbridled passion in the young and old. Christian fathers and mothers who have the fear of God, know that their children are put in their hands as a sacred trust by God, and, from their earliest youth, they bring them up in the fear of God. God fearing children learn to

curb their passions, to put up with troubles and sorrows and sickness for God's sake, knowing that there is a hell of torments to avoid, and a Heaven of eternal joys to gain,—and that the narrow road only, leads to Paradise.

* * * *

OUR HOLY FATHER, THE POPE.

Catholic hearts are filled with joy when they hear of the beginning of our Holy Father's silver jubilee, as Pope. In the year 1903, our Holy Father will celebrate His Silver Jubilee as Pope, his golden jubilee as Cardinal, his diamond jubilee as Bishop. On March 2nd Our Holy Father celebrates his 92nd birthday, and on March 3rd, the beginning of the silver jubilee, as Pope. All Catholics will be generous in contributing offerings, and praying and beseeching God to grant our Father, Leo XIII, many years yet to live and rule the Church of God, as the "Light in the Heavens." May our Blessed Lady preserve our Bishop of Bishops to watch over the Church of God.

* * * *

The Feast of the Resurrection brings joy to the whole world. As Christ died, showed himself to be truly man, so by rising from the grave, he proved himself really God. Without the resurrection of Our Saviour, our faith, and hope and religion would be in vain. The Church sings out to-day, "Let us rejoice and be glad." "This is the day that the Lord hath made, let us rejoice, and be glad therein. The soul of our Lord comes, accompanied with the holy souls out of Limbo into the grave, where it was united with His Sacred Body. He arose—glorious and immortal, from the grave. The soldiers on guard were bribed by the Jews to hold their tongues. We hear the angels saluting the holy women ; we are thrilled with the joy of the Magdalen, the gladness of the Apostles, and, we contemplate the joys of our Blessed Mother Mary, who before all, saw,adored, embraced, and rested in peace and jubilation in the arms of Her Risen Son and Saviour. We poor mortals, in the spirit of the church, should cry out out with gladness—He has arisen —The stone has been rolled back—He is not in the grave ; he is not there—He is alive, immortal, glorious. Death shall no longer have any power over him. He is the life and the light. In him alone, shall we find our resurrection, our peace, our life and eternal joy. We should drive from our hearts the blackness of sin and insincerity, and awake from the death of sin and evil ways, roll back the stone of obstinacy and habitual wrong doing, and feed upon the bread of the strong ; receive the Body and Blood of Our Saviour,—him who was sacrificed as the Paschal Lamb for us. Christ has risen, and He dies no more, that we may arise and die no more by sin, but may live a new life in Christ Jesus, our Risen Saviour.

* * * *

Men, powerful in word and deed, have repeatedly appeared upon the world's bustling stage, drawing the attention of thousands of amazed spectators upon the greatness of their persons. Warlike leaders have arisen who have electrified and inspired with a noble courage whole armies by a mere glance of the eye ; others by a word of encouragement ; others by the good example they gave their troops. Philosophers, poets and orators have made for themselves an immortal name, by an uncommon profundity of thought, by a singular grace and beauty of style, by an exhibition of reasoning powers, such as are not found among the common class of men. Even in the church of God, saints have arisen, who by the performance of astounding miracles astonished the whole world. Their names were in the mouths of all and will remain so even unto the end of ages. To-day, however, another man is presented to our view, a man whom neither greatness of talent, nor heroic exploits, nor wondrous deeds, nor external advantages, render conspicuous and praiseworthy. This man is the glorious St. Joseph, the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and the foster father of Jesus Christ. Among his own people he was little known, and not much thought of, because the part he played in life was seemingly insignificant,and the work by which he supported himself was of the poorest and humblest kind. But what made him a saint and rendered him glor-

ious in heaven and earth was his doing the will of God in all things. The will of God was his rule of life. It was his daily food and drink. He took to heart the words of our Lord: "He that doth the will of my Father in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Math. 7:21).

The children of men have but one supreme office to fulfill, viz., to know, love and serve their creator all their lives long, so as to become hereafter partakers of an eternal bliss in the kingdom of Heaven. This lofty end may be attained in divers ways. For, just as there are many roads leading to the same city, so there are many different states of life in which men can work out their salvation. All men are travellers on the rough road to heaven. Many a one will faint on the road, another will turn back and another wander off completely; but the one that bravely pursues his journey, overcoming all obstacles, especially such as he meets with in the fulfillment of the several duties of his state of life, he it is that will obtain an immortal crown and carry off the proffered prize.

St. Joseph gives us a noble example of how to live holy in any state of life As the spouse of the Blessed Virgin, he is no sooner informed of the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation, as performed by the Holy Ghost in her blessed womb, than perfectly submissive to God's will, takes her to himself. Henceforth his sole happiness consists in guarding, supporting and providing for that tender Virgin, whom God had entrusted to his loving care. A love springing from the depths of the charity of God, a love chaste and holy,purer than gold, united these two hearts, forming a bond, which death itself could not separate.

* * * *

Blessed Joanna of Toulouse.

This holy virgin, a child of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, drew upon herself from her very childhood, the admiration of all who knew her.

From her infancy she despised the empty and transitory pleasures of this mortal life , and gave herself up to the practice of the virtues of penance, charity or the love of God, and holy purity. Our Holy Mother, the Church, in exhibiting to us this bright example of penance and charity, wishes her children to learn to walk in the footsteps of this holy virgin, and become acquainted with the peace and repose which the practice of these virtues, alone, can give.

Fr. Thos.

* * * *

Blessed Louis Morbioli, Carmelite.

When a doctor wishes to cure a patient from an obstinate sickness, he frequently prescribes very bitter medicines. In the same way when God wishes to recall a sinner to a change of life He often sends him severe trials and afflictions. This was the case with B. Louis Morbioli, who in his youth had given himself over to a life of dissipation and vice God strikes him with a burning fever, which brings him almost to the point of death. He recognizes the punishing hand of God and resolves upon a radical change of life. What he had resolved upon he put into execution. From this time on he practised the greatest austerities to satisfy the divine justice for his former offences. He died the death of a Saint. After his death he was honored and invoked by the people, who soon experienced in him a powerful intercessor by God. From a great sinner he was converted into a great Saint. Never say to yourself, "It is too late." The truth is that the greatest sinners may often become the greatest Saints.

* * * *

St. Jacobinus de Canepaciis.

In the life of Saint Jacobinus de Canepaciis, we have a model of true perfection, whose life bloomed forth pure and spotless as a lily before its creator. Despising the world and its allurements, he entered an order most closely devoted to the Blessed Mother of God. There it was that he spent his mortal life; secluded from the world, amidst poverty, and fasting and sufferings, until God, unwilling to suffer so spotless a soul to remain in this painful world, called his pure soul to His own Eternal Presence. In the life of this holy saint, we Catholics have a shining example for our imitation, especially so in this holy season of Lent, when Holy Church ex-

horts us to do penance for our sins. Let us endeavor to imitate the suffering of this holy saint, so that when we come to die, our Lord may say to us, as he did to St. Jacobinus, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will place thee over many. Enter thou into the joys of the Lord."

* * * *

The Holy Archangel Gabriel.

All the ascetical writers tell us, that we should love and venerate God's friends in heaven. The holy angels and the Saints implore their intercession, and ask for their help and assistance, because they have great power with God, who loves them so much, that He will not deny them what they ask. We should therefore place great confidence in the intercession of St. Gabriel, as he is "one of the seven who stand before the Lord.". (Fob. xii 95). It will certainly be ever so profitable for our spiritual welfare to place ourselves as well as our children under the special protection of this great friend of God. The feast of St. Gabriel is celebrated on the 18th of March. He is one of the protectors of the Carmelite Order.

* * * *

Blessed Romaeus.

In the person of the Blessed Romaeus, whose feast we celebrate on the fourth of this month, we have an example of true obedience. On account of his eminent virtues, he was obtained by St. Avertanus, as a companion on a pilgrimage, which he was about to undertake. Having received the command from his superior, Romaeus, without any resistance, set out on his troublesome journey, in which he suffered many hardships from the inconvenience of travel that existed in those days, and from the want of the necessaries of life. A few times even his life was in danger. All this he suffered patiently and even with joy, and at the same time trying to emulate his companion in the practice of virtue.

On their way home, St. Avertanus died, and Romaeus consoled by a vision of the Saviour, with many Saints, among which he recognized St. Avertanus, the following week departed from this life, to join his companion in a better country, where they would be separated no more.

The world laughs at these lessons of obedience, but people would be much more happy if they imitated these holy men in the practice of this noble virtue.

* * * *

S. Berthold.

The example which the Saints have given to the world is for us a powerful incentive to the practice of virtue; and by their lives, each one teaches us some special lesson.

S. Berthold, an illustrious champion of Mary, whose feast is celebrated on the 29th of March by the spirit of retirement and penance, which characterizes him, has put into practice the divine saying, that whosoever will follow Christ, must renounce all and deny himself. A man of great learning, whose prospects in a worldly career were bright; he left all and retired to the solitude of Carmel, solely intent on obtaining the all important object of man's life here below,—the salvation of his immortal soul, which affair, amidst the distractions of the world, we are so liable to forget, and thus endanger our temporal and eternal welfare.

* * * *

St. Cyril of Constantinople.

On the sixth of this month we commemorate the feast of St. Cyril. He was born at Constantinople, where he was also ordained priest, and flourished as a great teacher and preacher. In order to avoid a disruption with the patriarch of Constantinople, who taught the error of the Greeks regarding the Procession of the Holy Ghost, he retired to Mount Carmel, where he joined the order, and afterwards became the sixth Latin General of the Carmelites.

If we only imitated him, how many quarrels and disputes would be avoided, for as the old saying is, it takes two to make a quarrel. If, instead of exciting and provoking others by our stinging words, we would be silent, or retire to another place, all disputes and quarrels, which often have such terrible consequences, would be avoided, and much ill feeling and enmity would be spared.

New Publications.

Everyone capable of judging, who has had the pleasure of reading Katherine E. Conway's last work, "Lalor Maples," must admit that this is the best from the pen of this bright American writer. The first edition was soon exhausted, and a second is on the market. There is nothing dry in "Lalor Maples"—the book is full of mental meat, good thinking, much entertainment, common sense, sound theology, and will be a compensation for time lost in the perusal of other books with only catchy titles to recommend them.

Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth. The publishers of this work are to be praised for the good work they have done for youth in the publication of this book. The prayer book in the hands of the young is a silent but chastening companion, whose quiet advice and devotion in cold type has a great influence on the young. This book will have a great success, for it is most carefully prepared for young minds, and it cannot fail to make a lasting impression and to bring forth a hundred fold of blessings in the increase of the devotion to youth. If the advice and admonition of this excellent work are impressed on the minds of the young, we will have no fear for the growth of our youth along the lines of purity and truth. By Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Net 60c.

Enfant de Marie writes: "How wonderful are the ways of God's providence over souls! The following instance was related by an American priest as having occurred during his missionary labors. One day an Irishman requested him to visit an old negress, who was dying, as she was crying out for a priest. The good father hastened at once and found that she had made her first confession and Holy Communion at the age of ten, and afterwards was sold (as it was in the years of slave-trade) and brought to a remote district where there was no opportunity of religious consolation. She lived a hundred years from that date, and never forgot that God who had rejoiced her youth. Now the end was near and He heard her cries, and thus wonderfully and sweetly disposed that one of His ministers should gladden the fading hours of a long and, no doubt, faithful suffering life.

Words of Encouragement.

Almonte, Ont.

Dear Fathers:

As long as I live I hope to be able to take your paper, "The Review." It should be in every home. Wishing you every success, I remain,

Your humble servant,

C. M. Mc.

Dundas, Ont.

Rev. Fathers kindly continue to send the Review, as I feel it a duty I owe to our Immaculate Mother to take it.

With best wishes for a happy and prosperous year, I remain,

Yours sincerely.

M. S.

Rev. and Dear Fathers:

I enclosed $5.00 for a special favor granted through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. I was very sick, and promised her if I recovered, that I would donate the above sum to the building-fund of her shrine. I am very happy to write that she has heard and granted me my request, and I am very thankful to her for this.

From one of Mary's clients.

Dear Rev. Fathers:

I promised the little Infant Jesus, that if my wife had a happy delivery, I would have a mass of thanksgiving said in His honor and in honor of His Immaculate Mother. Thanks to them, I obtained my favor. Therefore I enclose a dollar for a Mass, and please say the same as soon as possible; and so as to spread the devotion of the little Infant and His Blessed Mother, I wish it published in the Carmelite Review.

Yours faithfully,

C. O'C.

Let the child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what you wilt.—Franklin.

Favors Received.

Dear Fathers :

I wish to return thanks through the Carmelite Review, to our Blessed Lady for favors granted me.

M. A. S.

Rochester, N.Y.

Rev. Carmelite Fathers :

Please find herein enclosed one dollar for which kindly say a Mass in honor of our Lady of the Scapular, in thanksgiving for a favor received, and for the success of an undertaking.

C. E. M. D.

Riverside, O.

Dear Father :

I have obtained a special favor through the intercession of St. Expedit ; help me to make him better known by publishing it in the Carmelite Review.

M. K.

Petitions Asked For.

For a special intention, for a person afflicted with eye trouble ; success for a young man in medical studies, that he might be temperate and avoid bad company ; for three young men who are intemperate, and neglect their religious duties ; for the health of a family and conversion of a husband ; for a special favor ; for the cure of a troublesome sore in eyes ; for cure of an annoying sore on neck.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at Falls View, from our Lady of the Sacred Heart ; Watertown, N.Y.; Trinity, Nfld ; Mankato, Minn.; North Sydney, C.B.; St. Michaels Church, Belle Island, Nfld.; East Margaree, N.S.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Dickinson Landing, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.; Rm. C. Mission, Cala, Tembuland, S. Africa.

Names received at New Baltimore, Pa., from : St. Louis, St. Louis University.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the following deceased :

Mrs. Rosanna S. Mallow, who died January 16th, 1902, at San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Amanda Lane, who died at Astoria, Oregon.

Dennis Keleher, who recently died in Ireland ; Walter W. Spillard, of Elgin, Ill.; Charles Ferry, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. J. McDonald, who died Jan. 2nd, 1902.

Bro. Telesphorus Sigl, died Saturday, February 22nd, and was buried in the shadow of our Lady of Peace, on Feb. 24, 1902.

May these souls and all the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace ! Amen.

PERSISTENCE.

The quality which counts for more than intelligence or talent in the accomplishment of a purpose is persistence. The aims of young men are various, but whatever their aim may be, it may be described in the one word, success, and success cannot be achieved except by persistent labor. It is perhaps for this reason that people who are accounted dull sometimes outstrip those who are credited with high intelligence or talent. It is the old story of the tortoise and the hare. There is no royal road to success in any calling. Talent, quick intelligence, the ability to learn new lessons without study, are qualities much to be desired, but they cannot altogether take the place of persistence, which in the long run serves as a useful substitute for abilities generally reckoned to be of a higher order. — Pittsburg Observer.

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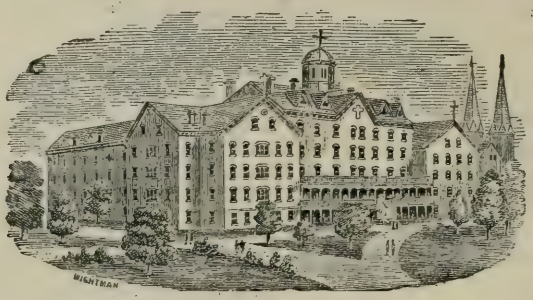

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THIS INSTITUTION, founded November 21, 1856, and chartered by Act of Legislature, April 20, 1863, with power to confer Degrees, is located in the midst of the enchanting scenery of the famous Niagara Falls. It affords every facility for obtaining a thorough **Classical, Scientific, Commercial, or Ecclesiastical Course.**

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TERMS: Board, Tuition, Washing, and Mending of Articles Washed, per term, $100. Vacation, if spent at the Seminary, $40.

EXTRA CHARGES: Piano, Organ, Violin, Flute, Clarionet or Guitar, with use of instrument, $40 per Annum.

For further particulars address the President, **VERY REV. P. McHALE, C.M.**

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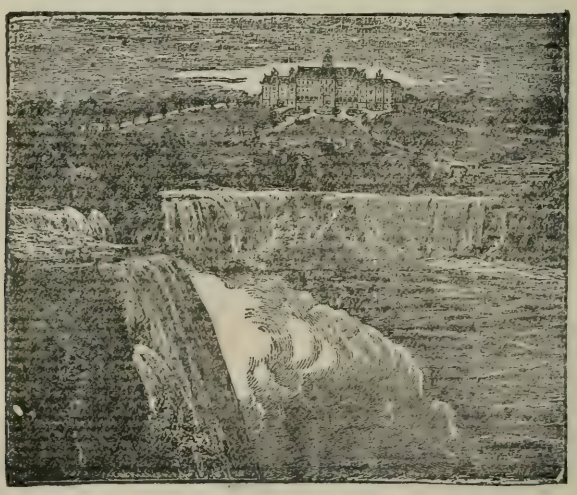

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St. Joseph.

Carmelite Review

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Address communications and make orders payable to **The Carmelite Fathers**, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Cloister Beauties.

BEAUTIFUL lives that are all for God
In the shade of His holy place!
Beautiful hearts, with your inward gaze
E'er fixed on the Saviour's Face!

Beautiful poor! there are echoes soft *
Of His voice on the mount of old
Whispering still, in the silent air
That His love is your priceless gold.

Beautiful lilies so chastely fair,
With a mystical odor blest!
The virginal Sponsor delights to come,
And finds in your midst His rest.

Beautiful chords of the human heart!
Melodious your inward thrill,
Vibrating so soft, through spirit aisles,
To the touch of God's Holy Will!

Beautiful deaths, like those sunset-tints
Illuming the parting day;
How oft does a golden radiance shine,
O'er life, ere it ebbs away.

Beautiful crowns of celestial light
In the Kingdom of blessed calm!
Beautiful song of the virgin-souls
Who follow, for aye, the Lamb!

—ENFANT DE MARIE,
St. Clares.

* "Blessed are the poor in spirit, etc."—St. Matt. v. 3.

Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Specially Prepared for THE CARMELITE REVIEW by VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P, Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

With this letter, dear Walter, I close my "Notes," hoping that they have afforded you and yours a pleasure equal to that which I experienced in perpetuating through them, (even though within a narrow circle,) recollections of persons, places and events that nothing can efface from my memory.

After our return to Jerusalem from "St. John in the mountains" (which formed, in part, the burden of my last communication to you), we spent some five days in revisiting leisurely the holy places by excellence, to wit, the Sacred Tomb, Mount Calvary, the Garden of Gethsemane, etc., and in extending still further our acquaintance with the 'Royal City." From one point to another we roamed,—Pere Paul always in the van—drinking in with ecstasy the copious draughts which the "Pierian Spring" furnished abundantly to our eager intellect or imagination, as the case might be. And, I assure you, the opportunities which this inexhaustible source afforded us for slaking our mental thirst, were only second to those it gave for exciting afresh and intensifying the same. On all sides new objects were constantly claiming our attention, until at last we were simply forced to call a halt on our enthusiasm, lest we should overtax our physical endurance; for we realized that there was vastly more to be seen and learned than the brief space of time at our command warranted us in attempting. The poets warning cry: "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," did not exactly apply here. So we preferred in many instances to taste, even though we might not "drink," and to content ourselves with a swallow rather than not drink at all. In fact, like Gedeon's faithful band, we drank as we ran For my part, I adhered scrupulously to a rule which I had laid down long before my present peregrinations, viz.: "See all you can while you can, and as well as you can. Then read all you can on the subject-matter, not indeed while you are actually making your explorations. but when you have left the field and are perfectly at leisure." I have always found this a necessary and most useful rule in contradistinction to the practice observed by a certain class of tourists whom I have encountered, and who, with mouth wide open and bated breath, listen to their cicerone, following him the while from place to place without paying even moderate attention, seemingly, to the objects described. In truth, I have seen people so absorbed in their guide-book, or so intent upon what the conductor of the party was rtelling them that they merely had time to give the object in question a hasty glance when first pointed out to them, and as they were on the point of leaving it for something else. The consequence was, naturally, that when they came to sum up their experiences, they found that they had heard or read much and seen little. The obvious moral is: First make sure of your quarry: next, examine it thoroughly, and, finally, fill in the empty spaces of your mental repertoire with well selected reading apropos of the matter in hand. Then you can feel (and not without reason) that you "know it all." But, let me resume my ramblings. I alluded in the first of my letter, Dear Walter, to the fact that my bishop had charged me with a special mission in Jerusalem, etc. What the nature of this was, I do not feel at liberty to disclose; but it brought me in contact with a gentleman whose name is a household word in Palestine, and whose extensive good works, charities, etc., have made him known wherever the Holy Land is discussed. This is the Count de Piellat, "Knight Commander

of the Holy Sepulchre," a fervent Catholic, and a thorough business man, as divers religious institutions in the Orient know to their advantage. On learning from me the object of my visit, he at once put himself at my disposal with genuine French courtesy, and we sallied forth for a tour of certain localities which I had not as yet seen. Taking a carriage we went up Mount Olivet, and passed thence to Mount Scopus, visiting while on the former the site of our Lord's Ascension, etc. On this sacred spot we beheld a small edifice in the form of a Kiosk, or Turkish summer-house, though closed in instead of open, as buildings of that class are. It is in this,—now a mosque, alas,—that the rock on which our Saviour left the imprint of his feet when he bade farewell to this earth to return to His Heavenly Father. This sacred memento is set in the floor of the little Kiosk, near the centre and is surrounded by a border of white marble. Only the print of the left foot is visible now, that of the right having, it is supposed, been removed bit by bit through the indiscreet piety of over-zealous pilgrims, to be used as relics. The Turks hold this rock in singular veneration, for they regard Jesus Christ as one of the greatest among the prophets. They even go so far as to deny that he was put to death, and explain the Christian version of His Passion, etc, by saying that in order to punish Judas Iscariot for his infamous treachery, He invested that wretched man with his own appearance and delivered him to be crucified,—the Jews thinking all the while that it was Jesus they were executing, whereas it was the miserable apostle. The old Mussulman who showed us around on this occasion, was quite voluble,— Monsieur le Comte de Piellat kindly acting as interpreter for me. We made a charming visit in company to the convent of the Carmelite nuns, situated on the historic Mount of Olives, and I had quite a conversation with the Rev. Mother, telling her of my acquaintance with numerous houses of her Order in the United States. She was very much interested, evidently regarding our country as away at the ends of the earth, and seemingly wondering how the Daughters of St. Teresa ever got there.

This institution is said to be on the site where our Lord taught His Disciples the "Our Father," whence it is most appropriately called "The Pater." On the walls the "Lord's Prayer" is inscribed in thirty-two languages. Among these are the Hebrew, Samaritan, Chinese, Coptic, Tartar and Japanese. By a strange oversight I regret to say, the English is in the Protestant version, to wit : "For Thine be the Kingdom, etc."

We called also at the Convent of Benedictine nuns, near some property owned by the Count. A grand view is had from Mount Olivet. At its foot is the Garden of Gethsemane ; a little further on, the Valley of Jehosophat ; then,rising on Mount Sion, etc., the holy city of Jerusalem with its quaint white dwellings, topped with domes and terraced ; its churches, mosques and synagogues all flanked by the high gray walls erected by the Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century,—the ensemble making a picture which will never fade from the mind of the fortunate beholder.

The gospel tells us that our amiable Redeemer often ascended this mountain to pray. A Russian chapel with a bell-tower, which, by reason of its great height, is visible miles away, crowns the summit of the Mount,—another proof of the growing pre-eminence of schismatic influence in the places sanctified by the God-Man.

From Mount Scopus, famous as the point whence the Roman legions first caught sight of Jerusalem, which, in fulfilment of our Saviour's prophecy, they were destined to destroy, the Count and I descended to the holy city and made our way to the Cenacle,—the place where our divine Lord pronounced that brief but most admirable discourse by which he prepared the Apostles to become Priests of the New Law, and shepherds of His flock throughout the world ; and where the first Christian altar was raised, on which Jesus Christ, at once the High Priest and Victim of the second covenant, offered the Eucharistic Sacrifice for the first time at the eating of the paschal lamb,—a figure of Himself, "The Lamb of God," about to be immo-

lated on the cross. (See twenty-second chapter of St. Luke's gospel). Here also our Saviour appeared twice to His Disciples :—On the day of His glorious Resurrection, namely, and eight days thereafter, when He gave His Apostles and their successors, the priests of His church, the power to forgive or retain sins. (St. John xx : 23.) On this occasion, too, it was that the incredulous Apostle Thomas touched with his hands the glorified wounds of his risen Lord, and gave utterance to that exultant profession of faith : "My Lord and my God !" (Ibid. 28.) In the hall of the Cenacle (also called the supper-room) it was, moreover, that the Holy Ghost descended on the day of Pentecost upon the disciples and our Blessed Lady. (Acts ii: 1 to 4.) Finally, it was here that St. Peter, acting for the first time in capacityof the "Pope," i.e.,, as Vicar of Jesus Christ, directed the election of a successor to the traitor Judas in the apostolate. (Acts 1—passim.) We may pass over with simple mention the tradition that the sacrament of Confirmation was instituted here ; that it was here St. James the Less was consecrated Bishop of Jerusalem, and that St. Stephen and six others were made deacons. Now for a brief description of the Cenacle. It measures, as it stands to-day, some sixteen yards in length by ten in width, and is in the gothic style characteristic of the fourteenth century.* It has two stories, or rather, a ground floor and one story, and serves, sad to say, as a Turkish mosque. In the first story where Christ washed the feet of his disciples, no Christian is now allowed to set foot ; and, indeed, a visit to the Cenacle, unless accompanied, as I was, by a person of influence, is, I may say, an impossibility. There is authority, pro and con, that David is buried in this place, and the Mussulman in charge points out his tomb,—for a bak sheesh,! On leaving the Cenacle, Monsieur de Piel lat conducted me to the "Locus Dormitionis Beatissimae Virginis Mariae,"—the site of the house in which (according to a tradition at variance with that of Ephesus) the Blessed Virgin died. The present German Emperor purchased this spot (quite a large plot of ground) and turned it over to the Catholics of his realm. The "Crusade for the Holy Land" (a bright little brochure published in the interests of the Fransiscan missions in the East) writes as follows hereon :—

"By this generous act, says Cardinal Kopp, of Breslau, the Emperor has instituted a lasting inheritance, which has given joy to the whole of Catholic Christianity, and will always be held and cherished by German Catholics in grateful remembrance of the Emperor's visit to Jerusalem.

"His Majesty graciously announced his gift to the Holy Father in a telegram, saying':—

" 'I am happy to be able to inform your Holiness that, thanks to the benevolent intervention of His Majesty the Sultan, who has not hesitated to give me this proof of his personal friendship, I have been able to acquire at Jerusalem the abode of the Holy Virgin. I decided to place this ground, consecrated by so many pious memories, at the disposal of my Catholic subjects. It rejoices my heart to be able thus to prove how dear to me are the religious interests of the Catholics whom Divine Providence has placed in my care. I beg your Holiness to accept the assurance of my sincere attachment.'

"The Holy Father replied, thanking him and expressing satisfaction at the gift, for which he was sure the German Catholics would be deeply grateful."

The fine-looking new Lutheran church "of the Holy Redeemer," dedicated by the Emperor in 1898, stands on the place called Muristan, opposite the basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, on the site of the ancient church of St. Mary Major, and is built on the plan of the same. Its massive square ,,campanile" was designed by William II. himself. But its beauty is all on the outside, as it contains nothing worthy of special note. We gave it a passing call, as also the Russian church in Jerusalem, which, in contrast, like "the King's daughter," mentioned by David in the Psalm, has its beauty within, as far as rich paint-

*—Note—Like many other ancient buildings, it has undergone divers alterations during the lapse of centuries.

ings and ornaments are concerned, at least.

On Mount Moriah I visited the site of Solomon's temple, now occupied by the Turkish mosques of Omar and El-Aska. In the former one sees the vast rock on which, it is said, Abraham was about to sacrifice his son Issaac when the angel stopped him. The Mussulmans hold this spot in great veneration. We went down into the "Stables of Solomon," near by,—vast subterranean vaults,looking more like immense wine cellars than an abode for horses, and suggesting the good times that misguided monarch must have had in the days of his glory. Of the "Tombs of the Kings," which our party saw, a Cleveland priest tells that a Protestant minister and his wife from the United States, were among the company of tourists with whom he happened to be when sight-seeing in Jerusalem. The lady held back at the "door" of the "Tombs," which is rather small, and, by her indecision, kept others from entering. Her husband urged her on, and, at last growing impatient, exclaimed : "O, go ahead ! If you can get your feet in the rest will be easy." Whereupon she flounced around in a fit of indignation and retired from the scene. (Was she, perhaps, from Chicago ?) The "Tombs of the Kings" (a misnomer, if, by some writers, the last resting place of the sovereigns of Israel is meant) is a most interesting structure. One descends into it by twenty-five steps, cut in the rock. It has thirty-seven places of sepulchre, and when first cleared of the debris which had accumulated in it (it dates from the forty-fourth year of the christian era, and has, consequently, had its vicissitudes), divers magnificent sarcophagi, etc., were found in it. The Turks also called these tombs "Qoubour-es-Salatine,"—tombs of the Sultans. But enough of these abodes of the dead, which were about the last thing we saw in dear old Jerusalem.

After nine days of unalloyed interest and pleasure, during which our piety and devotion had ample scope for exercise,we bade farewell to the scenes of our Saviour's cruel Passion and Death. Our party went by train to Jaffa, whence my companion and I set sail for Beyrouth, the rest of our number going to Egypt. I was loathe to separate from them, having journeyed with them for some twenty days, during which not an unpleasant incident occurred. Our mutual regrets were expressed at the dinner table in the "French" hospital at St. Louis, Jaffa, where we parted in the hope of meeting in the Heavenly Jerusalem, which may God in His infinite mercy grant ! Arrived in Beyrouth after a somewhat stormy sea voyage, my Rev. companion and I went to the University of St. Joseph, in charge of the Jesuits, having been cordially invited to do so by the Visitor-General, Father Roulleau, S.J., who had voyaged with us from Smyrna to Beyrouth some forty days previously, when on our way to the Holy Land. We spent a couple of days with the kind Fathers, and then set out for Damascus, our train going up Mount Lebanon in zig-zag fashion, owing to the steepness of the ascent, which renders direct progress impossible. When we left Beyrouth, at about seven in the morning we were almost roasted by the intense heat prevailing ; but once fairly up Mount Lebanon, we were nearly frozen—snow being not an unknown quantity there even in summer. Damascus opened up a wide field for our laudable curiosity, but I won't go into details here about the city itself, which we visited from one end to the other, charmed and delighted especially by the simply magnificent circle of verdure of many miles in extent, which surrounds it like a priceless ring or bracelet, of which it is the gem. Of this we had a splendid view from the high minaret of the great mosque, from whose summit the entire city also is visible. After a stay of several days in that storied spot, so noted in connection with the conversion of St. Paul the apostle, and his escape from the Jews, who had conspired to kill him. (Acts ix : 23). The portion of the city wall from which the disciples lowered him, thus insuring his safety, is still shown. (Ibid. 25.) While in Damascus, we stopped with the Jesuit Fathers, and I had the happiness of celebrating mass in the Chapel of St. John Damascene,—once a portion of his house, and now incorporated with the church of the "Society" there. This holy man was born A.D. 676, a stormy period for christen-

dom in the Orient. Both by his writings and words he defended the faith strenuously in spite of the barbarous treatment he received at the hands of the iconoclast Emperor Leo the Isaurien, through whose base machinations his right hand was cut off. The Saint betook himself, after this cruel suffering, to the oratory in his dwelling, and throwing himself on his knees before a picture of our Blessed Lady, said ' 'Most chaste Mother, thou knowest that for having defended the sacred images of thee and the Saints, this hand has fallen beneath the scimetar of the executioner. But the arm of that God whom thou didst bring forth, works countless miracles ! Beg Him, I beseech thee, to give life once more to this withered member of my body, that it may continue to write your praises and those of your Divine Son ! I desire still to combat for the faith. O, Mary, thou art all powerful, because thou art the Mother of God !" Here the saint fell into a gentle slumber, and on awaking found his hand united to the wrist and perfectly restored. An oil painting over the altar at which I said mass represents the saint kneeling before our sweet Mother, who listens with tender sympathy to his petition, and taking his bleeding arm in one hand and the severed member in the other miraculously joins them. Our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., whose zeal for the welfare of the Church in the East is so well known, has honored St. John Damascene in our day by extending his proper mass and office, hitherto confined to the Greek church, to christendom at large. And it is a pleasing coincidence that his feast occurs in the month of May, consecrated to her whom he loved so ardently, and whose honor he championed so valiantly and so successfully against the powers of darkness. A delightful incident of my stay in Damascus was my meeting with Monsignor Cadi, Archbishop of Hauran,with whom I had travelled from Smyrna to Beyrouth, when en route to Palestine. He entertained my companion and me very hospitably at his residence (he lives in Damascus), and we learned much that was useful and interesting, from his lips. He speaks French perfectly, having studied both at Rome and in France ; and it was in this language that we conversed. A visit to the Fransiscan Convent and church brought forcibly to my mind the awful massacres which occurred throughout the entire district of the Lebanon, between Damascus and Beyrouth, in 1860 Eighteen thousand Catholics, of the Maronite rite principally, were cruelly slaughtered by the blood-thirsty Mohammedans, and a marble tablet on the wall of the sacred edifice just mentioned, states that six of the religious of the community attached to the same were sabred, whilst kneeling on the altar steps in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

I left Damascus by train for Zahleh,—an unimportant town about midway between that city and Beyrouth. But my object in stopping there was to visit the famous "Ruins of Ba'albek," the ancient Heliopolis, or City of the Sun, said to be unsurpassed in grandeur by any in the world. A ride of some four hours by carriage took my companion and 'self from Zahleh thither, and we were simply overwhelmed by what we there beheld. One sole block of stone, quarried for the "Temple of the Sun," is seventy-one feet in length by fourteen in width and thickness ! There are several others scarcely less monstrous. To attempt a description of the several temples, etc., (supposed to date from the time of Solomon), their exquisite symmetry, marvellous workmanship and richness of detail in carving and the like, would require a volume. The "Acropolis," or citadel, enclosing these splendid triumphs of human genius is a vast court, surrounded by veritable cyclopean walls, whose massiveness I have never seen surpassed in all my travels. The bewildering ramparts of Constantinople, for instance, built by the Emperor Justinian, which, when I saw them first,appeared gigantic, seemed, as I gazed on those of Ba'albek, to be the work of children. The Scropolis contains the "Grand Basilica," the "Temple of the Sun**," the "Little Temple, or Temple

**—Note.—While inspecting the Temple of the Sun, my eyes fell upon a marble tablet affixed to one of its side walls and bearing an inscription by the reigning Sultan of Turkey, commemorative of

of Jupiter, etc," and wonderful subterranean vaults, etc., etc. Then there are the "Round Temple," 'the "Theatre" the "Grand Mosque," quarries and tombs ; the temples of Nachleh, Serain, Mazy, Kafe, Zabad, etc., etc. There is in Ba'albek a Greek Uniate church. We called on the pastor, and also on the Syrian sisters, who conduct the schools under the charge of the Jesuit Fathers. They kindly invited us to dine, and caused the school children to sing Arabian songs and hymns for our entertainment. They called us "Abuna," i.e., Father, and quite charmed us by their gentleness, modesty and genuine simplicity. We returned to Zahleh, and after a night's rest under the hospitable roof of the Jesuit Fathers there, proceeded to Beyrouth, whence we set sail for Varna in Bulgaria. My companion and I reached that port on October 9th, 1900, having started from it August 18th of the same year. Thus we completed a "pilgrimage" of exactly fifty-three days; time enough, you will admit, to see pret ty much everything worth seeing on the ground we covered. I will close my long series of letters to you, dear Walter, by subjoining a schedule of the Novena of Masses which I promised to say for my relatives and dear friends while in the Holy Places. Here it is :—

1st Mass—Wednesday, Sept. 6th, on Mt. Carmel.

2nd Mass—Thursday, Sept. 7th, at Nazareth.

3rd Mass—Friday, Sept. 8th, at Tiberiade.

4th Mass—Saturday, Sept. 9th, at Naz areth.

5th Mass—Monday, Sept. 11th, at Jaffa.

6th Mass—Tuesday, Sept. 12th, at Jerusalem.

7th Mass—Thursday, Sept. 14th, at Bethlehem.

8th Mass—Friday, Sept. 15th, at Jerusalem.

9th Mass—Saturday, Sept. 16th, at Jerusalem.

I will add that the second Mass was celebrated in the Grotto of the Anunciation (Nazareth); the seventh in the Grotto of the Crib, (Bethlehem); the eighth in the Holy Sepulchre (Jerusalem), and the ninth, on the Altar of our Lady of Sorrows, Mount Calvary. As you are the first, dear Walter, to whom I communicate the fulfilment of my promises, I beg you to notify all our friends concerned.

And now I take leave of you until we meet in the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," beneath the unsullied folds of the glorious Stars and Stripes.

The End.

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the visit of Emperor William the Second, to the former's domains in 1898. It is in German, but I have made the subjoined translation of it :—

The Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II.,
Ruler of the Ottomans,
To his illustrious Friend,
William II.,
German Emperor and King of Prussia,
and
To the Empress, his Consort,
In Memory
Of their mutual and unchangeable Friendship
and
Of the visit of their Imperial Majesties to Ba'albek
On the I. of November, 1895.

BAD CATHOLICS.

It is unreasonable and unjust to judge the holy Catholic Church by the bad lives of many unfaithful members. Catholics are bad in as far as they do not live as Catholics. The Catholic Church is a good tree, and as such can bring forth only good fruit ; but as you can find bad fruit on the best tree, so you will also find bad fruit on the good tree of the Catholic Church. But, as bad fruit on a good and healthy tree does not owe its being bad to the good tree, but to some bad influence from without, so the bad conduct of so many Catholics is due not to the church, but to some bad influence outside the spirit of the Church.

He who lives up fully to the teaching and direction of the Catholic church will infallibly become a saint. All saints whose sanctity God has made known by miracles were children of the Catholic Church, without a single exception, and saints are nothing else but the fruit of the good tree of the Catholic Church.—Catholic Sentinel.

The Angelic Salutation or the Ave Maria.

One of the most celebrated prayers that Christians address to their Blessed Mother is beyond doubt the Angelic Salutation or the Ave Maria. It is called Angelic Salutation because it was addressed to her for the first time by an angel, whose name was Gabriel, when he announced to her the great mystery of the Incarnation of the Divine Word. It is likewise called 'Ave Maria,' or 'Hail Mary,' from the first two words with which it begins. The beautiful prayer consists of three different parts, the first of which was made by the angel, the second by Elizabeth, the mother of St. John the Baptist, Precursor of our Lord, and the third by our holy Mother, the Church. The first part comprises the words of the angel: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." Among men it is and has been a universal custom, at all times that any one entering the house of either friend or stranger, salute the inmates thereof, in order to show outwardly the high regard he entertains for them in his heart. Even God's messenger conforms himself to this laudable custom of men, because on entering the presence of the Virgin, he says, full of respect and reverence: "Hail Mary!" By the word 'Hail' he greets and congratulates the Blessed Virgin, whom he calls 'Mary,' which according to St. Bernard, signifies 'Star of the Sea,' because like a brilliant star on the firmament she guides and directs our earthly course through the turbulent waters of the sea of life by the bright example of her virtues and by her powerful intercession at the throne of God. The angel, calling her full of grace, gives us to understand that she was not only free from all original and actual sin, but that God had replenished her soul with the choicest gifts and heavenly graces. Not only did she possess all the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity in the highest degree, but likewise all the moral virtues, such as meekness, patience, humility and chastity. These virtues, like so many costly garments and precious jewels, most beautifully adorned her spotless soul, and made her an object of complacency in the eyes of God.

"The Lord is with thee." God dwelt in Mary's soul, as in His tabernacle. He filled her with all beauties of virtues and graces, and in the might of his arm, adorned the Blessed Virgin with all heavenly charms.

"Blessed art thou amongst women." These words were first spoken by the angel and repeated afterwards by St. Elizabeth, together with the following words, "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." In the first chapter of St. Luke we read that Mary went with haste into the hill-country to a city of Judea, in order to visit her kinswoman Elizabeth. There it happened that Elizabeth being filled with the Holy Ghost, cried out in a loud voice, saying, "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." She is called "blessed" because by a special grace of God, she was selected among all the daughters of Juda to be the Mother of His only- begotten Son. All Jewish maidens eagerly desired to become the mother of the Messiah. Mary alone was found worthy to become the Mother of God. She is called Blessed because God showered upon her the fulness of grace. She was amply furnished by God with all that was necessary to render her a fit abode of His Son. Hence all generations, as she herself said in the beautiful words of the Magnificat, shall call me blessed. She is the root of Jesse, that produced the ever-blessed fruit, Jesus, who is the source and inexhaustible ocean of grace and glory and of all the blessings that come to men. Through Mary we have received the Author of all natural and supernatural graces.

The third and last part is the prayer of the Church. We call her "holy," because the angel called her "full of grace." We call her Mother of God, because she brought forth Christ, in whom were united the divine and human nature in the one personality of the Word. The heretic Nestorius, who asserted that Mary was improperly called the Mother

of God, was condemned by a General Council held at Ephesus, A.D. 431. It was decided that the Blessed Virgin really was and should be called the Mother of God, for although she was not the mother of the Divinity, yet she brought forth Him who is at the same time God and Man.

"Pray for us sinners now, etc.," is a prayer of petition by which we express our firm belief in her powerful intercession and through her prayers hope to obtain all the graces we desire, particularly that of a happy death. "Truly wonderful," exclaims St. Bonaventure, "is the bounty of our God who has given thee, O Lady, to His guilty subjects as their advocate, so thou art able to obtain for them by thy assistance whatever thou wilt." Not without reason is Mary called "refuge of sinners," for although that by sin we become guilty of the fires of hell, yet if we have recourse to Mary she will save us. For the Son will refuse no request of His Mother, as He Himself one day revealed to St. Bridget. She heard Jesus say to His Blessed Mother: "My Mother, ask what you will; know that it is impossible for me not to listen to your prayers. Since thou didst never deny me anything on earth, I will deny thee nothing in Heaven." These words of our Lord should inspire us with great confidence in Mary's intercession. Therefore let us have recourse to her in all our necessities in all dangers of soul and body, and she, like a tender mother, will protect and cover us with the mantle of her mercy and compassion. If we say this beautiful prayer frequently and devoutly during life, we may rest assured that at the hour of death she will not forsake us, but rather shield us against the assaults of the infernal adversary.

The Blessed Virgin Mary Restored the Eyesight to My Son.

My son Charles suffered severely from a certain disease of the eyes, which, to cure, medical science was incapable, and in consequence he lost his eyesight. I brought him now to Turin, where several specialists tried their utmost to restore the lost eyesight to the boy, but all to no avail. Some kind of loathsome scab was continually gathering on his eyes, and one can imagine what my heart was suffering at such a sight, and what the thought of the future must have been to me if the present condition caused me such pain. But I called to mind the fact that I was at Turin. From afar I saw the statue of Mary, the "Help of Christians," on the top of the cupola of her sanctuary, and she seemed to be calling me to her, so that hope was once more revived in me. I prayed to her with the greatest possible fervor of my heart, and when, in the evening, I reached home with my son, I felt as if I had been heard. I was not mistaken, for on the following day I noticed that the scab was gradually disappearing and on the third day it was entirely gone, and my son once more enjoyed the sight of his eyes, after being deprived of it for five years. I now went back to Turin to have the boy examined by the physician, and to have thus the miracle proved. The doctor, after examining the boy thoroughly, asked me whether this was the same boy, whom he had examined a few days ago, and I told him that it was. He looked at me and examined the boy once more. Then he got up suddenly and cried out, "Indeed, this is a real miracle. Embarassed with joy, I went to thank the Madonna, who so graciously had delivered us from our distress. I had promised her that if she would cure my son, I would have him educated at some Salesian Institute where he now is to fulfill the promise of his mother.

Benevagienna, Aug. 11th, 1901.

Antonia Carlevaris.

(Sales, Nachrichten, January, 1902.)

The Catholic Church Among the Choctaws.

Before the sixth of June, Father Bekkers was back in Tucker, then he bought the first tract of land from Mr. Boundes. On this tract he started to build the church, of which the foundations were laid on the 30th of July. At this time the Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssens sent a church bell, with the inscription in Latin: "Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssens has given me to the first mission he founded among the Indians." On the 9th of September, His Lordship arrived with the late Father Valley, to bless the church. A large crowd of Indians had camped around the church, to see the Mengo Chetto (great chief). That very same evening His Lordship went with the fathers into the Indian camp. All of the Indians were well pleased,and shook hands with His Lordship. On the 10th of September the church was blessed with great pomp, and in the afternoon the consecration of the bell took place. After the bell was rung by the bishop and the two priests, the honorable Chief, Tom Billy, also rang it. He has never forgotten this memorable day, and told it many times to his folks. His Lordship gave an instruction to the Indians, while Mr. Welsh acted as interpreter. In the evening the Indians had a ball-play, which was greatly enjoyed by the Bishop and the fathers, who had never seen one before. After dark they assisted at an Indian dance; all, without exception, enjoyed themselves. There were glad hearts among the Indians; His Lordship had given them a beef. The eleventh of September was a day set apart for the white people; the church was well crowded, and the Bishop delivered a fine sermon. On that day, above all, Father Bekkers was thrice happy by baptizing the dying child of Sam Dansley. The day following the Rt. Rev. Bishop and Father Valley left the mission, wishing and hoping bright success. On the 13th of September Father Bekker buried Dansby's child,—the first Catholic burial among the Indians. On the fourteenth of September, the first Sunday that regular service was held, and it was well attended. After mass, Father Bekkers baptized nine infant children. On the seventeenth of September the teacher, Mr. Halbert, opened the school at eight o'clock; he was in the church, and it was 12 o'clock when he saw two children coming in. Gradually the attendance improved. During this month, the land was surveyed and divided into lots of fifteen acres. The Indians began to make their choice. December, the ninth, Father Bekkers moved in his own house (the present Convent), having enjoyed for a year the kindest hospitality at the late Mrs. Wolland's. On the twenty-fifth of December, he experienced the interest taken by the American Catholics in his mission; he received two fine vestments, a fine alb, beautiful stations of the Cross from the Altar Society in Washington. He used them for the first time the very same day, at the last mass. Seven families had settled that fall on the mission land, and gave favorable prospects for the future. Father Bekkers, seeing that he had not labored in vain, closed the year, giving thanks to God, the giver of all good things. Father Bekkers, sure of success wrote in the beginning of 1885 to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and informed him that the Indians had become well pleased with the mission, and, in order to work with greater success among the red brethren, he wanted religious teachers. Hereupon His Lordship corresponded with the Superior of the Sisters of Mercy at Vicksburg, who was willing to give sisters to share with Father Bekkers the hardships of the mission. On the 13th of March he received this splendid news. The heart of the kind father, delighted with this good news, was soon oppressed by a sad event. An Indian, by name Little Sem, was killed by another Indian, in a most barbarous manner, in the mission. On March the sixteenth, mourning still, he had the happiness of receiving into the church the first grown Indian, a widow, by name Mary Polk, and a child; both died after a few days, not in Tucker though. On the

first of May, His Lordship, Bishop Janssens, visited the mission, gave on Sunday, the third day of that month, an instruction, and in the afternoon blessed the stations of the Cross. The Bishop was well pleased and he was with the mission till Friday, when he went to Holy Cross, accompanied by Father Van Houser. On the sixteenth of May, Father Bekkers saw for the first time the interest taken in the mission by the Indians themselves. They brought to Tucker on their shoulders a sick Indian, by name Adam Billy, who was too sick to be carried on a wagon; he wanted to die in Tucker. The Father baptized him, and he died on the 18th, and was buried in the new Catholic graveyard,—the first grown Indian buried by a priest. On July the twenty-third, Mr. C. Gipson started the building of the priest's house, and the repairing of the Convent. In the beginning of July the children were dismissed for that month. Mr. Halbert gave a chance to the grown people to come to school, without success though. At this time, the honorable teacher left the mission, having labored with great zeal at the improvement of his red brethren. On the twenty-fifth of September Father moved into the priest's house, and on the thirtieth the Sisters arrived under the good care of Father Valley. That day was a day of great joy and relief for the zealous pastor, having more interested hearts to help in the conversion of the Indians. The Sisters, by name Srs. M. Agnes, M. Marcellene and M. Mariana, won very soon the confidence of the Indian people, as they felt themselves at home with them, the grown ones as well as children. Before the year was at an end, the Indians began to bring their sick children to the Sisters, who were very successful in the treatment of babies. On the first day of October the Convent was blessed, and on the fifth the school was opened, wherein the Sisters displayed great zeal. The children did not attend well in the beginning, but when the cotton picking was over, they attended more regularly. On the 27th of November, the Father blessed the statues of the Bl. Virgin and St. Joseph, which are still on each side of the altar. The twenty-fifth of December will be forever memorable in the annals of the mission, for on that day at six o'clock a.m., the first solemn high Mass was celebrated by Father Bekkers. Father Van Houser sung the second high mass at nine o'clock. In the instruction of that evening, Father Bekkers ventured to insist a little upon the Indians to join the church; he closed the solemnities of the day by blessing the statue of the Sacred Heart, and baptizing two Indian children. Nine more families had settled about this time on the mission land. The number of baptisms was increasing; also the prospects for the future were brighter than ever. Father Bekkers, aware that he was a mere tool in the hands of the Almighty, wrote on the last of this year: "We cannot be thankful enough to the Lord." The past year was an evident success; the beginning year was not less abundant in heavenly blessings. Some days previous to the twenty-eighth of March, Willy Philip and his wife manifested their intention of joining the church. On that day Father Bekkers baptized Willy Philip (1900) and his wife; also seven other grown Indians and six children. The very same day he blessed the marriage of Philip and his wife; thus, on this day was made the first Catholic family of the mission. Full of joy, the Father took dinner with his spiritual children; that evening the Father and Sisters sang a joyous "Te Deum." On the twenty-fifth of April these neophytes received Holy Communion with great earnestness and devotion, after a careful and laborious preparation by the Sisters.

For the first time the Indians, comforted by the bread of Angels, raised their hearts to God in hymns of thanksgiving and joy. During the month of May the children decorated, under the leadership of the good Sisters, the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and every evening they came to say the beads with their spiritual father; twice a week this exercise was followed by the Benediction of the Bl. Sacrament. They sang, very well, some hymns in honor of the Queen of heaven and earth. On the seventh of July the Sisters left for Vicksburg, to make their annual retreat. The In-

dians were moved to tears at their departure; they were so attached to them. On the twenty-third of August the Sisters enjoyed a real country trip, in coming back to Tucker. All kinds of misfortune had befallen them. In the morning, no team, hence a delay of a few hours; then a mule team—a slow and a miserable one. Rain, hail, storm and trees across the road greeted the kind Sisters all the day long. Fortunately, at nightfall they reached Mr. Duncan's,—three miles from the Convent. Mr. Duncan, with burning pine sticks in hand for torches, became their pilot. Although an awful trip, they arrived at Tucker without serious accidents. On the the third of October the neophytes were enrolled into the confraternity of the Scapular. On the eighth of October, His Lordship, Bishop Janssens, accompanied by Father Lennon, came to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to the neophytes, and on the tenth he confirmed ten Indians; also, on this day, the first enrollment in the service of the King of Heaven took place among the Indians of Neshoba Co. The next day the festivities at Tucker were closed by a big ball-play. On this occasion a photographer took some pictures of the building and the ball-play. On the twenty-fifth of December the great feast of the Nativity of our Lord; seven neophytes made their first H. Communion. The closing of this year is rendered memorable in the annals of the mission, by the first Catholic marriage between Bernard Jefferson Simpson and Sally Polk. The solemnity took place during solemn high mass on the twenty-sixth of December. Those who assisted at the solemnity, said they had never seen the like before in the county. In the beginning of 1887, the Father and his spiritual children had to mourn the death of one of their Sisters, Ven. Sister Mariana, who died in Vicksburg, after a long illness. "May she rest in peace and pray for the Indians and for us," wrote Father Bekkers in the diary. In the beginning of April, the Father was to leave for a trip to Europe; some days before his departure the Indians came to shake hands and to bid farewell to their beloved Father. The Father's absence deprived him of the happiness of receiving Tom Billy, the chief, and his wife, into the church. They were baptized and married by Father Van Houser, on the twenty-fourth of July, amidst very impressive ceremonies. Father Van Houser stayed in Tucker during the absence of Father Bekkers. The head was won for the church; the subjects would follow. Twice during this summer the Sisters were called by the Indians, in their cabins, to see their sick folks. The sisters corresponded promptly to this call, notwithstanding the distance of some miles. On the twentieth of September an Indian woman, almost in the pangs of death, was brought here from Leake Co; she was instructed, baptized and passed to eternal rest a few weeks later. Father Bekkers, although absent from the mission, did not forget his red children. He preached in many churches in his native country, Holland, and collected a good pile of money in behalf of the mission. He was back in Tucker in good health and spirit on the sixth of October, accompanied by a Dutch farmer, Simon Vander Ysoel by name, who was to take charge of Father Bekker's farm. The Indians, surprised by the sudden return of their beloved Father, could not give him the splendid welcome they wished. On the seventh of October Bern. J. Simpson delivered an address of welcome. On the twenty-sixth of October, came his Lordship Bishop Janssens, greatly to the joy of the Indian people. On the thirtieth of October His Lordship baptized twelve adults, confirmed fifteen, while nine Indians made their first holy Communion. The closing of this memorable day was the baptizing of six children. This visit was a last farewell of the founder of the mission, he being promoted in 1888 to Archbishop of New Orleans. His Grace left on the first of November, well pleased with his visit to the mission. The work went on smoothly for the balance of the year. Father Bekkers looked the coming year in the face with confidence of further success, notwithstanding the great difficulties on his pathway. On the fifth of February, 1888, Anny, the faithful wife of the chief, died and was buried the next day with a funeral mass. In the spring Mr. Sthriyde enlarged the Convent, and built the

Sacristy, wherein was a bedroom for the farmer. The Convent was enlarged, in order to use a part of the old Convent for boarding Indian children, but without success, for the Indians did not like to stay. On the seventh of May, Rev. Mother De Sales, the worthy Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, paid a visit to the mission. In June, the new grave-yard was fenced in (the former is in the north-west corner of the pasture) and the new building was painted. Requested by the Bishop, Father Bekkers set out on an exploration trip to Lake Co. in the month of July. Finding the number of Indians too small, it was not advisable to begin a settlement. There the church, a handsome building in its original form,measuring 48x24 feet, proved too small. The enlarging by fifteen feet was not to embellish the church, but to give room to the people. Rev. Father Toppe sent, in the month of January, 1889, a dozen very nice school desks. In October of the same year, the Indians of Scott Co. had three children baptized. These were the first to bring to their county the affiliation to the Catholic Church. On the eighth of December, his Lordship, Rt. Rev. Thos. Heslin, now Bishop of Natchez, came on a visit. The Indians had prepared an address and songs of welcome for their new spiritual Father. He stayed for about a week and was well pleased with all that was done. In the year 1891, his Lordship wrote in the "Mission Work Among the Negroes and Indians," 'Our Indian mission is doing remarkably well; every day witnesses new accessions to the Church; if we continue we shall soon have all the Choctaws Catholics.' This year the white people got a Catholic school under the good care of Rev. Father Fen Brink, who was for a while assistant to Father Bekkers. On the fourth of August, 1890, Simon Von den Yssel left the mission for Holland, where he joined as a lay-brother the Missionary Society of Mill-Will. The 12th of August was a fortunate day for the mission. The church was enriched by the arrival of a beautiful altar,—a present from the Dutch supporters of the mission. Father Fen Brink set out in the month of October, on an exploration trip to Scott Co., where the Indians received him very kindly. The Father fostered the hope of reaping a big harvest in that region. Before the year was at end, he baptized nine Indian children, — the first fruits of his labor in that county. Father Fen Brink, full of zeal for the spiritual welfare of the Indians, made a trip to Kemper Co. In spite of rain and cold, he started on the evening of the twelfth of January, 1891, to baptize an Indian woman, in danger of death. He visited the Indians in Scott Co. monthly, until the end of March, when he left for a trip to Holland, where he took up a collection for the mission. In the month of August, the Sisters came back from Vicksburg; Sister Marcelline, who had to leave the mission on account of ill-health, came back well and in good spirits. Rev. Father Richard, pastor of Vicksburg, rejoiced greatly the mission, by making a present of a new organ, which is still played every Sunday, with great ability, by one of our Indian girls, Miss Minnie Jack.

Before September came to a close, the first adults from Newton Co. joined the church by Baptism and marriage. In October, Father Fen Brink came back to the mission, and a few days later he married a couple of Indians from Scott Co. A family, by name of Willis, from Scott Co., moved, in the fall on the mission land at Tucker. Unfortunately his example was not followed by his fellow-Indians, although they had promised repeatedly to do so. In the fall of 1892, his Lordship, Bishop Thomas Heslin, visited the mission, and confirmed 35 Indians. Well pleased, he left the mission. In the spring of the year 1893, the venerable Bekkers made a trip to Holland, which was of great advantage for the mission. During his stay in Holland he celebrated his silver jubilee of the priesthood, in the midst of his relatives and friends, who made him the splendid gift of one thousand dollars. This money enabled him to meet the expenses of the studies of the Indian boy, by name Ben Henderson, in the Sacred Heart College, Indian Territory, and to build a church for the Indians at Wayse P.O., Scott Co, in 1897. This church is visited monthly by one of the Fathers of Tucker. On account

of the bad roads, it is impossible many times to reach that station. If there were sufficient means, it would be very profitable to the Indians for a Father to settle there. They number in that region 150 Catholics. In the beginning of January, 1894, Father Fen Brink left the mission, to take charge of the congregation at Water-Valley; at present he stays at Scranton. He was succeeded by Father Comille D'Hooghe, who was for nearly two years at Tucker. During his short stay he made many friends. In June, 1896, he was removed to Mississippi City, where he died in 1898. Father Comille had as successor in Tucker, Father Charles Denis, who stayed for nearly a year, when he was called to Bay, St. Louis, where he died of yellow fever a month later, in 1897. Father Peter De Grayter took, in December, 1897, the vacant place of assistant to Father Bekkers. He stayed for eighteen months, and left for a mission on the coast on the twenty-fifth of May, when the Carmelite Fathers, who had been only two months in the mission, took charge. In April, 1898, Father Bekkers went on a trip to Holland, where he engaged the Carmelite friars for the mission. He had postponed his return till November, because he hoped to be accompanied by the new Fathers. They could not come at that time on account of obstacles of all kinds; they landed finally in Tucker on the twentieth of March, 1899, after an awful voyage of thirteen days across the ocean. When Father Bekkers came back in November, he had to lament the death of Rev. Father Valley, the never-to-be-forgotten pastor of Meridian and continual benefactor of the mission. Meridian, still mourning the irreparable loss of their beloved pastor, received on the twenty-third of December, the glad tidings of the appointment of Father Bekkers as successor to their lamented pastor. On the great feast of Christmas, Father Bekkers wrote in his diary as follows: "I write these last lines on the feast of Christmas, and will leave the mission next Friday, the thirtieth of December. I thank God for all that His grace and mercy have done in the fifteen years I have passed in the mission. I pray that the mission may do better still under the care of the religious, who will be my successors, and God bless abundantly their labors. Glory to God in the highest." Father Bekkers, growing older, felt himself unable to stand any longer the hard mission work, but before leaving, he provided, like a careful father for his children, for the future of the mission, in calling religious who will try to make stable the work begun by him; may his prayer be realized. With Father Bekkers has gone the corner stone of the mission. The Fathers appointed by the Rt. Rev. Father Joseph Kersten, provincial of the Carmelites in Holland, were Rev. Father Aug. Breek, Vicar, Father H. J. Womers, Father L. Wysbeck, also two lay brothers. They started from their Convent in Tenderen (Averysel), on the twenty-fourth of February, under guidance of their superior, Rev. Father Bern. Dekkers, who accompanied them to Rotterdam, where they embarked on the Edam, on the twenty-fifth. Their voyage was not a prosperous one. A storm of two days badly harassed ship and passengers. One of the Brothers got badly hurt. On Friday, the tenth of March, in the night about 9 o'clock they arrived in New York, where they stayed till the Wednesday following, when they took, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the train bound for New Orleans; they arrived in Meridian, Miss., in the night of the 17th of March, at 3 o'clock, after a speedy journey of thirty-six hours. Father Bekkers was at the depot to meet his successors in the mission, to whom he gave the kindest hospitality till the twentieth, when he accompanied them to their mission. Long before night the Indians were looking for the new Fathers; they were the first to shake hands with the Fathers, and to announce their arrival. It was night before they were in Tucker, and, as they were tired, they went soon to bed, without seeing anything else but their small cabin. The next day they inspected their cottage, church, the Convent of the Sisters, and the schools, but, happy as they were to be in their desired position, they forgot very soon the comfort of the old country. Father Bekkers bade a last farewell to the mission on the twenty-

fourth, and the next day the vicar introduced the regular order of the day. On the twenty-fifth of May, the Fathers took charge of the mission at the departure of Father Peter de Greeyter. The priests' house being too small to lodge five persons, the brother carpenter started the building of two rooms, which were finished in the fall. On the first of October the feast of the Holy Rosary, the patron-feast of the mission, six boys and five girls made their first holy Communion, after the spiritual exercises of three days, conducted by Father Breek ; all Indians and white people were delighted with the solemnities. On the fifteenth of October, His Lordship, Thomas Heslin, confirmed twelve Indians and twenty-three white people, of whom were five converts. The Bishop expressed repeatedly his satisfaction about the instruction that had been given to the people. The next day he set out with Father Breek for Louisville, Winston Co. They did not have good luck at all, as nobody had come the evening before on account of the bad weather, and the next morning they came too late ; the Bishop had already gone to Akkerman, to take the train. This being the last year of the century, it was closed at mid-night with mass in the Chapel of the Sisters. The same solemnity was repeated at the closing of the century by a high mass in the church, during which many Indians and white people received holy Communion. On the fifth of August, 1900, the honorable Chief, Tom Billy, died, fortified by the last rites of the church. His second wife and a little daughter live to mourn his loss. On the seventeenth af August, the Carmelites, enabled by gifts from Holland, started the building of a house. The building is still in progress, for the brother and a few unhandy farmers are the carpenters. It will not be a fine building, although a strong one. During this month the first visit of a Carmelite Father was paid to the Catholic Indians in Scott Co. It was an impossibility to visit them before on account of the flood. Three times after this in the fall they were visited, but the last visit was not an enjoyable one, as the Father had to stop over, coming back, on account of the bad roads. On the twenty-first of October, the Rt. Rev. Bishop confirmed in Louisville, and in the evening, invited by the new Catholics, he talked to the people in the court house. He was listened to by about three hundred persons. All were well pleased with the speech of His Lordship. As we are at the end of the century, so we are at the end of the history of the mission. May God's abundant blessings rest on the mission, on its founder, Father Bekkers, and his successors in that laborious work, to give glory to God and bring peace on earth to man of good will.

Retrospect.

Twenty years ago, when Father Bekkers came to Tucker, there was nothing,—no church, no priest, no school, no teacher. By Father Bekkers and his helpers, they have a church and priest, a school and teachers for Indians and whites. In benefit of the Indians, he bought around Tucker over two thousand acres of land, and in Scott Co. 160 acres, to get them out of the hands of their avaricious white brethren. He lavished on them all kinds of benefits ; work and money he did not spare to elevate them from their barbarous condition. They did not appreciate all these favors. Some Indian families settled on the mission, but many left on account of the many discords and disputes, caused by the excessive drinking of whiskey ; always listening to the demoralizing talk of their white brethren, who abuse their ignorance and stupidity. The Indians, stupid as they are, prefer to work for half the crop, to stay on the mission land, where they have to pay not a nickle. We repeat here the testimony given about the Choctaws, two centuries ago, although with some modification : "They are a lawless band and cannot be relied upon," for there are a few devout Catholic families, living around Tucker, who do their best in raising their children in the Catholic Church. 725 baptisms, 80 marriages, and 143 Catholic burials were the fruits of hard work of eighteen years. The year 1899 gave the most abundant harvest, with 81 baptisms, 16 marriages, and 12 burials. The success may be small in the eyes of the worldly ; but we

call it no small success, remembering the infinite value of one immortal soul, created after the image and likeness of God, for which His Divine Son shed His precious blood. "Nothing can be compared to one soul, not even the whole world," says St. John Chrysostom.

Fr. H. J. Hamers, O.C.C.

Tucker, January, 1901.

Easter, 1902.

"Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come."—Cant 11.

How truly might not our Blessed Mother have applied these words to her Divine Son, as the glorious Easter dawned after the mournful Passiontide! He was, indeed, her love, in whom all the affections of her immaculate heart were centred.

He was a Dove in gentleness and purity, and because of that Holy Spirit who under this symbolic form, rested on Him.

"Beautiful among the sons of men," (Ps. XLIV : 3) with every species of beauty,—nature, grace, glory; yes, even the very ideal and source of all we admire and love in them.

"Beautiful" in Bethlehem to angels, shepherds, magi.—In Nazareth, where tradition tells us it used to be said, 'Let us go and look at the son of Mary." In His public life also there was an irresistible attraction in the beauty of Jesus' sacred face. Not, indeed, that we mean He constrained the freedom of His creature's love, but in itself it had power to win all hearts, and was, as it were, a magnet to those who yielded to its Divine attractiveness. "Beautiful" even in the Passion; for, though we read there was no "sightliness" in Him, yet this refers to exterior aspect, but to those whose hearts are illumined, above all to Mary, mother of sorrow, He was the "Beautiful One in His robe walking in the greatness of His strength."—Isaias LXIII : 2.

There is a beautiful legend that one of those holy persons who assisted at the burial of our dear Lord, laid on His sacred face a withered lily, the beauty of which had been crushed under foot like that of its maker. It remained in the sepulchre, and on Easter Sunday, the holy women found it blooming in vernal loveliness,—an emblem of the Resurrection. Though but a "legend," it sweetly suggests that Jesus is the flower of creation, as well as its author, and after being crushed in the mournful Passiontide, bloomed in eternal beauty when He rose from the dead.

To saints who were favored with even a transient glimpse of that beauty, earthly things faded away, and we hear a holy soul exclaiming: "Shut yourselves, O my eyes, for there is nothing worth your beholding!"

Let us rejoice with Holy Church and echo her glad Antiphon: "Regina coeli laetare, Alleluia!" And when he comes in Holy Communion with all the qualities of His glorious body veiled under the sacramental species, let us invite the holy angels to adore Him with and for us. Above all, let us offer the love, adoration, gratitude and praise of Mary's Immaculate Heart, and implore our dear Lord that we may rise spiritually to new life and fervor, and that His Easter peace may be ours in life and for all eternity.

"O Mary! Mother of God and my Mother, obtain for me from Thy Divine Son, that peace which He gave to His disciples when He appeared to them and said: 'Peace be with you.' In thee, O Mary, I confide, through thee I hope to obtain this grace. Amen."

Enfant de Marie.

St. Clares.

In Sorrow's Alembic.

The sun had already sped his daily course; the last rays of his light were playing upon the embattled clouds in the western heavens. High above they were a fiery red, which imperceptibly verged into a pale green at their lower extremity. Just above them Venus glittered brilliantly. The trees hardly rustled to a gentle breeze which served, however, to waft the aroma of blossoming orchards and bursting flowers through the growing twilight. Altogether it was one of those inspiring evenings in April when one loves to stroll unmolested through the trees to commune with joys and sorrows of by-gone days, and perhaps to lay new plans for future action from which, for aught one knows, other joys or other sorrows are to take their rise.

To and fro upon the graveled walks of Maple Lodge strolled Mr. Hudson, his hands clasped behind his back. He was yet young in looks and bearing. His hair was still black, and one would never have guessed that he was already fast approaching his alloted three score years and ten. He was, moreover, very thin and tall; in fact, out of all proportion were his breadth and height. One peculiarity, at least, was his. The building which loomed up behind him like a huge fortress of by-gone days, discovered this.

Maple Lodge, standing some two hundred yards back from Grand Avenue, was built in the old Norman style, and was almost hidden from view by the graceful towering maples. Two towers raising their embattled tops above the tall maples led one's imagination back to times when the Normans ruled in England and when force was law. Not that Maple Lodge was built as massively as those historic French castles, but that the general ensemble of the whole structure showed that the ruling idea in the mind of the architect was the outcome of a deep study of Norman architecture.

All men have their hobbies; all have some idiosyncrasy which becomes the clout of many a keenly pointed jest. But after all, what does it signify so long as these crochets do no one any harm and delight us? Better it is that we are amused with harmless trifles than that we should sit idly frittering away our time,—a burden to ourselves and to others. Thus it was that Mr. Hudson, the owner of Maple Lodge, loved and admired everything that was Norman.

To seek the immediate reason of this his inclination was perhaps too difficult a task, yet if we might hazard a conjecture, it would be, perhaps, not far wide of the mark to say that his love for William the Conqueror was the origin of it all. This conjecture seems satisfactory the rather that he was always willing to talk of William's exploits from his birth to Hastings, from Hastings to the Domesday Book. At times it wearied one to listen, hour after hour, to his expatiating on the glories of the Conqueror, and of the good influence of his conquest on England, as well as on its language. To offer an objection to his settled opinions were but adding fuel to the already glowing flame. As one, however, became accustomed to his ways, one could, by a dexterous shifting of the subject, dampen his intense ardor and thus enjoy an agreeable change; for Mr. Hudson was truly a most entertaining companion, when he let the Norman rest in peace.

As Mr. Hudson turned for the third time to retrace his steps past the house he saw a well-dressed young man coming up the pathway from the avenue. At the first blush he recognized him. It was his bookkeeper, Harry Lawson, to whom his daughter Helen was affianced.

"Well, Harry," began Mr. Hudson, "so you've finished another day's work?"

"Yes; I've finished for to-day, but to-morrow, in turn, will bring its burden," answered Harry slightly uneasy.

"Oh! don't bother yourself about to-morrow, Harry. 'Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.' You should have more faith in the old proverbs. I'm afraid the present age, I mean the younger class of people, is becoming too skeptical altogether about the old max-

ims. There's a great deal of wisdom in them. Don't you think so, Harry?" asked Mr. Hudson, good-humoredly.

"I suppose there must be," said Harry, feeling the kindly spirit of Mr. Hudson pervading all his words.

In truth, Mr. Hudson was affable and kindly to all. His wealth set no impassible barrier between him and the lower classes. All men were one to him. Honesty, truthfulness and manliness were the virtues he looked for in his friends.

"Well, how's business these days?" continued Mr. Hudson in his condescending tone.

"O, fairly good," answered Harry, a shadow passing over his face, and a slight tremor affecting his voice.

Mr. Hudson was quick to notice the mood of a person, and he had already perceived that Harry Lawson was not so blithe as usual.

"You don't feel well, to-night, Harry, do you?" inquired he kindly.

"Why, what makes you think that?" said Harry laughingly, but in spite of his laugh he was not at his ease.

"O, you don't seem to be quite as jovial as is your wont, and I thought something might be bothering you. But then" continued he banteringly, "I ought to remember that a young man who is going to be married in a week or so could not be expected to be entirely himself. I was in the same fix once myself, and during the week preceding my marriage, I thought every small boy on the street was looking at me with a snicker on his face, as much as to say, 'That "guy" is to be married next week.'" Here Mr. Hudson laughed heartily at the thought of his foolishness. Harry Lawson joined in, but soon became serious again.

They had not finished laughing, when the front door opened, and Helen Hudson, the only unmarried daughter of Mr. Hudson, stepped forth upon the verandah in time to catch the last notes of their laughter. Smilingly she tripped down the steps to meet Harry. She was a girl of some two and twenty years, though one would have guessed her to be but eighteen. Blonde, blithe and winsome as she was, it was no wonder that Harry Lawson fell in love with her the first time he saw her

The meeting happened thus: It was the third day he had worked in the miners' Bank of which Mr. Hudson was the owner. The orders which Harry had received were precise. He was to allow no one to pass the gate of the manager's private office during the manager's absence unless a written permission was shown. Now Helen had a standing permission to enter this office, as she often came to assist her father; but in giving instructions to his new book-keeper, Mr. Hudson had forgotten to mention the fact.

Helen was sent on this particular day by her father to get his spectacles, which he had forgotten. When she appeared at the gate she asked Mr. Lawson to let her into her father's office.

"'Have you his written permission to enter?" asked Harry, looking at her closely, for it was the first time he saw her. She appeared so graceful and beautiful to him that he felt mortified at the thought of grieving her.

She looked at him indignantly.

"His written permission!" she exclaimed. "Why, he sent me here to get his spectacles! I have always had permission to enter this office. How dare you insult me? Please to open this gate at once."

"I cannot violate my instructions," he answered, "but I can get the spectacles for you if you wish."

Helen Hudson felt sorely piqued, and insisted on going into the office. But, no. Harry Hudson protested that he could not possibly disobey orders and fetched the glasses in spite of all her urgent remonstrances.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hudson," said Harry politely, as he handed them to her. "When you come again, I hope I shall have positive leave to admit you.'

Helen took the spectacles and with a disdainful air swept out of the bank. When she told the incident to her father, he only laughed heartily, and said slyly that Mr. Lawson was a man faithful enough even to be a son-in-law.

This was the beginning of a long and persevering suit on the part of Harry Lawson. He admired the spirit of the girl not less than he had admired the

grace and beauty of her person. She, on her part, had remarked the respectful politeness and resolute fidelity of the new book-keeper ; and, though her vanity forced her to put on an air of offended dignity, she admired him.

It was not long before she completely forgave him for what she styled his "impertinence." Long after the time she forgave him, she used to come down to the office and say, with a teasing tone and an arch-toss of the head :

"Please, Mr. Henderson, to open the gate, for papa sent me to get his spectacles." But to return.

"So you've kept your word, Harry," said Helen, as she held out her hand to him.

"Of course I have," answered Harry. "Did you ever think I could disappoint you ?"

"Oh, no ! but then you're later than usual," she answered with a slight emphasis on the last word, "and I was wanting to tell you that Bessie Hudson, my cousin, has just written to let us know that she will gladly act as bridesmaid. She is of the same height as John, you know, and they will match well."

"It's very kind of her to do this," said Harry. "When will she arrive ?"

"About Saturday. Be sure to call next Sunday evening, and then we can arrange everything."

"Is John home yet ?" asked Mr. Hudson, as all three turned towards the house.

"No, father," said Helen, "but he promised to be here for supper."

They entered the house and soon all were seated at the table. One chair was vacant, one that was intended for John. Mrs. Hudson looked towards her husband, then towards the chair ; again at her husband, and then a cloud passed over her troubled face. She was a good true mother, who loved her husband and children dearly. But as Helen was the favorite of her husband, so was John hers. He had caused her more pain and sorrow than any of the rest of her children, yet he seemed to hold a much warmer spot in her heart.

"Didn't John leave the office with you, Harry ?" she asked wistfully.

"No ; I haven't seen him since three o'clock," answered Harry.

Mrs. Hudson remained silent and melancholy the remainder of the evening. A few times she went to the window and peered into the gloom. But it was useless. No John appeared. A cloud of unrest seemed also to have settled upon Harry. Helen was surprised at his unusual mood. Towards nine o'clock he departed. Helen, like her father, had remarked the uneasiness of his manner, and as she accompanied Harry toward the front door, she lovingly asked :

"What is troubling you, Harry ? Now don't hide it from me. I know there's something. Please to tell me what it is."

Harry tried to laugh the question off, but his very laugh betrayed him more.

"Now tell me," she insisted. "I've a right to know. Let me bear your trouble with you, else I won't love you any longer," she added with a playful threat.

"Oh, it's nothing of much importance, Helen. Wait a few days till it's all over, and then I'll tell you."

As they reached the top of the steps, he turned and kissed her good-night ; then he disappeared down the long walk that led to the avenue.

Helen retired to her own room, pondering over the absence of her brother, and the depression of spirits in Harry.

"I wonder if John insulted Harry, and on this account stayed away from home this evening. But no, that cannot be. The two are fast friends, and, besides, it is not the first evening John has spent away from home ; of late he has been out a great deal at night ; yet it is the first time he has disappointed us when he knew Harry was to be here. Poor Poor mother ! she feels his absence, I know. She spoke scarcely a word during the whole evening."

One by one the lights of Maple Lodge went out, till the one in the sitting room was the only one left. Here sat Mrs. Hudson, restlessly rocking to and fro in her chair, awaiting the return of her boy. She could not have slept if she had gone to bed, as long as she knew John was out.

"O John, what keeps you away from home ?" muttered the good old mother. "What can you be doing ? I know there

must be something wrong. It's more than club companions. What can it be? Drink? No, he never drinks anything at home. Dances? No, he never cared for them. It's not the theatre because that's long over. Gambling? No, John is too good to yield to passionate gambling, and besides he has but little money."

Thus did the fond mother try to persuade herself that there was but little, if anything, wrong with her favorite child; though she knew full well that something must be wrong. Hour after hour wore away. Every few minutes she went nervously to the hall door to look into the dark for John.

The town clock tolled out the hour of midnight. But still no John had returned.

* * * *

In half an hour after leaving Maple Lodge Harry Lawson stole secretly into the Miners' Bank, carefully closed the doors and drew the blinds, went to his office and took out his books. Laying them on the desk, he set to work. Why was he working at this hour? Did his duty call for it? No, but in the last few days he had noticed a deficiency of some thousands of dollars. He could not understand it. He had full charge of the books, and was responsible for all mistakes. The business of the Miners' Bank was not what one would call extensive, but it was equable and annually yielded a considerable profit to its owner.

Trembling and perspiring from fear, he turned the books forwards and backwards,—backwards and forwards. All in vain! He could find no wrong entry no omission, no false transfer, no mistake of any kind. The longer he worked, the more uneasy and frightened he became, so that after two hours he was so wrought up that he could not have discovered a mistake if there had been as many as a dozen.

Three, five, nine hours passed, and he still pored over his books. His hair was disheveled. His face had a wild and haunted look, and he glared at the books in front of him till the figures were a perfect maze. Sevens were twos and twos were sevens. Suddenly a thought of his utter helplessness flashed through his brain. In complete dismay he leaned back in his chair and groaned.

In a moment a bell rang out. He jumped up, and recollecting himself for a few moments, he knew that it must be the janitor. It was not the first time that the janitor had found him in the bank so early, as Harry used often to come to the bank of a bright spring morning to finish business that had been delayed. The janitor had a key, but Harry had a habit of pulling a bolt across the door which, in this case, could be opened only from the inside. Hence it was that Tom Warton, the faithful old janitor, was forced to ring.

"Good mornin', Mr. Lawson," said Tom, as he entered. "So you're here a'ready. Well, well, I never seen such a worker as you, Mr. Lawson."

"No compliments, Tom, please," said Harry, trying to appear cheerful. "Don't you think any one ought to feel like working on so beautiful a morning as this, Tom?"

Harry had not looked to see what the day was like, and it happened to be the very antipode of what he had assumed. Tom noticed the mistake, but was doubtful whether or not Mr. Lawson meant it in a joke. He looked at him and noticed the unusual look and untidy hair.

"You're not looking well, Mr. Lawson," said Tom, letting the weather question drop; "you don't take no care o' yourself. Take the advice of an ol' man and don't you begin worrin' yourself afore you're full grown. You should not come to work so early in the mornin'. I reckon you didn't have much sleep last night?"

"Not much," said Harry, as he returned to his office to put his books away, and then went out to get some breakfast while the janitor swept and dusted the offices.

II.

As Harry was making his way from Maple Lodge to the Miners' Bank, a scene was enacting not far from this Bank,—a scene that had a very definite bearing upon poor Harry's trouble. At a card table in a private room of the Iroquois, a large hotel standing on Centre Avenue, about a mile from Maple

Lodge, sat three men. Two were considerably older than the third, who appeared especially young. This youngest had light hair, a very fair complexion and seemed withal the best bred of the three. The other two were both of dark complexion ; one was tall and slim ; the other short and stout. Both had a cunning look about their clean shaven faces,and if one had watched them closely for a short time, one would have easily discovered that there was a secret communication between them. But the young man at the end of the table, who was evidently a tyro, was perfectly ignorant of all this. He played on fairly and thought others were doing the same.

They had been engaged at their play about an hour. Neither had won or lost very much. The money stood in about equally divided piles before them.

"This is rather slow work," said the tall, slim man to the tyro at the end of the table. "Let's double the limit, Jack. There'll be much more sport in it, eh ?"

"I agree to it if Jim does," said Jack, turning to the thick short man.

"Certainly. I'm right with you," said the latter. Twenty dollars is rather a paltry stake to play for anyhow. It's a go."

The young man felt his enthusiasm rise with the raising of the stake. He bet high for the next few hands and won. Then he lost—lost—lost. Towards midnight he began to win again. Once more a proposal was made to double the stakes and accepted. During the next half hour Jack lost and won, but about one o'clock the luck turned against him, and by two he was several hundred dollars the poorer.

"Well, I'll have to go after this hand," said he, looking at his watch and pretending to be surprised at the time. "I had no idea it was so late," he added, trying to find some excuse for avoiding further loss.

"Oh, it's early yet," said Jim, smiling. You'll have lots of time to get home before the old folks are around. But if this is to be the last hand let's make it interesting. What shall the stake be boys ?"

The tall slim man took the cue at once. He saw precisely what his companion wanted. The young tyro was the gudgeon to whom they no sooner threw a bait than it was eagerly taken.

"How about five hundred, Jack," said the tall slim man, very flatteringly.

Jack started ; the sum staggered him; but he felt his pride at stake. His lips quivered as he thought of what he was doing. Jim saw his hesitation.

"Oh, that's not too much for a banker's son," he said encouragingly, and knowing well his man. "Come, Jack, is it a go ?"

"I don't think I have five hundred, but I'll agree to the amount I have," he answered.

"Oh ! that's all right. We'll take your word for the rest. A gentleman's word is as good as his money any day," said the tall slim man.

This fetched Jack. He counted his money and found that he had four hundred and sixty dollars. It was the tall slim man's turn to deal. While Jack counted his money and Jim talked volubly, the other man slipped several cards to his lap, and then laid the remainder of the pack on the table for Jack to cut. The cards cut and dealt, Jack looked tremblingly yet pleased at his hand, for he held a flush. The discarding and filling out took place quickly, and then Jim, who was the age, started with an even hundred. Jack, remembering that it was only the fourth time that night that any one held a flush, made the bet two hundred.

Jim looked up surprised at the promptness of the raise, and glanced inquiringly at the tall man. One look, however, at his companion's face, assured him that all was right.

"Well, I raise it fifty," said the tall man slowly, putting on a hesitating look that had its desired effect on the deluded tyro.

"Three hundred," said Jim

"Three hundred and fifty," added Jack feeling quite confident.

"Four hundred," said the tall man, with feigned hesitancy.

Jim saw that it was his move to drop out, and accordingly he laid down his hand.

"Five hundred," burst out Jack,cocksure of the pool.

"I'll see you," said the tall man quiet-

ly laying down his cards,—a full hand ! The flush he had purposely given to Jack and the full hand to himself by a skilful manipulation of the pack.

As Jack saw his opponent's hand, his face blanched, and cold drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He could hardly believe his eyes, and a suspicion of unfair play crossed his mind. Yet he could not bring himself to believe it, and ascribed his loss to the worst of hard luck.

Trying to put on an appearance of non chalance, he bravely said :

"Well, I'll make the balance good tomorrow."

"Oh, that's all right, Jack," said the tall man with a winning smile. "Your word's as good as gold. It's as safe with you as if in the bank."

Jack took his hat and coat and immediately left.

"He's a 'cinch,' " laughed out the tall man, after Jack had gone.

"Well, I should say," answered Jim, laughing in turn. "But I wonder where he gets all his money ? We've won some thousands off him during the last week."

"Oh ! that needn't bother you, Jim," replied his companion knowingly, "provided we can only ger hold of it."

By this time they had put on their coats and hats, and entering Centre Avenue, they took a direction opposite to the one Jack had followed. Muffled up closely in his coat, the latter stole down the quietest streets and, by a circuituous route, reached his home,—Maple Lodge,—for it was Jack Hudson.

As he quietly opened the front door he found his poor mother in tears behind it. Her loving heart, though sad beyond description, was gladdened as she saw her wayward son return.

"Oh, John ! why do you stay out so late ?" asked his mother as he entered. "What keeps you away from home ? Didn't you know that you were to be here with Henry at supper last night ?"

"I really forgot, mother," replied Jack "I was with some of the boys, and I didn't know it was so late. But you don't need to stay up for me, mother."

"I couldn't go to bed till you come, John ; and surely you oughtn't to forget your father and mother and sister, entirely," sai Mrs. Hudson, complainingly.

"Well, I'll try to come home sooner after this," answered Jack as he swallowed his deliberate lies.

By this time they had reached the top of the staircase, and so bidding goodnight to his sorrowing mother, the youthful gambler went to his room and to bed. Poor Jack ! He had already set his foot on the broad and even way that wears so alluring an appearance ; but, alas ! what pitfalls it has for the unwary feet of those who travel along it !

It was not a year since he had taken to gambling. At first he risked little and had been comparatively successful, but the fact only allured him all the surer to certain destruction. To his family it was known that he gambled, but they had never guessed the degree to which he had, of late, indulged in this bewitching and terrible amusement.

It was the same sad old story. He had been told and besought by father, mother, sisters and friends to overcome and put off this deleterious habit. Kindly advice, warnings, scoldings, prayers,—all were in vain. Jack grew worse instead of better, till he had taken the last fatal step that well nigh ruined him and piled a mountain of sorrow on those hearts that loved him best.

Yes, so far-reaching are the results of our evil doings that these results are perhaps never limited to ourselves. The husband, careless and thoughtless in his parental duties, is indeed heaping up sorrows for his old age ; these he shall one day realize. But does he ever think of the sorrow caused to his wife, his children and his children's children by his bad example if by nothing else ? The wife by her lack of true love and devotion to the home life is sowing the seeds of a harvest she shall one day reap lamenting. Yet does she ever think others are to suffer also ? The wayward child knows perhaps in his evil habits is the beginning of a ruined life. But does he foresee the grey haired mother tottering to her grave under the burden of anguish and sorrow that he has huddled on her back ?

Every act in life is the seed of untold and undreamt of future joys or sorrows,

that unrespecting time shall reap and gather into the garner of our souls.

Friendliness, good nature, affableness, kindness, are virtues good in themselves. Jack possessed them all; but he realized not that they can generate into vices, and thus deceived, he had started on the downward path gathering fresh speed and momentum every moment, as the falling stone.

III.

When Harry Lawson returned to the office after getting breakfast, no one had yet arrived. He went to work again, but soon had to give up seeking the mistake to assume the regular daily task. The day dragged heavily on and owing to sleepiness, he almost fell off his chair several times during the day. Mr. Hudson noticed the tired and careworn look of the book-keeper, and asked him if he were well, telling him that if he were not he need not come to work on the morrow. Harry acknowledged that he was somewhat tired, but said he would be all right again the next morning.

After supper on this day, Harry went to his room in the Muncie, and tried to read and study. It was useless to do so. The deficit haunted him as an evil spirit. He could not keep that terrible bugbear out of his mind. He could not study, so he took up Pickwick Papers to beguile the weary hours; but all the humor and genius of Dickens could not give that much-sought rest and peace to his mind. He laid the book down in disgust. Taking his fiddle, he drew the bow across the strings; but their very first sounds grated on his ear as they had never done before. Tortured beyond endurance he seized his hat and rushed madly down the street,—to the Miners' Bank.

The scene of the preceding night was again enacted, but it was ten times worse and more sorrowful. It was pitiful to see how Harry bent over his books in utter dismay at the awful thought of being accused of the embezzlement. With an almost fiendish glare his eyes bulged out as he turned over leaf after leaf with ever the same result. It is not often that one is so wildly frantic to discover a mistake of one's own making, but it was the greatest boon that Harry sought,—the finding of a mistake and that of his own making. By midnight he was in a stupor, still he turned the leaves in a mechanical way. Finally his brain reeled and he fell to the floor.

It was the janitor's bell that again aroused him. He sat up, and stared around surprised. In a few moments he realized his position. Again the bell rang, and he got up and opened the door. The janitor was more surprised than usual at his bedraggled looks, but Harry gave him no time for speech. As soon as he opened the door, he turned, went to his office, fixed his books and went out.

This sort of thing continued for several nights, and on Friday, Mr. Hudson saw Harry was exceedingly nervous and exhausted, and peremptorily told him to go home for a rest.

"Now, Harry, this working when you are so unwell must be stopped," said Mr. Hudson. "You're positively unfit for your work. Take a rest for a few days or weeks if necessary. We'll get along without you for a short while."

"No, I can stand it all right," replied Harry, trembling at the thought of some one examining his books. "I'd sooner stay."

"I'll not have it," said Mr. Hudson, becoming impatient at his ridiculous insistence. "Go. I'll not allow you in here till you are better. I'd sooner take the books myself than kill you by overwork."

Harry became more nervous than ever at the bare thought of Mr. Hudson's looking into the books. He then thought of making a clean breast of the whole trouble, which he could not account for. The confession rose to his lips, but he felt himself unequal to its utterance, and it sank back into his heart, there to remain locked up to his own misfortune.

As soon as Harry departed, Mr. Hudson bethought himself of obtaining another bookkeeper, for he saw that Harry what with his recuperating and what with his wedding, would be absent a few weeks. He knew a Mr. Wilson, who was a good bookkeeper, and him he resolved to get.

Now, Mr. Wilson was a man of a very odd disposition, a man with whom Har-

ry Lawson could never get along. The fact of the matter was that Mr. Wilson was jealous of Mr. Lawson's good position, and treated him somewhat coldly on this account. When asked to fill Harry's position, he at first demurred saying that he didn't like to meddle with another person's books. As Mr. Lawson, however, held out to him a liberal inducement, he soon accepted and promised to be on hand at one o'clock that day.

At the appointed time he was punctually at his post, determined to show Mr. Hudson that he was in every way as serviceable a man as Mr Lawson, if not more so. He thought to himself that, if he found any mistakes in Mr. Lawson's work, they should be made known immediately. Animated with this spirit,—by no means a friendly one —he set himself to his task.

"A very crude handwriting," said he to himself as he opened the books. "Not much neatness shown !"

Here he came across a page quite disfigured by ink, which Harry had spilled in the midst of his second night's excitement.

"Whew !" he whistled. "Wretched work ! What an elephant he must be ! I don't see why Mr. Hudson keeps him. He isn't fit to keep a coal-heaver's books !"

Turning over leaf after leaf with a scrutinizing gaze, he noticed margents here and there. His quick eye soon saw that they differed from the figures alongside of them.

"What is the meaning of these ?" he asked himself suspiciously. "There must be something wrong. I'll soon see what it is."

He set more eagerly to work than ever and became the more interested the more he examined the various books. His face glowed with excitement and a cynical smile ever and again flitted across it.

"Caught at last !" he suddenly exclaimed. "Several thousands behind ! No wonder he got sick ! He's been trying to doctor his books, but I'll show him up now, I warrant you."

By four o'clock he had discovered that Mr. Lawson was behind several thousands more ; but just how much he could not as yet calculate accurately. With a triumphant smile on his face he walked into Mr. Hudson's office. Mr. Hudson was sitting with his face towards the door. Mr. Wilson was slightly disconcerted as the manager and owner looked up into his face. But it was only for a moment, and rolling the words in his mouth as if they were exceedingly sweet to him, he slowly said :

"I have been looking over the books."

"So ? Everything all right, I suppose ?" said Mr. Hudson mechanically.

"Well, not exactly," replied Mr. Wilson slowly. "I have found a few things not quite right."

"Is that so ?" said Mr. Hudson, a little surprised. "Of course nothing of much account ?"

"Well, yes it is," said Mr. Wilson, now quite at ease. "I was looking through the books and accidentally noticed some pencil marks on the edges of several pages. These didn't agree with the figures in the columns, and I became suspicious. I went to work, and in a short time I discovered a deficit. So far," he continued, slowly and with emphasis on every word, "I have discovered a shortage of four thousand dollars."

Mr. Hudson had been listening in utter amazement, but as Mr. Wilson uttered the last words, the manager fairly sprang from his seat.

"Impossible !" he exclaimed in consternation. "Impossible ! Show me the books."

In half an hour he was convinced that there were several thousands wanting ; but worse than this,—his suspicion, through the artful and insinuating words of Mr. Wilson, were fastened directly and firmly upon Harry. Mr. Hudson recalled Harry's uneasiness for the past week, his distracted and haunted look, and lastly, his obstinacy in giving up the books that morning. Every one of these facts now took on, in Mr. Hudson's misguided imagination, a sinister appearance. Harry's small faults were magnified into crimes. By five o'clock Mr. Hudson had determined what should be done. Telling Mr. Wilson to examine the books to see what further deficiency he might discover, the manager went hastily down the street.

IV.

Helen Hudson had retired before her father reached home Friday night ; hence she did not see the great consternation and confusion under which he labored when he arrived about ten o'clock. Next morning Helen got up early in order to have plenty of time to fix everything for the reception of her cousin Bessie that evening. She was feeling quite happy, as she expected to have both Bessie and Harry at Maple Lodge Sunday evening. After breakfast she went to the sitting-room for the daily paper. Taking it up, she looked for the news of the day. The third item that met her eyes ran thus :

"Harry Lawson, bookkeeper at the Miners' Bank, arrested last night on a charge of embezzling $6,000."

She started. Her blood froze in her veins as she read the words. A deathly pallor overspread her face, and the paper dropped from her hands. She sat for a moment like a marble statue, gazing wildly at the floor. Then uttering a scream, she fell back in her chair in a faint.

Her father was coming down the stairs as she cried out, and he guessed in a moment the truth. He walked into the sitting-room with a care worn and haggard expression on his face. He looked ten years older than he did twenty-four hours before.

"What is wrong, Helen ?' asked he, apparently ignorant of the cause.

Helen sprang up as she heard him speak and cried out :

"O, papa ! is it true ? Is it true ? It can't be ! No, no, no ! O, papa——"

Here she fell exhausted and weeping into her father's arms. Mr. Hudson drew a deep sigh, and said evasively :

"Why, what do you mean, Helen ?"

"Oh ! then it's not true ! oh ! I'm so glad. I knew it couldn't be."

"What true, my dear child ?" asked Mr. Hudson.

"About Harry, papa," said Helen, looking searchingly into her father's face. But that look told her all. The kindly smile and wonted look of her father were no longer there. Trouble, sorrow,—deep trouble and sorrow—had imprinted their seal upon his face. All this she saw and understood ; and then she fell upon his breast weeping bitterly.

"Come, Helen," said her father, seeing further dissimulation was vain, "you must brace up and bear all. You ought to be thankful he was discovered before it was too late."

"O, papa, I don't believe a word of it. He couldn't do it ! No, no, no ! He didn't ! I know it. I won't ; I can't believe it !" said Helen between her sobs.

"Don't let us talk about it now, Helen. Don't think about it any more ; put it out of your mind," said Mr. Hudson, endeavoring to soothe her. Then taking up the newspaper, he left the room. Helen staggered toward the sofa, and for half an hour she sobbed as if her heart would break. Each moment ejaculations of disbelief and sorrow would escape her.

"It's a lie !" "It's false ! Harry never did it." "I won't believe it !" "O, Harry——." "Why don't you———." "somebody's ——." Such were the exclamations that escaped between her sobs.

It was late that evening when Bessie Hudson arrived. It was a fortunate thing that Helen had Bessie to console her in her trouble. Bessie was the best person one could have chosen for the delicate task of consoling the poor heart broken bride. To her, Helen insisted that Harry was innocent, and Bessie wisely yielded the point, hoping and praying with her whole heart that all would be right in the end.

To the trouble over Harry, was added the distress occasioned by the absence of John. He had not come home Friday night, and poor Mrs. Hudson was almost beside herself with the accumulation of sorrows.

Poor Harry Lawson ! He hardly knew what to do when he found himself arrested. He could not speak a word when taken to the jail, so terror-stricken was he. In a short time, however, he got partly over the shock and sent for Mr. Curtis, his lawyer. With considerable trouble, bail was procured, and Harry was set free. The thought of being accused or of losing his position were not half so poignant as the thought of losing Helen.

."What will she think of me? Will she think me guilty, and give me up forever?" he murmured, and then groaned at the bare thought.

V.

"Did you hear the latest, Jack?" said the tall slim man, as he entered their private room in the Iroquois, where Jack and Jim were awaiting him, about eight o'clock Friday night.

"No," said Jack. "What is it?"

"Why, that fellow at your father's bank,—Lawson I think they call him,—has got away with ten thousand. Everyone is talking about the affair in the streets. He was caught in the very act of escaping on the Western Express, a half an hour ago," said the tall man hurriedly.

Jack had turned pale while the tall man was speaking, but he tried to appear unmoved.

"How much did you say he took?" he inquired in atrembling voice.

"Ten thousand. Some say twenty, but the common report says ten," replied the tall man. "It's a hard blow, no doubt, for your father, but I guess he'll pull through all right, and you'll get enough when he dies," added he significantly.

Jack remained mute,staring at the leg of the table before him. Suddenly he looked up and said tremblingly:

"I don't think I'll play to-night, boys. I'm too much upset."

"Oh, brace up, Jack," said Jim. "Ten thousand is nothing to a banker. Let's have a game to get up your spirits."

"No, not to-night," said Jack, rising. "I can't play to-night."

He put on his coat and took unusual pains to muffle himself up. Then, he went hurriedly down the street, but did not appear at Maple Lodge that night.

Sunday came and went. No Jack appeared. Monday,—Tuesday,—Friday,—no sign or word of him yet. Some began to suspect that he must be in collusion with Lawson, but Mrs. Hudson wouldn't allow such an opinion to be mentioned at Maple Lodge, and Helen could not bear to hear Harry accused by anyone. Bessie used her utmost endeavors to console them, and fortunately kept them from sinking completely under the strain.

Mr. Hudson was busy with the case, gathering evidence. He would receive no explanation from Harry Lawson. His former love for him was now supplanted by bitter hate. Circumstantial evidence seemed to be drawing the meshes of the law tighter and tighter about the poor bookkeeper till even his own lawyer feared the issue.

Suddenly amidst all the sorrow, anxiety and trouble of the Hudson family, an unexpected explanation cleared up the whole affair. On Saturday, a week after the arrest of Harry Lawson, Mr. Hudson received the following letter:—

323 Calumet Avenue, Denver, Col.
April 30th, 1881.

Dear Father:

Ever since leaving home, and even long before that, I have had no peace of conscience. I confess that I have done a great wrong. It was not Harry Lawson who stole the money, it was I. As soon as I heard of his arrest I fled in fear, but I can no longer remain silent. He is perfectly innocent, I am the guilty one. I have only a few hundred dollars left; the rest of the money I have gambled away. I now see the kindness of your warning against this awful vice. I shall never, I promise you, gamble again. I am prepared to do whatever you see fit. My conscience will give me no rest till I shall have done justice to those whom I have wronged.

I beg your forgiveness, father, for all my sins, and trust myself entirely to your kindness. Ask mother, and Helen and Harry to forgive me.

Your repentant son,
John.

Mr. John Hudson,
521 Orange St.,
M———,
Pa.

If Mr. Hudson was astounded at hearing of his bookkeeper's shortage, he was ten times more astounded on reading this letter. As he read it he drew a deep sigh of relief and sorrow,—of relief, because the matter was now cleared up; of sorrow, because of his son's disgrace. He lost no time in communicating the news through his niece to his wife and daughter. Helen was jubilant over Harry's proved innocence, but a new sorrow overshadowed her when she learned of Jack's crime. The news al-

most broke the poor mother's heart, — the earnest promise of repentance was her one bright ray of hope.

A great burden was lifted from Harry's soul when he received, through his lawyer, the details of Jack's letter. He knew that he would be again restored to the affections of Helen, if, indeed, he had ever been exiled from them. For he sincerely believed he was not, though he had no means of finding this out. If he had grieved before at the thought of losing her, he now rejoiced to think she was his, beyond a doubt. With the one exception of grief at Jack's treachery, he had not the least thing to disturb him.

You can imagine then with what joy he received a note from Helen, asking him to come up to Maple Lodge that Saturday evening. With a light step and joyful heart, he set out to meet the bride who had been nearly snatched from him forever. She met him at the door; though still pale and sorrowful, she greeted Harry with a loving smile.

"O, Harry, I'm so glad to see you again. I knew you were innocent," she cried out as he caught her in his arms.

"Did you, Helen?" asked he eagerly. "I was sure you would," said he, kissing her lovingly as she laid her head upon his arm.

Though sad and sorrowful over their disgrace, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson received him kindly, and begged forgiveness for all their harsh suspicions. They soon decided to send for Jack, and to celebrate the wedding as soon as convenient.

* * * *

Seven years after the eventful April of 1881, a different scene is witnessed at Maple Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson have both passed to the life beyond, but not before seeing the fruits of a sincere repentance in their once wayward son. The old house was bequeathed to Helen. Here she and Harry live with their happy children,—two fair haired boys and a little blue eyed girl.

Jack is still unmarried. After his return he gained the respect of all by his unswerving fidelity to every duty; and since the night he heard of the awful consequences of his misdeeds, he never gambled again.

Chicago. C. J. A.

A Soul's Awakening.

I wandered lone beneath the starry skies
In early days of spring-time when the dark
Is all pulsation. Through the dusky park
Shy, scarlet maple-buds with sleeping eyes
Hung drooping over head. In rapt surprise
I felt the stirring life, whose hidden spark
Of strange, mysterious fire awakes the lark
And bids the frail anemone arise.

Then came a melting fragrance unawares,
The breath of violets, which softly rose
From out their dewy purple of repose,
Sweetening the dark. "O Love," I cried, "that dares
Reveal itself to darkened souls like mine,
I feel Thee, clasp Thee!—Jesu'! Lord Divine!"

—Caroline D. Swan.

A Miraculous Crucifix.

Never was there a revolution which had such fatal consequences for religion, as well as for the political and social life of a country, as the French Revolution towards the close of the eighteenth century. Atheism, anarchy and social democracy are the children of this revolution. God, religion and everything that is holy was put away with and trampled under foot. A Louis XVI., a Marie Antoinette and many other public authorities were in short order decapitated. Freedom, social equality and liberty of conscience were the war cries of the revolutionists, and reason alone was to be their God.

Principles of this kind with their natural consequences soon affected the neighboring countries of France. To those whose faith was weak and whose morals were not the best, the goddess of Reason and liberty of conscience were ideal principles, and there are certainly many instances of outrages committed against God and holy things on this account, not only during the time of the revolution, but even long afterwards, because a teaching like this will always and surely bear its fruits for years, nay centuries, to come. One instance of this kind I will here relate.

There is a small town in the southern part of Germany which has several chapels, true signs of the solid devotion and strong faith of the Catholic part of the town. One of these chapels is called the chapel of the Holy Cross, because there is a large crucifix at the back of the altar, and because this chapel is dedicated to our suffering Redeemer.

A long time ago there was in this same town a young fellow who had been one of those unfortunates, who were whirled along by the wicked enthusiasm of the French revolutionists. He was one of those miserable ones, who serve the purposes of the leaders and gain nothing by it, except the contempt of their own masters ; one of those poor fellows who are cast away by their own lords, as soon as their services are no longer required.

One day this young man passed the chapel of the Holy Cross. The door was open and the large crucifix could be plainly seen by any one who passed there. The rays of the sun came in through one of the windows and fell upon the face of our crucified Lord. The features of His face expressed great sufferings, and at the same time heavenly peace. Our wicked young fellow saw this, and he could not stand the sight of it. "Idolatry, superstition," he murmured, and going to the other side of the street, stood in front of the open chapel, pulled a pistol and facing the crucifix, shot at the image of Him, who died for us all. But, lo ! he now stands there motionless, staring at the sacred image. The bullet had caused a wound about two inches below the sacred wound of the side, and drops of blood are falling down to the ground. The blasphemous wretch is confused and benumbed with fear and horror ; the trees and houses around him seem to him to be disappearing ; the ground below his feet gives way, and he sinks down, at the same time breathing forth his soul into the hands of Him whom he blasphemed but a moment ago by his outrageous action.

The hole which was caused by the bullet can be seen up to this very day.

When the stranger enters the chapel, he can see a large painting on the ceiling. On the foreground of it there is the chapel with its surrounding houses and trees. On the street leading to the chapel are priests with their surplices, surrounded by altar boys, who carry church banners and crosses ; after them comes a large crowd of people. It is a picture of a solemn procession, which had been organized to make reparation for the infamous act, and to implore the mercy of the insulted Majesty of the Most High.

If one goes back of the chapel-altar he will find an inscription which tells this story in few words ; still, the reader must remember that this is no more than human authority.

B. H.

Editorial Notes.

A joyous Easter to all our friends. Peace to all.

* * * *

Sweet heart of Mary be my salvation. —300 days indulgence—New Raccolta.

* * * *

Our Hospice is open now for guests. Now is the time to make application for rooms.

* * * *

The Lord has arisen and we should rejoice and be glad during these holy days of Eastertide.

* * * *

O, sweetest heart of Jesus ! I implore that I may love Thee more and more.—300 days indulgence.

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Owing to lack of space the continuation of the Fly Sheets on Carmel could not be put in this issue.

* * * *

The Paschal Candle burns during Easter-tide. Let our works so shine before men as to glorify our Father who is in Heaven.

* * * *

The Risen Christ said : "Peace be with you." Be in peace with God, your neighbor and yourself. And the peace of God is with you.

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Generosity to our Church should impel us to assist in every way our Pastor. Those who give to the church will never be poor before God.

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We have had many enquiries regarding habits, shrouds and Brown Scapulars of Mt. Carmel, and we shall be pleased to supply any one with these articles.

* * * *

To St. Peter was said : "Lovest thou me ?" What shall we answer ? Be loving in thought, word and deed, even to the least of His little ones, and then we may have a surety of having a sincere love for God.

* * * *

April showers bring forth May flowers, and the Heavenly joys of Paschal season should bring forth in our souls the blossoms of peace and consolation. We should receive the peace of our risen Saviour, and free from sin and putting off all worldly ways and self-seeking, be renewed in Christ.

* * * *

St. Paul tells us : Purge out the old leaven that you may be a new paste as you are, unleavened. For Christ, our Pasch, is crucified. Therefore, let us feast not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. (1 Cor. v : 7-8.)

* * * *

St. Teresa says : "The devil knows that one who perseveres in prayer is lost to him." All our trouble comes from our want of constancy in prayer. We will gain grace and keep in peace with God, if we pray from the heart and perseveringly.

"If you are joyful, consider our Lord and His Resurrection. If your heart is cast down by labors and sadness contemplate him in the Garden of Gethsemane, and thus you will profit by sadness." (St. Teresa.)

* * * *

Verily, the Lord hath arisen. During these holy days we are called upon to purge out the old leaven. All good Catholics have washed away all the stains of their souls by the Holy Sacrament of Penance, and are now unleavened, having fed upon the bread of the Angels. As Christians, we should be unleavened and holy. Christ the Paschal Lamb is sacrificed. We have been sprinkled and washed in His Blood, and now the exterminating angel will no longer threaten us with the sword of destruction. No malice, no wickedness, should be any longer in our heart We have received the Body and Blood of Christ, hence we should ever be sincere and honest in the purity of our hearts, and be true and straightforward in practising all the virtues of a true follower of the Risen Saviour.

On April 8th, we celebrate the Feast of St. Albert. Our Saints remodeled the rules for the Carmelite Order and lived with the brethren on Mount Carmel, and founded many monasteries of the Order. On Carmel St. Albert passed a life in deep contemplation and was consoled by Jesus Christ, who appeared to him, and was strengthened by the presence of the Virgin Mother of God. All the sordid and fleeting pleasures of this world are torments to the soul which is united in deep love and ever thoughtful memory with Christ the lover of souls. If we attend first to heavenly things and to the salvation of our poor souls, we have chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from us. Troubles may come, worries may harry us, but, strengthened by the presence of the Master, all will be well. The Angels sang: "Queen of Heaven, rejoice, Alleluja."

We, the children of Mary, should not forget to rejoice with Her during these days of joy. She has, by her motherly care, brought so many back to her Divine Son during these days. Let us ask her to obtain perseverance for the penitent and pardon for the sinner during the Paschal Season.

* * * *

The 3rd Sunday after Easter the Church celebrates the Patronage of St. Joseph. It was during the reign of the saintly Pius the Ninth, that St. Joseph was appointed Patron of the universal Church. But why, we may ask, was he chosen as universal Patron? Did he work great miracles? Did he die a martyr for the Holy Gospel? No, the gospel relates nothing of him in regard to such things. Different saints have been chosen as Patrons of nations and of cities, and they are taken, undoubtedly, because of their fitness to serve as exemplars for those whose patrons they are. He, then, who is to be the Patron of the universal Church, should be a model suitable for every condition of life, and as an intercessor, should have at heart the interests of all the members of the mystical body of Christ. And for this very reason St. Joseph has been chosen. The Holy Ghost says of him, that he was a "just man." In him the man or woman who lives by labor sees in him a fel low-laborer. The head of the family has in him an excellent example for imitation. To the unmarried youth and the Religious, he presents a model of the most exalted purity. If you are in a position which requires great care and trust, look to St. Joseph. It was to him that God entrusted the greatest treasures of this earth,— the Divine Child and His Mother. If you are poor and must undergo many sufferings, and hardships. St. Joseph had to suffer much, and he did so without a murmur or complaint. The same may be said of the other Christian virtues, as humility, patience, self-denial, etc., in all of which he excelled, and will serve as a pattern for all Christians. But it is especially as a patron of a happy death that St. Joseph should be venerated. He had the happiness to expire in the arms of Jesus and Mary. This should be the greatest wish and aim of our whole life. Let us ask St. Joseph to obtain for us this great privilege which he himself enjoyed.

* * * *

Easter Hymn.

Forth to the Paschal Victim, Christians bring
Your sacrifice of praise;
The Lamb redeems the sheep,
And Christ, the Sinless One,
Hath in the Father sinners reconciled.
Together Death and Life
In a strange conflict strove;
The Prince of Life, who died,
Now lives and reigns.
What thou sawest, Mary, say?
As thou wentest on the way.
I saw the tomb wherein
The Living One had lain;
I saw his glory as He rose again,
Napkin and linen cloth and angels twain.
Yes, Christ is risen, my hope, and He
Will go before you into Galilee.
We know that Christ indeed is risen from the grave.
Hail! thou King of Victory!
Have mercy, Lord, and save.

The best path through life is the highway.—Amiel.

Great men are never sufficiently known except in struggles.

Book Review.

The Exciting Adventures of Little Tommy, as told by Mary G. Bonesteel, in her recent story "Recruit Tommy Collins," will be of interest to juvenile readers. Publishers, Benziger Bros. Price, 45 cents.

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"As True as Gold," by Mary E. Mannix, is a very touching story, and so interesting that you cannot lay the book aside until you have read it from cover to cover' (Benziger Bros., publishers; price, 45 cents.

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B. Herder, 17 South Broadway St., St. Louis, Mo., publishes an excellent historical work, "The Life of Bartolome de Las Casas and the first Leaves of American Ecclesiastical History." by Rev. L. A. Dutto. Of this book we give a more extensive review in our next number.

* * * *

"Mary Tracy's Fortune," by Anna T. Sadlier, is the title of another pleasant, short story for our boys and girls. The author understands how to captivate the attention of her juvenile readers by the easy, simple, and yet so attractive way she has of saying things.

Benziger Bros. Price, 45 cents.

* * * *

"A Course of Study in Christian Doctrine," by Rev. Thos. J. O'Brien, contains practical hints for the Catechist, from which he will derive much benefit. The author's purpose is to offer some suggestions for formulating a course of study in Christian Doctrine.

The little pamphlet is published by D. H. McBride & Co., 47 Barclay Street, New York City. Price per copy, 10 cts.

* * * *

"Spiritual Pepper and Salt" is a very appropriate title to a little work by the learned Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D.

The sixty-two chapters into which the book is divided, contain ample matter for healthy and strengthening reflection. The subjects are well chosen and are treated in a concise and able manner. This book deserves a welcome reception from the reading public. Benziger Bros. Price, net, 30 cents.

Benziger Bros. are the publishers of "Bunt or Bill," a new story by Clara Mulholland. The book bound in cloth is sold at the low price of 45 cents.

To young girls and boys this little volume will be excellent and delightful reading; they will find the youthful characters to whom they are introduced, if perhaps a little too smart, certainly very pleasant and entertaining. The story is told in a charming and fascinating style. We detect in the author a master of the English tongue.

* * * *

"Belinda," a new production from the pen of the popular Catholic author Maurice Francis Egan, affords, as do his many other works, interesting and at the same time profitable reading. In picturing his characters, the author betrays great insight into human nature, and a deep knowledge of the mysterious workings of the human heart. He displays much ability in making his readers love what is good and beautiful, or hate what is wicked.—H. L. Kilmer & Co., publishers. Price of this book (12 mo. 276 pages) net 50 cents.

* * * *

The frequent question why Catholics cannot be Freemasons receives a satisfactory answer in a pamphlet published by H. L. Kilmer & Co., Philadelphia. It is made up of three very powerful and masterly articles on Freemasonry, by the learned D. Moncreiff O'Connor, in which is shown, from Masonic sources, what the real aim and object of this secret society is, and what its relations are towards Christianity in general and Catholicism in particular. We wish this timely little work a wide-spread circulation. It is sold at 5 cents per copy.

* * * *

In a short but excellent treatise entitled "The Victories of Rome," written by Kenelm Digby Best, "to counsel the doubtful, supply steadiness to the wavering and instruct the ill-informed," the author first gives us brief historical sketches of the Papacy and the Church how, especially, it was engaged in continuous conflicts, which were for it so many victories. Then he shows by convincing arguments the necessity of the Pope's temporal power, thus contri-

buting valuable aid towards the solution of this burning question of the day. After reading the little work you will admit that the author's scope is realized. It is a real satisfaction to have something clear and definite on a question so hotly controverted. Publ. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London, Eng. Price, 45 cents, net.

* * * *

"The Berkleys," by Emma Howard Wright, is a very pathetic and masterly little story. The character of Dora, the heroine, is lovely Benzig Bros.; price 40 cents.

The same firm publishes two other interesting novels: "Bob O Link," by Mary T. Waggaman, and "The Golden Lily," by Katharine Tynan Thirkson. Price, 40 cents each.

Likewise "The Life of St. Gerlach," by Frederick A. Houck. The book is well written, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated. Price, 55 cents, net.

* * * *

"Corinne's Vow," by the well known Catholic writer, Mary T. Waggaman, has been recently published in book form by Benziger Bros. (New York, Cincinnati and Chicago) and is sold at the low price of $1.25.

This story is certainly most interesting and attractive. The beautiful character of the heroine especially, who is an unselfish young American lady, full of faith and resolute in obeying the demands of duty, although they entail bitter privations and painful suffering, must exercise on the reader a most beneficial influence. Literature like this attains its aim, which is to elevate the mind and ennoble the heart.

In moderating, not satisfying, passion lies peace.

Many talk like philosophers and live like fools.

The Society of White Fathers has recently published a report of the progress of its work. The total of its African missions amounts to 65, served by 261 missionaries, 140 Sisters, and about 1000 catechists. There are 60,000 neophytes and 150,000 catechumens, 141 schools and 900 scholars.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dear Fathers :

I wish to return sincere thanks through the Carmelite Review, to our Blessed Lady and St. Anthony for a great favor granted.

Wemyss, Ont.

* * * *

Barrie, Ont.

Rev. and Dear Father :

I promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel if she cured a terrible pain in the back of my neck, I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. Will you kindly publish my thanksgiving ?

E. H.

* * * *

Beverly, N. J.

Reverend Fathers :

I acknowledge the recovery of a near relative of mine from a severe illness, through my saying "the miraculous prayer to our Lady of Mt. Carmel." I promised to publish in the Carmelite Review his recovery, through the power of this beautiful prayer.

M. K.

* * * *

Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass to be said in honor of our Blessed Mother, for the poor souls. I made a Novena some time ago, also a Triduum and promised, should I obtain what I asked for, to have it published in your valuable paper. As my favor has been granted will you kindly publish this.

New York. M. A. O. R.

* * * *

Rev. Fathers :

I promised, should my children recover from a severe illness, to have the fact published in your "Review." Thanks to God they are now well. The enclosed is an offering for Masses,—one in honor of St. Joseph, one in honor of St. Anthony and one for the benefit of the Poor Souls.

Gratefully,

New York. A. C. G.

The good are better made by ill, as odors crushed are sweeter still.—Rogers.

Favors Received.

Ineffable thanks to our Blessed Lady for releasing my wife from a great sickness. With gladness she fulfills her promise, viz.: publication and five holy masses.

Ersingen (Baden.) Fr. Bf

* * * *

Urspringer (Bavaria).—Ineffable thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Mary, the "Help of Christians," St. Joseph, and the poor souls in purgatory for having obtained assistance in several afflictions. December, 1901.

Margaretha Holzhauser.

(Sales, Nachrichten, January, 1902.)

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :—Cure of a severe suffering in the eyes ; success in an undertaking ; that a person may obtain a good position ; that two persons may recover their hearing ; that one person may receive First Holy Communion, and hear from a friend ; three very important affairs, and a conversion ; health or resignation for some sick people ; some children preparing themselves for first Holy Communion ; vocation of several persons ; temperance for one person ; that a father and his daughter may return to the church ; health for four persons ; three special intentions.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at :

Falls View—From St. Peter's Church, Oshkosh, Wis.; Dayton, O.; Holy Family Church, Auburn, N.Y.; St. Ann's, Guysboro, N.S.; Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Cal.; Boise City, Idaho.

Englewood, N.J.: From St. Mary's, Jersey City, N.J.; St. Paul's, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Louis Bertrand's, Louisville, Ky.; Salem, N.J.; St. Nicholas, Atlantic City, N.J.; St. John's Convent, Scranton, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Norfolk, Va.; West End, Va.; Brighton, Wis.; St. John's, Paterson, N.J.; St. Mary's Philadelphia, Pa.; Everett, Mass.; Magdalen Asylum, San Fransisco, Cal.; New Hope, Ky.; Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.; Church of Visitation, Brooklyn, N.Y.; South Orange, N.J., St. Nicholas, Atlantic City, N. J.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton, N.J.; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Paterson, N.J.; Church of Our Lady Star of the Sea, Long Branch, N.J.; St. Augustine's, Lebanon, Ky.; St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, N.J.; House of Good Shepherd, Roxbury Mass.; St. Bridget's, Newark, N.J.; St. Augustine's, Union Hill, N.J.; St.Paul's, Burlington, N.J.; Los Gatos, Cal.; St. John's, Jersey City, N.J.; S. S. Mary and Elisabeth Hospital, Louisville, Ky.; Church of Our Mother of Sorrows, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Jersey, N.J.; Our Lady Star of the Sea, Atlantic City, N.J.; St. Mary Magdalen's, Millville, N. J.; St. John's Stamford, Ct.; Stf Lucy's, Jersey City, N.J.; St. Elisabeth's, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Henry's Bayonne, N.J.; St. Michael's, Elisabeth, N.J.; St. Boniface's, Jersey City, N.J.; St. Augustine's, Weehawken, N.J.; St. Joseph's, Peterburg, Va.; St. Sylvester's, Woodsfield, O.; St. Joseph's school, Convent Station, N.J.; Church of St. John the Evangelist, Goshen, N.Y.; Holy Name Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.; St.James Carthage, N.Y.; St. John the Baptist's, Scranton, Pa.; St. Patrick's, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Jersey City, N. J.; St. Patrick's, Milwaukee, Wis.; The Immaculate Conception, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Church of the Assumption, Phiadelphia, Pa.

New Baltimore, Pa.—From St. Louis University ; St. Martin's, Wisconsin.

He who buys magistracy must sell justice.

He is nearest to God who has fewest wants.

He who ceases to grow greater grows smaller.—Amiel.

He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight.

Better not read books in which you make the acquaintance of the devil.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother. — Napoleon.

Obituary.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the following deceased :—

Rev. Francis Ryan, of Toronto, who died March the 8th. The deceased was one of the most distinguished priests of the country. A very able scholar, zealous in the discharge of the ministry, eloquent in the pulpit, of a kind and gentle nature, which manifested itself to all, especially to the poor, Father Ryan will be remembered by all, irrespective of standing or creed.

William Donovan.

Sr. M. Patrick, who died at Kingston, Ont., Feb. 17th.

Mr. S. Lambert, a devout client of Our Lady.

ASPIRATION.

(From St. Francis Xavier, S. J.)

My God I love Thee ! not the crown
Of glory to attain ;
Nor do I love, my dearest Lord,
Through servile fear of pain.
I see the nails, the lance, the cross,
The lone Gethsemane,
I see the scourge and thorny wreath
And these were all for me !
Then shall I not reciprocate
These proofs of love Divine ?
O, by Thy wounds and precious blood
Inflame this heart of mine,
And may its mystic chords vibrate
In holy monotone ;
"I long to love Thee Jesus, Lord,
For Thy dear Self alone.

Enfant de Marie.

MIRACULOUS INFANT OF PRAGUE

Carmel in X., 1900—One of our sisters was subject to phlebitis. The physician told us, that this sickness was generally of long duration, and our sick sister being the sacristan of our monastery, one can readily understand that it was rather a heavy cross, not only for the infirm sister, but also for the mother Superior. The latter had to be the sacristan until the former would recover. In her illness the sister placed all her confidence in the sweet Infant of Prague, in whose honor the community was holding novenas. Besides this, the sister placed a picture of the holy Infant upon those places of her body which pained her most, and denied the Heavenly little King his freedom until he would release her of her malady. The mother superior promised amongst other things, also to have the sister's recovery published in the "Chroniques du Carmel." The lovely Infant hastened now to reward the good sisters for their great confidence. The sister's pains disappeared against all expectation, and she gradually regained her former strength. The sisters, on their part, hastened to give thanks to their sweet little Benefactor.

At another time this holy Infant released also the mother superior from a very annoying malady.

(Stimmen v. Berge Carmel.)

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

The great book of nature, in which many an important lesson is written by the hand of the Creator, is especially instructive in spring tide. We see new life everywhere. All creation arises from its wintry sleep and manifests in a thousand ways the perfections of its Author, thus singing His praises and giving Him the glory which the Almighty desires, and which alone influenced Him to pronounce the great fiat that called myriads of beings into existence.

Can man, the king of the universe, be heedless of so powerful an example ; can he alone, instead of tending towards his Maker, basely turn from Him by sin, unmindful of the cry everything around him emits : "Sursum Corda !"

Man spends his life reasoning on the past, complaining of the present, and trembling for the future.

In olden times men painted to show the object of faith ; to-day they use objects of faith to show the painting.—Ruskin.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty pipes of you who diffuse it. It proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—George Eliot.

Queen of May.

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"Winter is now past," etc.—Cant.

YES! "the long and dreary winter"
Happily has passed away,
And the golden sun is shining
O'er Our Lady's month of May.

Like her robe its fragrant blossoms,
Like her veil its cloudlets white;
Like her diadem, those star-gems
Gleaming in the tranquil night.

Science, art, and inspiration,
Group around this virgin fair;
All some master-piece would offer
As a votive-gift of prayer.

Sketches of a perfect beauty
Which so far excels high art,
Melodies, reverberating
With the sweetness of her heart.

Wondrous thoughts of erudition
Graceful in their imagery,
Greet her mild maternal queendom
Over earth, and sky, and sea.

Oft I think my gift poetic
Now has well nigh ebbed away,
Are its murmurs but discordance
In the sweeter songs of May?

No! the golden harps are thrilling
In God's land of light above,
Yet, through Mary's Heart their echoes
Each low sigh of exile love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Another question is : Can Elias, in his present state, merit ? Can he be invoked as a saint ? Of either there can be no doubt. He is living in the flesh and capable of human actions, therefore, able to merit, and the church, by inscribing his name in the martyrology, and granting masses in his honor, has decided the other point. Not only the Carmelites, but the whole oriental church, and in Italy the Diocese of Venice celebrate his feast, and more than once he has appeared upon invocation and assisted those that prayed to him. This is a regular prerogative certainly, a saint invoked, whilst he is living in the flesh.

After this digression we revert to Eliseus.

The sons of the prophets offered him 50 men to seek Elias. He dissuades them, but they, carried away by fervor, seek three days and revert to their master, with the news that they could not find their beloved master.

From the Jordan Eliseus went to Bethel, to visit the monastery there, but the inhabitants, being idolaters and hence enemies of the prophet, sent their boys to ridicule him by the cry : Come up, bald-head ; come up, bald-head. God, through the prophet, punished them at once, and 40 boys are torn by bears.

In the same year Eliseus miraculously supplies the joint armies of Israel and Juda with water and foretells the victory over Moab.

Shortly before Michaeas, by order of Joram, the King of Israel, had been cast down from a rock and killed. He is the first martyr of the Order. He was buried in his home at Morasthi, according to the Patriarch John of Jerusalem.

Year 913.—Eliseus stayed in Samaria, hoping to bring Joram to penance and conversion. There he miraculously multiplied oil for a widow, who is called the wife of a prophet. According to John the Patriarch, she was the widow of Abdias, of whom we said above, that he left wife and children and joined Elias. The debts she complains of, were contracted for the support of the sons of the prophet, whom he assisted against the persecutions of Achab. It was, therefore, just that Eliseus should assist her, and not having anything of his own, he obtained from God what was necessary.

It may be surprising to hear of wives of the prophets. But in the old law there were many who observed only one or two of the vows ; the smaller number only was religious in the present sense of the word, the others forming a kind of third order. It also happened that, as in the case of Abdias and later, one of the Rechabites and Essenians, they lived in the married state for a time and then separated, in order to follow a more perfect life. The same thing happens to-day yet, though rarely.

Years 912-910.—During these years the Sunamite woman (4 Kings IV) built a special cell for the holy prophet on the roof of her house, to entertain him hospitably. Her little son died of sunstroke, and Eliseus raised him to life again.

Here we also find Jahaziel, mentioned as one of the prophets, who prophesied to the King of Israel victory over his enemies, and, moved by the stupendous miracle of the resuscitation of the boy of Sunam, Jonadab, a son (that is, a descendant) of Achab, joined the prophetic order.

Year 909.—In this year the seven years' famine, predicted by Eliseus, commenced. The year is memorable by two miracles wrought by Eliseus in favor of his community. The one is the conversion of poisonous into innocuous food (4 Kings iv); the other the miraculous multiplication of food, donated to them (4 Kings iv). Incidentally we learn by these records, that there were 100 men in one community, and that they were so poor that they had to sustain life by eating wild herbs, gathered in the woods and fields.

Year 908.—The community of Jericho,

being too crowded, built a number of new cells near the borders of the Jordan (there establishing a new community), and Eliseus, by miracle recovers an axe, that had fallen into the river (4 Kings 6). He also told the King of Israel of the snares laid for him by Benadab, the King of Syria, and freed him repeatedly.

Year 907.—Benadab tries to capture Eliseus, but the latter blinds the soldiers sent against him, and leads them into Samaria, regales them with food and dismisses them in safety. (4 Kings 6).

Year 906.—King Joram of Israel, considering Eliseus the cause of the famine, seeks to kill him, but repents, and Eliseus assures him of abundance of food the next day. (4 Kings 7).

Year 905.—King Joram of Juda receives a letter from the prophet Elias, transmitted, as it is believed, by angels, in which the departed prophet, upbraiding him for his crimes and the idolatry of the Jews, announces the chastisements of God upon the people, and tells the King that he will die of mortification of the bowels, which are to go from him piece by piece (Ecclesiasticus 48:6). (This is a proof of the continued activity and intercession of the prophet, but there are also later ones. Thus, Thos. Meringham says, in his life of St. Patrick, that the saint was freed from a troublesome and excruciating sickness by the intercession of Elias, whom he invoked).

Year 904.—Benadab of Syria falling sick, Eliseus proceeded to Damascus, to annoint Herod King of Syria, according to the command of the prophet Elias. The presents offered he refused, though the sons of the prophets were suffering severely by the famine.

Year 903.—This was the last year of the famine. The Sunamite woman, who, obedient to the warning of Eliseus, had moved into the Philistine country before the famine commenced, returned to Samaria, and the King at once restored to her her lands, etc. (4 Kings 8)

The same year Eliseus cured Naaman, the Syrian, of leprosy (4 Kings 5). Geizi his servant, was punished by the prophet with leprosy, teaching thus his followers, that poverty was an essential condition of fellowship for the sons of prophets, living in community.

Year 902.—One of his disciples (according to Hebrew tradition, it was Jonas the prophet) is sent by Eliseus to annoint Jehu, King of Israel, and to command him to exterminate the House of Achab. Jehu, on his journey to Samaria, takes Jonas into his own wagon, in order to convince the people that he acts by command of God (4 Kings 10). Others maintain that it was not Jonas, but Jonadab, the Rechabite, who was thus honored.

(Rechab was a son of Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses. His family were always distinguished for the purity, piety and zeal of their members; they, under the name of Pinaei, which later became Essenians, formed a school similar to that established by Samuel, and the greater part of them was gradually merged in the Elianic Order. Some still existed as a separate body in the times of Christ.)

Of the years following we have no detailed accounts. Aegidius Camartus sums up in saying: "They obtained the mountains, deserts and villages from the sea into which Mount Carmel projects to the river of Ethiopia, towards which the mountains of Galaad extend," and he applies to the order the words of the Psalm 79: "Thou hast planted its roots and it filled the land, covered the mountains by its shade and its branches are the cedars of God; it stretched its twigs into the sea, and its shoots into the river."

The sons of the prophets at that time had convents on Mount Carmel, Gabaa, Galgal, Carintharim, Naioth in Ramatha, Masphat, Bethel, Jericho, Jerusalem, Samaria, at the Jordan, on Mount Ephraim, on the Quarantine (the mountain on which our Lord fasted 40 days) and in Sarephta.

The names of the other places we no longer know. There the sons of the prophets lived in little houses, tents and huts constructed of branches of trees. Also the mountain caves, of which there were no less than 200 on Mount Carmel alone, were utilized for the purpose, for forgetful of all personal comforts, the prophets lived for God only, who often, in an extraordinary manner, provided

for their bodily necessities. The holy fathers and other writers, especially the Patriarch John of Jerusalem, are full of praise of their retired, poor, austere, pious and fervent life, and ascribe to them the saving of the Israelite Kingdom from a complete apostacy from God.

What habit did they wear? St. Paul, in his letter to the Hebrews (11:37) mentions the melos, a garment which received its name from the animal, the pelt of which was used in its manufacture. The Patriarch John describes it as a sacklike garment of coarse texture woven from camel hair (therefore not the skin of the animal was worn). It covered the whole body from the neck to the feet, and by its coarseness resembled fur. The color was the native color of the material,—dark tending to black. The girdle was of goat skin, the hair of it turned outwards. Over this tunic they wore a linen ephod, shaped like a scapular, open on the sides, and descending below the belt. They also had shoes or sandals of leather and used a white cloak which in stress of weather served as a hood to protect the head. This is the description left to us by Patriarch John and Cassianus.

Year 849.—In the years 850 and 849, Amos, the prophet, the brother of King Amasias, and father of Isaias, the prophet, commenced his prophetic life. That he belonged to the school of prophets in Jerusalem is not absolutely certain, but very probable.

In 849 Eliseus died, about 105 years old. On his deathbed he yet prophesied to King Joas of Samaria, three victories over the Syrians. According to the Roman martyrology, he died on June 14th. He was buried, as the Jewish historian, Josephus Flavius says: "as it became a man most acceptable to the Divinity." In all probability he was buried in the convent, which his order possessed in the suburbs of Samaria beside the grave of the prophet Abdias, who had died many years before him. Both were famous by miracles wrought after their death at their graves. Hence both were highly venerated, until Julian, the Apostate, got their bodies exhumed, burned, the ashes flung in the air and the sepulchre destroyed.

Our chronicles do not give us certain news as to the successor of Eliseus in the government of the prophetic order. Some mention Jonas, the prophet, others Jonadab, the Rechabite. Cajetan declares that Obed, or Oded, who flourished after Eliseus in the Kingdom of Samaria, was his successor. The cloak of Eliseus was preserved by the order with great care, but owing to Saracene invasions it was mostly lost; a part of it was brought by S. Fulgentius to Spain, to a place called Area Buete.

The year after the death of Eliseus, a dead man, coming in contact with the prophet's bones, was restored to life (4 Kings 13) (Ecclesiasticus 48, v. 14-15).

Year 842.—The prophet Jonas is sent to Ninive. After his return he prophesied in Israel (Jonas 1:12.)

Year 834.—Jonas, feeling his death approaching, went to his native town Sarephta, where he probably died and also was buried in a place called Geth, outside Sarephta. The Roman martyrology gives the 21st of September as the day of his death.

Year 823.—Henceforward the members of the prophetic order in and around Jerusalem became known under the title of Scribes, because they studied Sacred Scripture and expounded it to the people. Their identity is proved by the chaldaic version of the people, which renders the Hebrew "prophet" into "scribe" also the description of their life dallies. (In the time of Christ the scribes, no longer members of the prophetic order, had entirely degenerated.)

Year 802.—In this or the next following years, Isaias, the greatest of the old testamentary prophets, commenced his public life. He was a son of Amos (not the prophet Amos, whose writing is a part of Sacred Writ) and a cousin of the King of Juda. Many writers maintain that he was a member of the prophetic order, but it is impossible to give anything certain. He prophesied during the last years of King Ozias, many things about the extermination of the synagogue, and the vocation of the Gentiles so clearly that S. Jerome calls him less a prophet than an evangelist of the old law. Years after he was cruelly mar-

tyred for upbraiding the King and the priests of the temple.

Year 774.—This was an unfortunate year for the Kingdom of Israel and the prophetic order, for Teglathphalazar, commander-in-chief of the Assyrian army took a portion of the kingdom and led the inhabitants therein into captivity. On this occasion all the convents in Galaad, Ruben, Gad, Nephtalim and half of Manasses were entirely destroyed and some of the prophets led away, though the greater part escaped captivity.

Year 759.—The prophet Obed met the victorious Israelites, returning from the war against Juda, and bringing with them 100,000 captive women and children. He denounced their intention to to enslave them with such effect, that all the captives were set free and allowed to return to their homes.

Year 758.—Isaias gave to King Achaz the famous prophecy: "Behold a virgin shall conceive, etc."

Year 739.— After the patience of God towards the Kingdom of Israel was exhausted, Salmanassar, the King of Assyria, captured the whole country and led the whole people into Assyrian captivity, from which, as a people, they never returned. What became of the different convents scattered through the country we do not know, but Patriarch John relates that by the special providence of God the inhabitants of Mount Carmel were left in undisturbed possession. This was the reward for their faithful observance of the law, and their fervent labors in the vineyard of God.

Others state that the numbers of those saved was 100, by whom the order was perpetuated.

Year 716.—This year another Assyrian expedition against Juda was carried out by Sennacherib. On this occasion also Mount Carmel experienced the rigors of war. At least Sennacherib boasts that he felled on Carmel the sublime cedars of God, and the select pines, and that he cut down the woods of Carmel (4 Kings 19, 23 and 24). But the hermits themselves were not molested.

Year 713.—The impious King, Manasses of Juda, persecuted the sons of the prophets because they preached against his idolatry. Among them Isaias was killed, who, according to the Jewish tradition, was sawed in two halves with a wooden saw.

Years 712—710.—The persecution of Manasses continued, and so many sons of the prophets and their pious followers among the people were killed, that according to Josephus Flavius, the streets of Jerusalem were reeking with blood; also against the Rechabites he exercised his vengeance.

Years 709—676.—During this time Manasses having repented and freed from captivity, ruled in a holy way, and the sons of the prophets (who had escaped the slaughter of the previous years) were prophesying before him, that is, aided him by their spiritual ministrations.

Towards the end of this epoch, Nabucadonezzar sent Holofernes into Palestine, who summoned amongst others, also the inhabitants of Carmel, to acknowledge the King of Babylon the master of the world. What answer he received from the sons of the prophets is not known, but defenceless hermits could give but one answer.

Year 627.—Under the impious King Joachim, the prophet Urias of Cariathjarim was cruelly killed because he had prophesied against the crimes of the King and people. Jeremias was in danger of death and had to hide. The Kingdom was fast going to ruin, and the time of the Babylonian captivity approached.

Year 625.—The prophet Daniel was led with the King into the Babylonian captivity, since he was of the blood royal. (According to a vision which the French priest, John de Bosco, had in the year 1478, Daniel was received into the prophetic order whilst in Babylon).

Years 622-618.—The Rechabites, who according to their custom, had been living in solitude, moved into Jerusalem for protection against the expected Babylonian invasion. The prophet Jeremias had invited them thither to put them before King and people as examples of unswerving fidelity to God and rule (Jeremias 35, 2 foll.) At the time Jeremias prophesied "that there shall not be wanting a man of the progeny of Rechab to stand before my face forever." This refers to the temple in Jerusalem, and there were always Rechabites there as musicians and singers, till the de-

struction of the temple under Titus. (70 p. Ch.) The progeny mentioned is a spiritual one, and though the people were of the tribe of Juda, many Levites had joined the order, so that also priests were found amongst them.

Year 617-606.—The remainder of the Jewish people with few exceptions were carried away to Babylon. Jeremias, and through him the Rechabites were allowed to remain and continued the service in the temple, as far as it was possible in the ruins.

Year 605.—A good number of the Jews were colonized in Spain, amongst them some of the prophetic order.

Year 538.—In this year falls the visit of Pythagoras to Mount Carmel. The order had then a flourishing school for young men, who were not members of the order, and many of the principles, which Pythagoras inculcated to his followers, he had learned during his stay on Carmel.

Years 518-498—During these years the Jews returned from Babylon to Jeru salem, built again the temple and the city and restored the divine service, under the guidance of Esdras, and the prophets Aggaeus and Zachary, through whom out of the remnants of the Rechabites the Order of Essenians was instituted, who were in all things followers of the sons of the prophets. There is an host of witnesses, that they preserved perpetual chastity, had their property in common. Pophyrius says, that by vote they elect procurators, who, without discrimination, provide for everyone's wants equally. Concerning their obedience Josephus Flavius says: "They probably consider it their duty to obey the elders and every decree of the majority" and Philo tells us "that the younger ones show to their elders, care, honor and reverence, like genuine sons." Regarding their piety Josephus says, "they give before and after meals praise to God as the giver of their sustenance," and again "the Essenians refer everything to God," and Philo adds "they are called Essenians for their sanctity, because they serve God with the greatest zeal."

The same and other writers mention that they had a two years' noviciate, and tried the applicants carefully before they admitted them into their order. Their strict observance of silence is praised.

They rapidly spread over the whole of Palestine, and there were communities of women as well as of men, but naturally separated from one another.

Thus the Essenians are to be considered the rejuvenation of the old prophetic order, embodying all the remnants of Samaria and Juda, and more and more developing religious life. Sixtus of Siena says in his "Bibliotheca," that they were not very dissimilar to Christian monks. Hence the different names of the sons of the prophets,—Rechabites, Scribes, Essenians are but different denominations of the same institute. Even the identity of their dwelling places proves this.

Years 445-432.—During these years Esdras, who is called a prince of the Recha bites, brought a colony of Jews back from Babylon to Jerusalem, rebuilt the temple, restored the old splendor of the service, and founded from amongst the Essenians a college of Scribes, to multiply the copies of the Bible, and explain the Sacred Writ to the Jews. He also abandoned the old Hebrew characters, leaving them to the Samaritans, and invented a new alphabet, in which the Bible was written.

Years 337-300—In this time the Elianic order suffered greatly by the war of Alexander the Great against the Persians, and the wars of his successors amongst themselves. At the same time a part of its members attached themselves to the temple, built in Garizim, by permission of Alexander the Great, and formed thus a sect of schismatics and heretics, who, later on, allied themselves to the Saducees.

For a long time our annals do not bring anything positive. The times were certainly not propitious for a religious life, as it was nothing but wars, rebellions, treason, religious quarrels and the like, which history records. We find the names of the Essenians, scribes or sons of the prophets, mentioned often, but only conjectures can be had about their deeds, their number and even their domiciles, because hostile invasions often compelled them to flee from place to to place or to disband for the time.

In the year 103 we read of Judas, the Essenian, who was highly venerated for his sanctity and the gift of prophecy, and whom different writers speak of in words of unstinted praise.

Year 77.—This year will be forever memorable by an event, which William Pepin, professor at the university of Paris and a famous preacher of the Dominican Order, recounts, and of which he says, that he found the report thereof in an ancient volume of the Dominican library in Valence, namely: "I found that S. Cyril, long a dweller on Mount Carmel, who ruled (as Bishop of Alexandria Egypt) about the year 428, wrote of the generation of S. Ann, showing who her parents were. He says that about 78 years before the incarnation of our Lord, there lived a virgin of the tribe and family of Juda (in Bethlehem) who was beautiful in body but more beautiful in soul, and whose name was Emerentiana. This chaste virgin, with the consent of her parents, visited certain devout brothers, living on Mount Carmel, and commenced to speak with them about the advent of the Messias and the prophecies referring to it. When she became of marriageable age, her parents wanted to give her to a very honest man in marriage, but she did not consent, as she had secretly promised virginity, if such were the will of God. Hence she had recourse to the same fathers, telling them of the will of her parents and her own. Hearing this, they prayed to God to manifest His will in this matter. After they had done this for three days there was shown to the superior and two other very pious ones a tree, on which there was a twig, bearing a most beautiful flower which contained a delectable fruit. Then they heard a voice telling them that the tree was Emerentiana, and her will so completely united to God's will. The twig signified a very holy daughter, whom God would give her in the married state. But the flower signified a most chaste virgin, whom this daughter of Emerentiana would bear, who would remain a virgin and who would have the fruit of life, the natural son of God in her virginal womb, and at the proper time would give birth to Him without labor. This revelation the fathers communicated to Emerentiana, who replied: The will of God be done. Hence she consented to be married, humbly beseeching God, that she might not be given to a man who had not the fear of God in him. When, after this six different men were proposed to her, she would not take any of them, because by inspiration she knew their bad intentions. But when a seventh, called Stollanus, came, who feared God and wished to marry not through lust, but in the hope of having issue, she consented and was married to him, conceiving by him a daughter, whom she called "Ann." She also gave birth to another girl Esmeria (otherwise called Sobe), who was the mother of S. Elisabeth, of whom was born John the Baptist.

(The book of S. Cyril "de ortu B. V. Mariae," which he wrote after the council of Ephesus and sent to Pope Coelestine I. was called in doubt because it no longer exists. But of the works of this Saint, which we find mentioned by other writers, scarcely one half exists yet, and thousands of other works have in the course of time, disappeared,—hence the argument is of no value.)

Years 65-48.—A holy Essenian, called Manahem, predicted to Herod, who at that time was studying at the college of the Essenians, that he would be the future King of Juda, that his rule would be splendid, but stained by many vices and crimes.

About the year 65 S. Elizabeth, the mother of the precursor of our Lord, was born.

Year 38.—This year was significant for the Jews, for the sceptre was taken from Juda and gave to Herod, the Judamaean. He called Manahem, who had prophesied to him his elevation to the crown and wished to know how long he was going to rule. Manahem keeping silent, the King asked if he would rule 10 years, and Manahem replied: "Twenty, thirty—" but did not finish the sentence. The King was satisfied and dismissed him with honor and for his sake, as Josephus Flavius and Palacony dorus say, he treated the family of Carmel with honor "during his life, though to others he was a bloodthirsty tyrant."

Years 16-15.— In these years the immaculate conception and nativity of the

Bl. Virgin, the Mother of God, took place. We can easily understand with what attention the inhabitants of Mount Carmel watched the family of Emerentiana, with what delight they saw S. Ann married to S. Joachim, and how they rejoiced when the Saints, though springing from the tribe of Juda, made Nazareth their abode, where, in all probability, the Bl. Virgin was born in the same house, which at a later date was to be the home of the Holy Family. Nine hundred years they had venerated the future mother of God. For that length of time they had preserved sacredly the traditions about her immaculate conception; they had sighed for the redemption of Israel, and now they beheld the Mother of the Redeemer with their own eyes. Such exstatic joy had never before filled their hearts.

Year 13.—The Blessed Virgin presented herself in the temple, where she was educated for 12 years, and where she made a vow of perpetual chastity.

Years 2-1.—The espousals of the Blessed Virgin with S. Joseph took place by Divine command. The Bl. Virgin lived at Nazareth, where the Angel saluted her, and where the incarnation of the Saviour of the world took place. She assisted Elizabeth for 3 months, and after the birth of John the Baptist, returned with S. Joseph for Nazareth, whence the time of her delivery approaching, she set out with S. Joseph for Bethlehem, in obedience to the decree of Caesar, and in exact accord with the prophecies announcing that out of Bethlehem the leader should go forth, that was to redeem his people.

There our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was born in the fulness of time, and his mother was virgin before and after His birth.

Year 1—34.—During the lifetime of our Lord the Blessed Virgin repeatedly honored Mount Carmel with her presence, bringing untold joy to the hearts of the community there. There are several names mentioned of members of the Order, but as quotations are not clear we prefer to pass them over.

Regarding the attitude of the Carmelites towards the Christian religion, Joseph of Antioch, who lived in the year 130 and wrote the annals of the primitive church, says, "As helpers of the perfect soldiers of Christ, the Apostles, there arose very strong men, solitaries, given to meditation, the followers of the holy prophets Elias and Eliseus. They descended from Mount Carmel, spread the faith of Christ constantly through Galilee, Samaria and Palestine. They also erected on the slopes of Mount Carmel an oratory in honor of the Virgin Mary, where they specially served the Mother of the Saviour."

Philo, a Jew of Alexandria in Egypt, and Josephus Flavius, the historian of the Jewish nation, give us a detailed description of the life which these "Essenians" led in their time. As they agree in all the substantial points, it is enough to let Philo speak. In his Apology he says: "None of them can bear it, to have any private property, neither house field, servants, animals, nor anything which is generally supplied by wealth, but they put everything together and use it in common. What they receive in wages for their work, they deliver to the appointed procurator, and not only the table, but the dress they have in common. Money, honors and pleasures they despise. They refuse to marry, and all practise constant continency."

"They study philosophy (i.e. religion) handed down to them by their forefathers. They also have commentaries of the ancients, as the founder of this sect left them many monuments of such allegories, which the younger accept for imitation. Whom they elected Prelate, had to swear that he would deliver only such doctrines as he himself had received." They have sacred little buildings which they call Semmea, or monasteries, where they practise a holy, solitary life, nor do they bring there food or drink for the use of the body, but only the law and the divinely given sayings of the prophets, constantly in their mind in such a way that even in their sleep they observe nothing but the picture of divine beauty."

Philo also praises their abstemiousness and declares that they never ate or drank to satisfy, considering this inimical to the soul, and asserts that on account of the simplicity of their living they are long lived, so that a great many centenarians are found amongst

them. "They live outside the walls in gardens or solitary farms, loving solitude, not through hatred for man, but to avoid the company of persons of other habits. Their silence is kept so strictly that members of the same sect, moving from other houses, are received, treated and behave as if they had always lived in the house. The reverence which they showed to their superiors, we mentioned before.

All this proves that these Essenians, or Rechabites, or Carmelites, in the first century of the Christian Era, had a well developed community life, and their order of exercises and religious observance were not very dissimilar to what religious orders observe at the present day.

Year 35,—This year is remarkable as the year of the outbreak of the first persecutions against the Christians. Among the many victims who were killed in Palestine or driven out of the country,there were a number of Carmelites, some of whom went to Spain with the Holy Apostle James. One of them, Elpidius by name, became the first Bishop of Toledo, and dedicated the first chapel in Spain in honor of the Bl. Virgin.

Luitprand says in his fragments : "S. Elpidius, whom S. James made the first Bishop of Toledo, was a Carmelite monk and converted to the faith by the first sermon of S. Peter, came to Spain with many companions."

Luitprand refers to many oriental histories for his dates, which, however, in the persecutions of the Roman emperors and afterwards of the Saracenos, have disappeared. At this time also the chronicles and older books of the Carmelites perished.

Year 36.—In this year the inhabitants of Mount Carmel commenced to be called the Brothers of the Bl. Virgin of Mount Carmel. Their superior at the time was Enoch of Amathion, who converted the Seunion, or oratory of S. Elias, into an oratory of the Bl. Virgin. Amongst their number was also Agabus, the prophet mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.

Year 39.—Eusebius says of Antioch, where S. Peter had his chair at the time that owing to the persecution,raised in Jerusalem after the death of S. Stephen, many came to Antioch and gathered there a most flourishing congregation, amongst whom there were a great many men of the prophetic order." In this same year the spot in which the Bl. Virgin was conceived was occupied and converted into a chapel by the Carmelites, after they, the year before, had built a chapel in Mary's honor on the slope of Mount Carmel.

Years 40-44.—A good many writers of Spain assert that at this time S. Elpidius founded in Toledo a monastery of Carmelite monks and nuns.

Year 45.—S.Mark, the evangelist, sent by S. Peter, founded the church of Alexandria in Egypt. He took with him Enoch, the hermit of Mount Carmel,who founded monasteries, introducing monastic discipline. After the martyrdom of S. Mark, he returned to Mount Carmel, where he died on July 7th, 64, and was buried by the brethren there with the greatest solemnity. S. Eugenie, in male attire and under the name of Helenus, was an inmate of one of these monasteries.

Year 48.—This is the year of the assumption of the Bl. Virgin. At her death and burial there were present Enoch and Agabus of Mount Carmel,who according to our chronicles, had been invited by Mary herself.

Year 60.—During the persecution of the Church under Nero, S. Elpidius, the Bishop of Toledo attended with other bishops a council held in Cherzonum (now Peniscola), near Valencia in Spain. There all were imprisoned and suffered martyrdom under Judge Alotus. His body was later on translated to Marsia, in Italy, and thence in the year 969, to Mete by Bishop Theoderis. (Taken from the lessons on the breviary of the Church of Toledo.) Elpidius, not long before his death, had visited S. Paul, then a prisoner in Rome, bringing him alms collected amongst the Spanish Christians.

Year 67.—This is the year of the martyrdom of S. Peter and Paul. We mention it because in the church of S. Maria Traspontina, which is the mother-house of the Carmelite Order in Rome, there are preserved parts of two columns, to which the holy apostles were tied during their flagellation ; also a picture of Our Lord, which the Apostles had then be-

fore their eyes, and which spoke to them and third, a marble box, containing among other relics two teeth of S.Peter, which Pope Calestine III. deposited there in the old church in 1194, and which, under Sixtus V., in 1588, June 29th, were transferred into the present church.

Year 69.—After the outbreak of the Jewish war Vespasian, the commander in chief of the Jewish forces, consulted a certain Basilides on Mount Carmel, who, through the "oracle" (thus the pagan reporters style the oratory) gave him the answer that he would obtain all his wishes, and rule over many people. When, on the following year, Jerusalem fell, and the Jewish people were killed or sold into slavery, Vespasian and his son Titus treated the Carmelites with consideration and did not molest them. But their houses near the cenacle and near the golden gate were destroyed with the city, the inhabitants having fled to Pella.

Year 83.—The chapel, dedicated to the Bl. Virgin, near the fountain of Elias on Mount Carmel, which had existed since 38, was dilapidated. Hence the Carmelites raised a new church on the top of the mountain on the spot where Elias had seen the little cloud rising from the sea. It was naturally dedicated again to Mary, and its principal ornament was the picture of S. Luke. This picture was in later times brought to Constantinople, from whence a Carmelite monk, Eutymius, carried it to Bologna, where it is to-day. An authentic copy of it is in the S. Maria Traspontina, the mother house of the order.

(There are a good many pictures of the Bl. Virgin, which are claimed to be the painting of S. Luke. It is possible that S. Luke, to satisfy the pious desires of the Christians, painted a number of copies himself, otherwise they would be but copies of the original, made by other painters.)

The chronicles of this year mention a certain Abbas, a very saintly hermit of Mount Carmel, who for a time was instructor in spiritual matters of Josephus Flavius. The latter, however, did not persevere.

Years 138-139.—At this time a savage war of extermination was raised by Emperor Adrian against the Jews, who had gathered again in Palestine and raised a rebellion against Rome. The fate of the Carmelites there is described by Peter Sarzacene thus: Ours attempted to flee and like beasts they were hiding in mountain caves, excavations, deserts and solitudes, unknown to men, but known to God. The blood of many holy martyrs was shed. The monasteries were levelled to the ground, or polluted by their new inhabitants, churches were profaned or thrown down. And not enough, all divine services and loud praises of God were forbidden, and the gathering of our religious impossible. Many and terrible persecutions ours have suffered from the pagans, and intolerable evils they saw,—hunger, thirst, cold and sickness. And never was the vineyard of Carmel more depleted than by Aelius Hadrian, the most inimical emperor against Jews and Christians.

One of the Carmelites, then driven into exile, was Fructuosus, who in after years was made bishop of Taracona by Pope Sixtus.

Years 142-53.-During these years the papal throne was occupied by S. Telesphore, who, according to the chronicles of the order, was a Carmelite hermit. He was probably born in Calabria.

There is mention made of the Abbot Frontonius, who with 70 followers, left the towns of Egypt, and built a monastery in the desert. As he is prior to S. Anthony or S. Paul, the hermits, he could belong only to the one monastic institution existing at that time,— the Essenians or Carmelites.

Year 188.— S. Narcissus, Bishop of Jerusalem, an hermit from Mount Carmel, died at the age of 116.

Year 190.—S. Serapion, Bishop of Antioch, was glorious. He was an anchorite of the prophetic order.

Year 240.—The Roman martyrology on Oct. 19th, incidentally mentions the martyrdom of 7 monks in Egypt. Hundreds of others of the Elianic institute perished in the savage persecutions of the Christians, but their names are not known, the records being destroyed by the persecutors.

Year 250.—This year a great persecution broke out in Alexandria in Egypt, during which many of the Carmelites were slain; others found refuge in the de-

sert. This is also the year in which S. Paul, called the first hermit, saved his life by retreating into the solitudes of the city and desert.

Year 261.—After the martyrdom of Pope Sixtus S. Dionysius, who had lived the hermit's life on Mount Carmel, was raised to the papal chair. The chronicles of the order always claimed him as a Carmelite. He divided Rome into parishes, giving each one its separate clergy, and in a letter to Bishop Severus in Cordoca, Spain, he tells him to do likewise and communicate the order to other Bishops.

Year 276.—Abbot Chariton of Iconium, who belongs to the Carmelite Order, according to its writers, suffered martyrdom for the faith, in his native town.

Years 296-300.—In Egypt there lived two Carmelite monks, Abbot Ammon and Lucian, both famous for their sanctity and the miracles they wrought. Both lived before the time that S. Anthony, "the father of the monks," had gathered disciples around him. Ammon however, knew St. Anthony, and was highly honored by him. S. Epiphanius mentions both in his writings.

Years 305-306.—These years were rendered glorious by S. Theodore, a disciple of Ammon, and his successor as the superior of the monastery outside Alexandria, called Nitria.

Lucian founded a monastery and received there Epiphanius, a converted Jew from Palestine. In the acts of S. Epiphanius, it is said: "After Epiphanius had sold all and given the price to the poor, retaining for himself only 40 coins for the purchase of holy and life giving books, he left the town with Lucian, who had built for himself a monastery. He had with him 10 monks, who earned the necessaries by industriously copying books and selling them. Epiphanius, when he became a monk, was 16 years old."

He remained in the monastery Spangdrion, and had for his pupil Callistus, the son of the prefect of the town. Later he went to Egypt, spending 4 years with the holy monks there, and then returned to his native country, where he had built a monastery at Eleutheropolis. Finally he became Bishop of Salamis in Cyprus.

In these years also a political change took place, that was of the greatest consequence for Church and Religion. Constantius Chlorus died, leaving the western empire to his son Constantine the Great, who was the first Christian emperor, and put an end to the 300 years' persecution.

Year 309.—Under this year mention is made of S. Hilarion, first a disciple of S. Anthony, afterwards the second in rank and then the successor of Lucian. He had long lived in a desert of Palestine all alone. Surio, in his acts of Epiphanus, says, that Hilarion, whilst with Lucian was young in age and adorned with all virtues. Another one called Claudius followed to imitate him. When Epiphanius had seen the two he followed their example, and the great Lucian gave him into the hands of the still greater Hilarion to teach him the writing of holy writ. But it happened that Lucian died and then Hilarion was at the head of the brethren, and, in truth, it was a privilege to see the place, as the brethren lived not like men, but served the most holy and merciful God like the angels. The food of Hilarion was bread salt and a little water. He ate once in two days, sometimes in three, and often in four or a whole week. This kind of life Epiphanius chose for all his days.

Year 310.—Another saint is mentioned this year, S. Spiridion, who, visiting the holy places of Palestine for devotion's sake, encounters hermits living in the ruins of the old monastery on Mount Carmel, and receives there the habit of the order. How long he remained there it is not positively known, but the time is computed to have been 8 years, during which he excelled in regular service and explicit obedience. He became a confessor of the faith, and eventually Bishop of Cyprus.

Year 313.—S. Anthony in a vision saw the soul of Ammon, the superior of the monastery at Nitria, rise to heaven, and announced the fact to his disciples. Amongst the companions of Ammon are mentioned Arsisius, Putuphastus, Hagio, Chronius and Serapion.

This year S. Sylvester became pope. He was a born Roman, but leaving his father's house, he built himself, on the Esquiline near the baths of Domitian, an

house and oratory, which developed into the church of S. Sylvester and Martin on the mountain, which for centuries has been in the hands of the Carmelites. S. Sylvester celebrated two councils in this church, and is buried there. There are also besides, the bodies of 8 other popes and numerous relics, transferred thither from the catacombs of S. Priscilla.

About this time the two miracles were wrought by S. Spiridion, which are told in his life, viz., the miraculous capture of thieves, and the calling of his departed daughter in evidence of a deposit.

Years 315-317.—Many miracles are recorded of S. Hilarion. S. Jerome, speaking of him, makes a remark which has often been used as an argument against the constant tradition of the Carmelites. He says: "In those days there were no monasteries in Palestine, nor had any one known a monk in Syria before Hilarion. He was the first founder and instructor in this manner of life in the province. Our Lord Jesus had in Egypt the old man Anthony, in Palestine the young man Hilarion." But this difficulty is easily solved. Besides S. Jerome himself there is a host of witnesses to testify of the cosenian communities, whether under the names of sons of the prophets, Rechabites and Essenians. But the words "monk and monastery" were accepted in a sense different from the present one. The word "monos" means alone, and hence was used of solitaries who lived for themselves separate from any other person, whilst places where a larger number lived together were called "coenobia," common dwellings.

Year 318.—There is mention of two Carmelites, Porphyrius, who was very anxious to gather copies of the writings of the fathers of the Church and of Origines, and of Abbot Vistero, who was a model of virtue.

Years 319.323—It was at this time reported of S. Hilarion, that he had received the grace to discern by the smell of clothes, bodies or whatever one had touched, whether he was in the state of grace, or a slave to some and to what vice. He himself told this to his beloved companion Hesyohius.

Year 324.—This year Pope Sylvester celebrated his council in the church of S. Martino da Monti, which we mentioned above. The council was known under the name of "the first Roman Council."

Year 325.—In this memorable year the first Oecumenic Council of Nice assembled, in which amongst other members of the Elianic Order, also S. Spiridion was present, who distinguished himself by his fidelity to tradition, and by converting a number of vainglorious philosophers through the force of his simple faith.

In the same year S. Sylvester convened another council in L. Martino at Rome, where he approved of and published the decrees of the council of Nice.

Year 326.— S. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great, visited Palestine, and was shown the place of the holy sepulchre by two virgins, consecrated to God, who had lived there, but on account of the bloody persecutions of Emperor Licinius, had taken refuge in mountain caves. The queen built a convent near the sepulchre for many devout virgins living according to the manner of the monks of Mount Carmel, and procured them veils. One of the two, Mary by name, they appointed superior. S. Helen herself stood with them whilst in Jerusalem, and served them like a servant. Besides, she founded a monastery for men near the former Golden gate, where she had found the bodies of Joachim and Ann.

Bostius, from whose history the foregoing is taken, mentions further, that with the assistance of Helen and Constantine, many of the old monasteries that had been destroyed, were repaired, so that in these times there existed again Convents at Jerusalem on Mount Sion, the Golden Gate, and the place of Ascension; then one near the place of the baptism of Christ (S. Fosimas, who discovered the Egyptian Mary, lived there); also in Bethlehem, Galgala, Jericho, Samaria (Sebasten), also on Mount Quarantene, in the desert where Christ had fed 5,000 men, on the Black Mountain near Antioch (where Gregory Nazianzen lived for a time, and which the the Carmelites possessed till 1291). Besides they had monasteries at Sitopolis, Rolemaida, Tyrus and Sarepta.

Year 328.—In this year the Order was divided into four provinces: that of the

holy land, Cyprus, the Thebais and Egypt.

Year 333.—Of this year the erection of a monastery in Treves (Germany) is recorded, which S. Augustine mentions, according to the report made by a certain Potitian.

Year 335.—On Dec. 31, Pope Sylvester died, and was buried in the cemetery of S. Priscilla, but taken up by his successor, Pope Sergius II., and placed under the altar of S. Martino dai Monti, where it still rests.

Year 338.—After the death of Constantine the Great, his three sons inherited the empire. One of them, Constantius, whilst at Antioch, fell mortally sick, and was miraculously restored by S. Spiridion.

Year 347.—This year the council of Sardica in Illyria, was celebrated, at which amongst other followers of the Elianic Order, also S. Spiridion with his disciple, Triphillius, who himself was a Bishop, was present. Also from Egypt many were present, of whom it is doubtful whether they belonged to the monks of Mount Carmel or to those of S. Anthony.

Year 350.—S. Basil, who afterwards became the founder of the eastern order of Basilians, spent a year with Porphysius, formerly an hermit on Mount Carmel, and then a bishop in Egypt, in order to learn ascetic life from him.

Year 354.—The Superior of Mount Carmel at this time was Eutitius, or Eutitianus, who was the teacher of S. Basil, whilst he spent a year on the mountain, according to what was said for the year 350. (Also of Eusebius, the Bishop of Verselli, it is claimed that he learned spiritual life there.)

Year 356.—The orthodox bishops driven from their sees, and exiled to different places by the heretical emperor Constantius, found refuge together with many Religious in Egypt, where S. Hilarion, now a man of 63, visited and comforted them. Among them there were two Carmelites, Agathon and Ammon.

The persecution on the part of the Arians was a savage one, but S. Athanasius relates that the persecutors, not contented with putting the clergy of the towns to flight, went also to the solitudes and put their criminal hands out against the monks.

In these fierce religious wars, which shook the Church of Europe, Asia and Africa, the Bishops, who were unflinchingly on the side of truth, and the clergy, that assisted and upheld them most strenuously, were for the greater part Religious. Conspicuous amongst them was S. Cyril, the patriarch of Jerusalem, a Carmelite, who was four times driven from his see by the Arians, and as many times recovered it.

Year 360.—Theodoret, in his life of the Fathers, speaks of the penitential life of a hermit of the Elianic Order, Marcian by name, who built a monastery in Syria, where he became famous especially for his unbounded charity. He was joined there by Eusebius and Agapat, the latter becoming in the course of time a bishop, whilst Eusebius succeeded Marcian in the monastery; also a certain Avitus is mentioned as living there.

Year 361.—This year Constantius died and was succeeded by Julian the Apostate, who tried to revive paganism, and persecuted the Christian church in an insidious manner.

Year 362.—Julian the Apostate sent soldiers to Gaza in Palestine, where S. Hilarion often stayed, to kill him and his companion Hesychius. Hilarion, knowing this by inspiration, hid in an oasis. The executioners not finding him, razed the monastery at Gaza to the ground; then they ill-treated the priests and virgins consecrated to God in an horrible manner, cutting open their bodies, stuffing them with barley and then feeding them to the hogs. (Theodoret and others.)

The same year, as mentioned before, Julian destroyed in Samaria (Sebasten) the graves of Eliseus and Abdias, the prophets, burning up their remains and scattering the ashes.

But, notwithstanding the persecution, some of the religious hermits of Carmel saved themselves, and gathered up what remains they could find, bringing them to Philip, the then superior of the Convent at Jerusalem, who forwarded them to S Athanasius. They were immured between two walls.

Year 364.—Julian the Apostate fell in battle against the Persians. Several of

the monks received these news miraculously and brought it to S. Hilarion, urging him to return to the monastery, but he refused and withdrew no one knew whither. His faithful companion Hesychius sought him everywhere, sure to find him by the report of his miracles. Hilarion had gone to Sicily, where he wrought a great many miracles.

The death of Julian did not give peace to the Church or the Religious, because the Emperors succeeding him were Arians.

Mary, Help of Christians.

Among the numerous titles under which the Church honors Mary, the title of "Help of Christians," is one most dear to us.

This title is most worthily bestowed upon her, for Mary is our guide and help under all circumstances in which we find ourselves

She is a help highly valuable in assisting us to ensure our soul's salvation ; a help most efficacious in assisting us to expiate the sins whereby we have defiled the white robe of our baptismal innocence.

Mary is our help, for, according to St. Lignori, "As a stone that is not supported would roll downwards from abyss to abyss, so would the soul that lost the support of Mary fall into the abyss of sin and be lost." Thus we see the necessity of Mary's help defended and advocated by one of the greatest saints of the Church.

It is only by the grace of God that we can save our soul, and since Mary is all-powerful in her mediation between us and her divine Son Jesus, we see how indispensible Mary's help is in this all important affair of our lives. What would become of us, subject as we are to the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life, weak as we are, exposed to so many evil tendencies of the day and encompassed by so many enemies of our soul? Subject to the devil and his angels, we would be dragged from the path of virtue into that of sin and vice, and tempted in a thousand ways by our sworn enemy, the devil, would be led from crime to crime during this life, and after death we would be the unhappy companions of their sad and never ending state of sorrow and suffering.

"A child, newly born," says St. Bonaventure, "cannot live without the care of its mother ; so, neither can we live to salvation unless Mary protects us.

Children of Mary, let us keep close to her, and not let her go until we have received her blessing in heaven.

All Catholics, young and old, should invoke Mary at all times, but especially in those moments when we are in danger of losing God's grace, that gift which makes our soul as bright and pure as the angels who stand before the throne of God.

"Mary's prayers," says St. Andrew, of Crete, "obtain for us all the graces we stand in need of to practice virtue and overcome the efforts of the enemies of our souls."

"Every time," says St. Bridget, "that the devil attacks a person who implores the help of Mary, they fly away, trembling with fear at the least sign she makes them."

How many Christians, by Mary's merciful aid, have vanquished the enemies of their soul ?

How many in the most terrible temptations, have found, at the foot of her altar, victory over the enemy, and peace of soul ?

It is because Mary has shown us so much love and care that prayers are offered to her from every part of the globe.

Mary's help is implored by persons of all ages and all ranks of society,—the young, the old, the rich, the poor, the seaman and the soldier, all implore her help. The child whose parents have

been made the victims of death, finds in Mary the loving and tender mother of whom it has been deprived.

The sinner whose soul is burdened with crime, and is weary and afflicted finds in Mary comfort and consolation. Mary's help is universal, because she comes to the aid of all who seek it.

Thus in the office of our Lady "Help of Christians," we read "More than once Christian nations, when oppressed by hostile enemies, have seen the powerful Virgin descend from Heaven and come to their relief. The ancient monuments of our fathers tell us this, and the trophies that adorn our temples attest it, as well as the feasts which religion renews every year.

We have had recourse to Mary, our "hope;" she has succored us, and we have been delivered.

Mary is a help to all.

No one, saint or sinner, invokes Mary's aid without receiving her assistance.

"Show me a man," says St. Bernard, "upon whom the rays of the sun do not shine, and then, perhaps, you will be able to show me one who is not the object of Mary's protection."

Let us thank our dear Saviour, who, when dying on the cross, the victim of our sins, appointed Mary the "Help of Christians."

Now, dear reader, resolve to invoke Mary in all your trials and temptations. "When the devils," says St. Thomas of Villanova, "come like birds of prey to pounce upon us, let us imitiate the chickens, which, at the sight of the vulture, run for protection under the wings of their mother. Let us not stop to reason with the thoughts they suggest, let us make haste to put ourselves in safety under the mantle of Mary."

"When the sea is stormy," says St. Liguori, "and the waves of temptation run high, let us call upon Mary, and say to her, as the Disciples said to Jesus: "Save us, we perish."

How are we to merit the assistance of Mary, the "Help of Christians?"

We must strive to merit her help by faithfully obeying her, and endeavoring, according to our state of life, to follow her example. We must implore her aid with fervor and confidence, always remembering that she has all power over the Heart of Jesus. And since the treasury from which she draws her gifts is infinite, and her liberality as great as the favors she has at her disposal, when we invoke her we can rest assured that she can and always will grant our requests.

By taking Mary as our model, we shall always lead virtuous lives and merit to enter that abode of bliss and repose which Jesus has prepared for all those that serve him faithfully. T. O.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' SALARY.

The Baltimore Sun recently produced portions of an outspoken essay from a Protestant source on the reasons why the Church is losing it's hold on the masses. Considerable feeling has been aroused by some statements made by the writer and a public discussion has been precipitated. Though the original article was written solely from a Protestant standpoint, the Rev. John T. Whelan, pastor of the church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, Baltimore, has been induced to give an expression of his views. The following passage is of universal interest:

"As to the charge of ambition and avarice being the ruling vices of the clergy, that, too, does not hold good in the Catholic church.

"In many Protestant denominations, I understand, if a congregation is not pleased with the ministrations of a man or with his teaching he is invited to take his departure. In the Catholic church a priest is assigned to his position by the Bishop. The question of salary has no place in the appointment. Salaries of two, three, four or five thousand dollars are not uncommon among the Protestant clergy. I wonder how many people are aware that the salary of the head of the primatial see in the Unites States—Cardinal Gibbons—is exactly $1,000 a year?

"Thousands of the Catholics in our own city— not to speak of those elsewhere— are under the care of Redemptorists, Passionists, Benedictines or Jesuits. The members of these orders receive no salary at all for their services."

Delay of justice is injustice.

St. Simon Stock.

St. Simon Stock, one of the most illustrious saints recorded in the annals of the Carmelite Order, was born in England, in the year 1165, of parents belonging to the nobility, and distinguished by a good Christian life. The pious parents raised our Saint in the fear of God, and implanted in his young heart the germ of a tender devotion towards our Blessed Lady. Wonderful were the graces which God conferred upon him even as a child. So great was the fire of charity burning in his pure heart, that being but a boy of 12 years of age, he left father and mother, brother and sister, and renouncing the pleasures and pomps of the world, withdrew into a solitude, in order to be able to devote his whole being more fully to the service of God and of His Blessed Mother. For 20 years he inhabited the trunk of a hollow oak tree, whence his surname Stock. There he led a most austere and penitent life, uniting fervent prayer to the mortification of his senses and the subduing of the flesh with its unruly appetites. His food was of the poorest quality, consisting of roots, herbs and wild apples, to which he added sometimes a little bread. Water was the only drink he used to quench his thirst. What a reproach are the lives of the lukewarmness of Christians at the present age, many of whom indulge in all sorts of luxurious viands and costly drinks to gratify his animal appetite of eating and drinking, and are afraid of the least act of mortification and self-denial in this respect.

St. Simon lived 100 years in spite of his abstemiousness and rigorous mode of living. By far greater, alas, is the number of those who shorten their lives by not observing moderation in eating and drinking.

St. Simon, after having served God for 20 years in solitude and silence, received one day a revelation from the Blessed Virgin as to his future vocation. The Blessed Virgin revealed to him that certain men dear to her and greatly devoted to her service were to come from Palestine to England and that he should join them. The prediction proved to be true. For shortly after two Religious from Mount Carmel arrived with the English fleet that had been sent to Palestine to break the rising power of the sons of Mohamet, and deliver the Christians from their cruel sway.

Shortly after the arrival of the two Religious, he left his solitude and begged to be admitted into their community. The request of the holy man was readily granted by the friars, who gladly received him into their community. In the monastery our saint led a most holy and exemplary life, so that all his brethren looked upon him as the model of a perfect religious. He adhered strictly to the rule of the order as laid down by Albert, the holy patriarch of Jerusalem. The fame of his great learning and sanctity spread far and wide, not only among his own brethren, but also among the people of the Island, to whom he frequently preached the word of God and who considered him as one sent by God to resuscitate in the souls of men the life of faith and grace. In the year 1215 St Brocard, prior of Mount Carmel and General of the Order, appointed our Saint Vicar-General over all the western provinces. At that time the Order was much persecuted, for the devil, the sworn enemy of all good, will not allow any one to enter his domain unmolested. Seeing that the exemplary life of the White Friars as they were sometimes called, their preaching, their devotedness to our Bl. Lady were the cause of much good among the people and on the other hand the cause of his losing many immortal souls, he, through the instrumentality of men, raised a violent storm of persecutions and calumnies against the new Order. St. Simon, however, standing firm and unshaken in the midst of the tribulations, defended the Order against all the hostile weapons hurled by the enemy. Twice he repaired to Rome and obtained a confirmation of the rule given by St. Albert. Thus the enemy was confounded and the Order gradually spread itself all over Europe. Some years later St. Simon went to Palestine to

visit his brethren on Mount Carmel, and there he remained for about six years, after which time he again returned to Europe and in 1245 was elected General of the whole Order. During his generalship St. Simon was favored with a most glorious apparition of the Blessed Virgin, handing over to him the Brown Scapular, which has become so famous all the world over. One day, while kneeling in his Oratory wrapt in prayer, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him surrounded by hosts of angels and blessed souls and holding a most beautiful brown scapular in her hands, she said to him : "Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire ; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance." This apparition took place on the 16th of July, 1251, in the Carmelite Convent of Cambridge. St. Simon established the confraternity of the Brown Scapular which spread itself rapidly over the whole of Europe, and at the present day counts its members by the thousands. The Confraternity was approved and favored with many privileges by the Holy See.

St. Simon, after having governed the Order with great wisdom and prudence for 20 years, was at last called by God to his final reward. The holy man,whilst visiting the several monasteries of the Order in France, fell sick at Bordeaux, and there, in the midst of his sorrowing brethren, breathed forth his spotless soul into the hands of his creator on the 16th of July, 1265, being a hundred years old. He was buried in the Cathedral of the same place, and numbered among the Saints shortly after his blessed death. Great, indeed, was the grief of his brethren, who lost in him a tender father, a wise ruler, an example of virtue and holiness, a brave champion of the cause of the Holy Church. During life St. Simon enjoyed the gift of prophecy and miracles.

St. Simon, during the long space of almost a hundred years, never relaxed in the practice of virtue, on the contrary like the Scripture says of our Lord, he advanced day by day in age and wisdom before God and men.

But, alas, in this age of lukewarmness and indifference, fervor and the advancement in virtue and perfection is something of rare occurrence. "Nothing is more rare," says St. Bernard, "than to find persons who always press forward. We see more converted from vice to virtue, than increase their fervor in virtue" He himself gives us the reason of this saying :

"A man who gives himself up entirely to exterior exercises without looking seriously into his own heart to see what passes there, imposes upon himself, imagining that he is something, while he is nothing. His eyes being always fixed on his exterior actions, he flatters himself that he goes on well, and neither sees nor feels the sacred worm which gnaws and consumes his heart. He keeps all fasts, assists at all parts of the divine office, and fails in no exercise of piety and penance. Yet God declares 'His heart is far from me !' He only employs his hands in fulfilling the precepts, and his heart is hard and dry. His duties are complied with by a certain habit and rotation ; he omits not a single iota of his exterior employments, but while he strains at a gnat, he swallows a camel. In his heart he is a slave of self-will, and is a prey to avarice, vainglory and ambition ; one or other, or all these vices reign in his soul." (St. Bern. Serm. 2, in Cap. Jejunii.)

Flavius.

He hath ill repented whose sins are repeated.

He who lives for no purpose, lives for a bad purpose.

Habit, if not resisted, becomes a necessity.—St. Augustine.

He who pleased everybody was dead before he was born.

He is happy be he king or peasant who finds peace in his own home.

Half the ease of life oozes away through the leaks of unpunctuality.

He who tells the failings of others to you will be willing to tell your failings to others.

Pentecost.

Many and astonishing are the works which the infoite love for man has prompted God to perform in our favor. They can be reduced, however, to three : the Creation, which is attributed to the Father ; our Redemption, which was accomplished by the Divine Son, and the Mission of the Holy Ghost.

And since we poor mortals, taken up with and attached, as we are, to worldly affairs, are so very liable to forget even the most important facts, if they are not within the sphere of our senses, our Holy Church has instituted and celebrates each succeeding yeat her various feasts in order to recall to our minds these different works performed by the Almighty in behalf of manhood, so that, considering these works, we may understand how much God loves us, and hence be moved to sentiments of gratitude and love toward our loving heavenly Father.

Thus, for instance, on the feast of the Nativity of our Lord, on Christmas, we are reminded of our Redeemer's birth in the stable of Bethlehem ; or on Good Friday the Holy Church makes us witness in spirit the awful and sublime drama that was acted on Calvary twenty centuries ago, and on the feast of Pentecost we are called upon by her to consider the sending of the Holy Ghost.

Our Divine Saviour had already accomplished our redemption. He had already prepared the means by which all men were to save their immortal souls ; He had instructed the twelve Apostles ; had commanded them to preach His salutary doctrine to all nations and to continue His mission of leading souls to heaven. And having thus accomplished the object of his coming into this world, He returned in triumph to His heavenly kingdom. But before leaving His Apostles He promised to send them another Paraclete, the Spirit of truth, who would teach them all things. Ten days after the Ascension, this event took place, the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles; the Spirit of truth, of comfort and of strength, as Christ had called the Holy Ghost, was given to them.

What does the sending of this Spirit mean to us ?

The sad consequence of the first sin in the Garden of Eden was the loss of sanctifying grace. The Holy Ghost departed from the souls of our first parents, leaving in His stead a darkened mind, a saddened heart and weakened powers. What man, therefore, stood most in need of was light, consolation and strength ; and these are the precious gifts the Holy Ghost has brought with Him on Pentecost ; these he is ever since bestowing on man, and will continue to do so until the end of time. With right, therefore, our Divine Master could call Him the Spirit of truth, of comfort and of strength.

The Holy Ghost enlightens us. Such was the spiritual blindness with which man's mind was struck after rebelling against his Creator, as to prevent him from seeing the path he had to follow in order to serve his Maker and attain his own happiness, a fact which is amply proved by the early history of the human race. Paganism, idolatry, the most superstitious and absurd notions were in vogue until in the midst of this darkness there appeared Christ, the Light of the world, as S. John solemnly calls Him. "In Him was the life, and the life was the light of men." Christ's teaching made the way of salvation clearly visible. The Eternal Truth disclosed to man his noble end, made known to him his high destiny and pointed out the means to reach it. But in order that this divine doctrine, that these means of salvation might come within the reach of all future generations—for Christ wants all men to be saved—our Divine Master commands twelve chosen men to go and teach all nations, to apply to them the means of sanctification. "Go and teach all nations and baptize them * * *and teach them to keep all things whatsoever I have commanded you." (Math. 28 ; 19, 20.)

But is not this gigantic task, the conversion of the whole world, the preaching of Christ's doctrine to all nations

beyond the power of these twelve rude, illiterate and timid fishermen? They themselves do not fully understand this divine doctrine, how can they preach it then to others? How will they dare to stand up against the vice and wickedness of the world, how will they have courage to announce frankly to the nations what God wants them to do under pain of eternal damnation, when they had not so much courage as to stay with Christ at His capture, when the prince of these Apostles thrice denied his Master, when, after the resurrection, Christ always finds them behind bolted doors for fear of the Jews? Yes, Christ knew this also, hence He promised to send them the Holy Ghost, who should teach them all things, who should abide with them and assist them in their divine mission to the end of the world.

Behold them after Pentecost. Now they understand Christ's teaching and firmly believe it; now they are afraid no longer, but preach the truth to Jews and Gentiles, to the learned and ignorant, before mighty rulers and simple peasants. They spread the good tidings in all parts of the world, by their new religion they change the whole face of the earth and finally they seal their teaching with their blood. After them their successors continue the work, the same spirit guiding them, strengthening them, helping to preserve, in fact, the divine doctrine for already two thousand years against all the attacks of heresy and schism.

It is the Holy Ghost then, to whom we owe the possession of the truth, the knowledge of our glorious end and of the means to reach it.

Not riches, therefore, not honors or sensual pleasures are the end of our existence, the objects that can satisfy the cravings of a human heart. The tempter may tell us so, but he is not a spirit of truth, he is a liar. With a lie he began in heaven. "I shall be like the Most High," he said, deceiving a multitude of angels, and bringing them thus to irreparable ruin. "You shall be like gods," he tells our first parents; they believe him and soon see how cruelly they were deceived. To us he represents sin in the brightest colors, promising us that in it we shall find happiness; but he deceives us most shamefully and woe to us if we believe him. Many have made the bitter experience. Therefore we should never listen to this malicious fiend, who hates us, and only seeks our ruin. But let us listen to the Spirit of truth, let us follow His words, for He truly loves us and desires but to save us.

Then the Holy Ghost, who was given to us on this day, not only enlightens our mind, but also comforts our heart.

Sadness and sorrow is another fatal consequence of Adam's fall. "Few are the years of my life and afflicted with much sorrow," sighed already the Patriarch Jacob, and with him every pilgrim in this valley of tears feels the pressure of misery and suffering. The new-born babe begins his life with a wail, he weeps and cries for consolation and help even before he is conscious of his misery, and this need of comfort and help accompanies him throughout his whole life. What hard work is it not for many to make their living; day and night the difficulty of providing the necessaries of life oppress them. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread," is indeed a reality. Then there are the sufferings of sickness so frequent and often so painful. Finally a source of still greater affiictions than the pains and sufferings of the body, are those of the soul. The fierce battle we have to wage against our passions, the bitter reproach of our conscience after sin, the fear of an angry Judge and of the fires of hell, unkindness, calumny, harsh treatment received from others, the thought that we have to die, in short, doubts and anxieties of every description, all these are so many daggers that pierce our heart and cause us most cruel anguish. What suffering humanity desires is comfort. The afflicted husband, the dejected wife, the poor and tortured sinner, know how true all this is; all feel how the troubled heart calls for consolation, peace and rest, which the world, alas, cannot give. Yes, the world cannot console us, but our God, our loving Father, and He alone, can do it, and although we always foolishly offend Him, He is most solicitous to pour into our afflicted hearts His heavenly consolation.

Do you not feel calmer and less de-

pressed, when you think that there is still someone who loves you, who takes care of you, who only desires your happiness and does all that enables you to obtain it? Do you not feel some relief when you think of your loving God in heaven? The Holy Ghost puts this thought in your mind; He consoles you.

Do you not carry your cross with more resignation and patience, perhaps even joyfully, when you consider that all your sufferings come from the loving hands of God, who sends them not to torture you but for your own good; to detach your heart from the transitory and unworthy objects of this earth, to which we are but too much attached; to give you a chance to become like to your suffering Redeemer, a chance of meriting an imperishable crown in heaven. It matters little if we must suffer here for a few years, if only thereby we are happy for all eternity hereafter. The Holy Ghost causes you to make this consideration; He consoles you.

Is the thought of death still terrible and painful when you recall to mind that it is the gate through which the soul passes from a land of sorrow and exile to her true home, which is heaven?

Finally your sins, however numerous, the reproach of your conscience, the dread of the angry Judge and of the flames of hell, do they still almost drive you to despair, when you hear a voice that whispers in your ear: "Confess thy sins, and they shall be forgiven thee." It is the voice of the Holy Ghost; He consoles you.

Lastly, on Pentecost Christ's church received not only the Spirit of truth and of consolation, but also of strength.

Our life is a warfare, says already the saintly Job. Many and fierce are the battles we have to wage if we follow Christ as our Leader, if we place ourselves under His banner, if we wish to reach Eternal happiness and escape everlasting woe. We are all full aware of this fact, we all feel the struggle that rages within us between ourselves and our passions, between us and the devil.

But all those who enlist in Christ's army, who fight in his ranks, young or old, men or women, all are fully equipped by God himself. For when they receive the Sacrament of Baptism, which makes them followers of Christ, the Holy Ghost cleanses their souls by the infusion of sanctifying grace; He makes them beautiful in the sight of God, children of Heaven and heirs of the heavenly kingdom. He infuses the power and gives the strength to trample under foot vice and to lead a virtuous life. And when the actual fight begins, when we come to the use of reason, the Holy Spirit comes in a special manner upon us in the Sacrament of Confirmation. He then helps in various ways to vanquish the enemy and to gain the victory, for all receive from the Holy Ghost so many actual graces—the Church has defined—as are necessary and sufficient to make victory possible; it only depends on our co-operation. Therefore we need not be afraid of all our enemies, since God is our protector, for if God be with us, who shall stand against us? We have but to co-operate with God's help, we must second the good impulses we receive from Him, and our final triumph will be certain.

Pentecost is, therefore, a day of joy, since on this day the Spirit of truth, consolation and strength came upon the youthful Church of Christ, to abide with it and to be ever active in it and in each single member of this Church. This new work of God's mercy should enkindle in our soul's gratitude and love; it should stimulate us to do God's will and never to offend Him by sin. And if we do this, our present life already will be a happy one, and we shall be happy also in the next life for ever.

Home Education.

The article on "True Education" in your February number, insists upon home education, upon the child's training in the bosom of the family. There is no doubt that any one who knows something about the necessaries for the forming of man's character, about the good training of a boy or girl, will gladly sanction all your writer says about education at home. Yes "our families should realize that they are the principal moulders of character." "The home should be the sanctuary of everything great and noble." And we all know that no one insists more upon this than our Holy Father at Rome. It is for this reason that His Holiness desires so eagerly to see the faithful practice of the devotion to the Holy Family in every Christian home. And now, dear Father Editor, what I want is this : A little chat with your readers about Home Education. I am just back from a sick call, and what I witnessed during my short stay in, what I may call, a good Christian family, can illustrate or at least give some hints on what home education ought to be, and what it ought not to be. A little boy, not quite two years old, was to get his dinner. Charlie, the name of the child, is put on a chair near the table ; but, almost immediately a yell is heard, and what is it about ? Ah, the little chap finds himself too low ; he can scarcely see on the table. Quick some one comes to do the child's will. He raises the little boy up, and now Charlie finds himself in a standing position,—a little dangerous, still the chap does not mind. And now what is Charlie going to eat ? The father offers him a first dish, a second dish,—but none of these take the fancy of the child. Of a third, finally, little Charlie deigns to accept. But, wait, we are not at the end ; Charlie is going to amuse us with another scene. The father, sitting at the side of his child, offers the little chap a teaspoon and tells him to use it ; but Charlie's eyes have seen a larger spoon on the other end of the table, and he asks and cries for that. However, the father thinks otherwise, and he wishes Charlie to make use of the small spoon, and puts it in the little boys hand. At this, Charlie's anger reaches its pitch ; he throws the teaspoon on the floor and yells with all his might for the tablespoon. Such behavior from the part of a little boy, not fully two years, was any how too extravagant for one of the guests present, and he made the kind remark : "But, Charlie, you should not act that way." The child's father, too, was indeed much displeased ; but he seemed not to know what to do, and gratifying, as he did, the child's desire, he made only this remark : "Charlie will know better when he gets a little older." And you, dear reader, do you think so, too ? Do you think that Charlie will have grown better after some years ? I am sure you are shrugging your shoulders at the father's idea, for, who does not know, that human passions, if not checked, will develop and grow stronger with the years of the child ?

Where, then, and when should the training of the baby begin ? It should begin on the mother's lap. Yes, it is there that the training has to have its beginning. There the child sees, f. i., on the mother's dress, the beautiful head of a pin. The baby grasps for it—wants it. And should the mother right away do her darling's will ? I say, no ; she should not, because a pin may become hurtful to a child. Again, the mother is sitting at the table with her little treasure. What should she give the child to eat ? Is it what the little girl or boy asks for ? Perhaps, yes ; perhaps, no. She, the mother, has to use her own judgment for what is good for the child. Again, should the mother allow the baby to grasp for knife and fork, and handle them, before the little creature knows the use of these objects ? A wise mother will surely not do it. A little rebuke from the mother's part will easily correct the child's wrong desire. I say a little rebuke, because God-fearing mothers, mothers who consider their offspring as a gift from on high, a gift to be returned one day to its Giver, tell us what experience has taught them,—that it is

much easier to correct a child of two years than one that has seen already some four or five summers. Listen to what a courageous and virtuous mother related some time ago in a family circle. "There was my Frankie playing with a doll. Our door was standing wide open for a while, and wishing to have it shut, I told Frankie to go and close the door. Frankie, however, was very busy with that doll, and did not mind my words. So I repeated once more: 'Frankie, go and shut the door!' But Frankie did not like to interrupt his play, and said: 'Mamma, I'm busy with the doll, I can't go.' 'Frankie,' I said again, 'leave that doll alone and go and shut the door.' This was too much for the little chap; he grew angry and cried out: 'No, I will not.' Thereupon, I had recourse to the rod; I gave Frankie a whipping and ordered him to shut the door. He cried, but continued in his stubbornness. I gave him a second and better whipping. The little boy cried, of course, and even cried for mercy. I stopped and waited anxiously for the effect. 'Mamma,' said Frankie after a while, 'the doll will shut the door.' But, knowing it to be my duty to break my child's own will, I could not consent to what he said, and a third time I had recourse to the rod. I whipped the boy almost without mercy, and ordered him to shut the door. And this, my last effort, thanks to God, brought about the desired effect. For, after a moment, little Frankie jumped up and shut the door. And not only that; no, he did more. He come up to me, threw himself on my lap and said: 'Mamma, can Frankie do anything else for mamma?' "You all," concluded the mother, "will easily believe that tears of joy streamed down my face."

S. T.

God and Mammon.

When visiting a factory in an eastern state recently I happened to meet a young man whom I had known several years previously as one of the much admired writers of a scribbler's club. The young man was engaged in sweeping the floor and I soon ascertained that he was holding a subordinate position. He turned quietly towards me and appeared to hesitate as to whether he would greet me or not. I spoke kindly and heartily to him, and he blushed slightly, bade me "Good morning, Mr. ———," and resumed his sweeping.

That evening while at home beside a comfortable fire, and with almost all the luxuries of life about me, I thought of the changed position of my quondam friend. I remembered him as he appeared many years before, filling a lucrative position even before he became a full-fledged citizen of the United States, for he was an immigrant from a European country. For a few years he was very diligent and attentive to his duties, and consequently gained the confidence and respect of his employers, and those holding superior offices over him. He became a member of various organizations which brought him prominently before the local public, giving him an opportunity of displaying his many talents, for he was certainly a gifted youth and had the advantage of a first class European education and was well fitted to fill almost any position requiring a person of education. He received invitations to the homes of the "best people" in the locality. Sometimes he would attend, but oftener he would disappoint his friends by remissness. Eventually it was learned he had cultivated a desire for strong liquors and his spare time was spent in debauchery with undesirable acquaintances, who were intellectually his inferiors. He became so reckless in his behavior that he lost his position and none of his influential friends would do anything for him as he could not be relied upon. At last he went abroad into an enforced exile and returned a wiser if sadder, man. He was compelled to accept a subordinate position, with a promise of being reinstated if he conducted

himself properly, and he is to-day a model young man.

I had him call upon me and asked him about his prospects for the future, and his life during his absence, and this is what he told me :

"My extreme love of adultation was my downfall. I longed for the company my witticisms could court about me. The well learned people I had met were my equals in conversational powers, but that was not sufficient for me. I acquired a thirst for drink, and did my utmost to gratify my desires in company with those who, in their ignorance, looked up to me as a scholar and a gentleman.

"I neglected to attend to my religious duties, and instead of striving to serve God, rendered homage to Mammon. When all seemed lost, the light burst upon me and I turned my thoughts homeward, and the devotion of a good and pure woman and her mother wooed me back to the path of grace. I sought for hard work, labor I could perform, and my reformation induced kind people to give me one more chance. I have it now and ask for the prayers of the faithful to keep me in the path of grace."

Tears were in his eyes as he concluded and I encouraged him in his resolutions and to-day I believe he is attentive to his duties and hopes to take his proper station in the near future among those he neglected so long ago. This end will be acquired by the aid of Our Lady of Carmel and the prayers of patrons of the Review.

Stanley.

THE SCAPULAR.

A soldier of the garrison at the city of Luzemburg, Jacquin by name, while riding through the country, found, not far from Cirkue, a Frenchman in a most pitiable state, who appeared more like a rotten carcass than a human being. Several parts of his body had been corrupted, emitting a most intolerable stench. Jacbuin, when he saw that the apparently dead man raised his hand,approached him, not without feelings of horror and asked him if he was a Catholic and desired the assistance of a priest. By repeatedly raising his hand, the Frenchman seemed to give an affirmative answer. Moved with pity and charity the soldier hastened to the Convent of the Carthusians, about a quarter of a mile from Cirque. The prior of the place immediately repaired to the spot and heard the confession of the dying man, who made it in clear and intelligible words, although before, he had not been able to speak one word. Having received absolution he declared to the bystanders, that having been mortally wounded at the siege of Diesenhofen, (1639) he was left by his comrades as dead. He acknowledged that his re-remaining alive in such a condition till the present moment was owing altogether to Mary, whose livery he wore. Then pulling out a brown Scapular and kissing it repeatedly he happily departed this life. (Raph. a. s. Jos. sign. sal.) —Flavius.

PASSING OF A GREAT SOUL.

Father Ryan is no more ! The news came as a great shock to the countless number of the dead priest's friends. That great heart which for so many years had beaten almost solely in response to his untiring zeal and efforts on behalf of his people, had at last ceased its work. His was indeed a noble soul. A man of great learning, and with the simplicity of manner of a child ; he well exemplified the Master's exhortation, '"Unless ye become like unto little children."

All who ever came in contact with this nobleman of nature were struck forcibly by the largeness of soul ; the breadth and deep humanity of his mind. He was ever intensely alive to all that concerned the welfare of his people ; and with Father Ryan "his people" truly meant, "mankind of every description," though, naturally, his own flock were uppermost in his mind.

His name will live as a benediction amongst us all our lives. May his soul rest in peace.

Gratitude is memory of the heart.

He who offers God a second place offers Him no place.

He is idle who may be better employed.—Scotch Proverb.

Apostolical Letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII

To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic World, on the Dangers Which Threaten the Church and Society, and the Remedy for Them.

We herewith present the complete text of the Holy Father's encyclical just issued. The translation is approved by the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, and will repay the careful perusal of every thoughtful Catholic :

Venerable Brothers :— Health and Apostolic Benediction.

Having come to the twenty-fifth year of Our Apostolic Ministry, and being astonished Ourselves at the length of the way which we have travelled amidst painful and continual cares, We are naturally inspired to lift Our thoughts to the ever blessed God, who, with so many other favors, has deigned to accord Us a Pontificate the length of which has scarcely been surpassed in history. To the Father of all mankind, therefore ; to Him who holds in His hands the mysterious secret of life, ascends, as an imperious need of the heart, the canticle of Our thanksgiving. Assuredly the eye of man cannot pierce all the depths of the designs of God in thus prolonging Our old age beyond the limits of hope : here we can only be silent and adore. But there is one thing which we do well understand ; namely, that as it has pleased Him, and still pleases Him, to preserve Our existence, a great duty is incumbent on Us—to live for the good and the development of His immaculate spouse, the holy Church ; and far from losing courage in the midst of cares and pains, to consecrate to Him the remainder of Our strength unto Our last sigh.

After paying a just tribute of gratitude to Our Heavenly Father, to Whom be honor and glory for all eternity, it is most agreeable to Us to turn Our thoughts and address Our words to you, Venerable Brothers, who, called by the Holy Ghost to govern the appointed portions of the flock of Jesus Christ, share thereby with Us in the struggle and triumph, the sorrows and joys, of the ministry of Pastors. No, they shall never fade from Our memory, those frequent and striking testimonials of religious veneration which you have lavished upon Us during the course of Our Pontificate, and which you still multiply with emulation full of tenderness in the present circumstances. Intimately united with you already by Our duty and Our paternal love, We are more closely drawn by those proofs of your devotedness, so dear to Our heart, less for what was personal in them in Our regard than for the inviolable attachment which they denote to this Apostolic See, centre and mainstay of all the Sees of Catholicity. If it has always been necessary, that, according to the different grades of the ecclesiastical heirarchy, all the children of the Church should be sedulously united by the bonds of mutual charity and by the pursuit of the same objects, so as to form but one heart and one soul, this union is become in Our day more indispensable than ever. For who can ignore the vast conspiracy of hostile forces which aims to-day at destroying and making disappear the great work of Jesus Christ, by endeavoring, with a fury which knows no limits, to rob man in the intellectual order, of the treasure of heavenly truths, and, in the social order, to obliterate the most holy, the most salutary Christian institutions. But by all this you yourselves are impressed every day. You who, more than once, have poured out to Us your anxieties and anguish, deploring the multitude of prejudices, the false systems and errors which are disseminated with impunity amongst the masses of the people. What snares are set on every side for the souls of those who believe ! What ob-

stacles are multiplied to weaken, and, if possible, to destroy the beneficient action of the Church! And, meanwhile, as if to add derision to injustice, the Church herself is charged with having lost her pristine vigor, and with being powerless to stem the tide of overflowing passions, which threaten to carry everything away.

We would wish, Venerable Brothers, to entertain you with subjects less sad, and more in harmony with the great and auspicious occasion which induces Us to address you. But nothing suggests such a tenor of discourse—neither the grievous trials of the Church which call with instance for prompt remedies; nor the conditions of contemporary society which, already undermined from a moral and material point of view, tend toward a yet more gloomy future by the abandonment of the great Christian traditions; a law of Providence, confirmed by history, proving that the great religious principles cannot be renounced without shaking at the same time the foundation of order and social prosperity. In those circumstances, in order to allow souls to recover, to furnish them with a new provision of faith and courage, it appears to Us opportune and useful to weigh attentively, in its origin, causes and various forms, the implicable war that is waged against the Church; and in denouncing its pernicious consequences to indicate a remedy. May our words, therefore, resound loudly, though they but recall truths already asserted; may they be hearkened to, not only by the children of Catholic unity, but also by those who differ from Us, and even by the unhappy souls who have no longer any faith; for they are all children of one Father, all destined for the same supreme good; may Our words, finally, be received as the testament which, at the short distance that separates Us from eternity, We would wish to leave to the people as a presage of the salvation which We desire for all.

During the whole course of her history the Church of Christ has had to combat and suffer for truth and justice. Instituted by the Divine Redeemer Himself, to establish throughout the world the Kingdom of God, she must, by the light of the Gospel law, lead fallen humanity to its immortal destinies; that is, to make it enter upon the possession of the blessings without end Which God has promised us, and to which our unaided natural power could never rise—a heavenly mission in the pursuit of which the Church could not fail to be opposed by the countless passions begotten of man's primal fall and consequent corruption—pride, cupidity, unbridled desire of material pleasures; against all the vices and disorders springing from those poisonous roots the Church has ever been the most potent means of restraint. Nor should we be astonished at the persecutions which have arisen in consequence, since the Divine Master foretold them and they must continue as long as this world endures. What words did he address to His disciples when sending them to carry the treasure of His doctrines to all nations? They are familiar to us all: "You will be persecuted from city to city, you will be hated and despised for My Name's sake; you will be dragged before the tribunals, and condemned to extreme punishment." And wishing to encourage them for the hour of trial, He proposed Himself as their example: "If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated Me before you." (St. John xv. 18.)

Certainly, no one, who takes a just and unbiased view of things, can explain the motive of this hatred. What offence was ever committed, what hostility deserved by the Divine Redeemer? Having come down amongst men through an impulse of Divine charity, He had taught a doctrine that was blameless, consoling most efficacious to unite mankind in a brotherhood of peace and love; He had coveted neither earthly greatness nor honor; He had usurped no one's right; on the contrary, he was full of pity for the weak, the sick, the poor, the sinner and the oppressed; hence His life was but a passage to distribute with munificent hand His benefits amongst men. We must acknowledge, in consequence, that it was simply by an excess of human malice, so much the more deplorable because unjust that, nevertheless, He became, in truth, according to the prophecy of Simeon, "a sign to be contradicted."

What wonder, then, if the Catholic Church, which continues His Divine mission, and is the incorruptible depositary

of His truths, has inherited the same lot. The world is always consistent in its way. Near the sons of God are constantly present the satellites of that great adversary of the human race, who, a rebel from the beginning against the Most High, is named in the Gospel the prince of this world. It is on this account that the spirit of the world, in the presence of the law and of him who announces it in the name of God, swells with the measureless pride of an independence that ill befits it. Alas,how often,in more stormy epochs, with unheard-of cruelty and shameless injustice, and to the evident undoing of the whole social body, have the adversaries banded themselves together for the foolhardy enterprise of dissolving the work of God ! And not succeeding with one manner of persecution, they adopted others. For three long centuries, the Roman Empire, abusing its brute force, scattered the bodies of martyrs through all the provinces and bathed with their blood every foot of ground in this sacred city of Rome ; while heresy, acting in concert, whether hidden beneath a mask or with open effrontery, with sophistry and snare, endeavored to destroy at least the harmony and unity of faith. Then were set loose, like a devastating tempest, the hordes of barbarians from the north, and the moslems from the south, leaving in their wake only ruins in a desert. So has been transmitted from age to age the melancoly heritage of hatred by which the Spouse of Christ has been overwhelmed. There followed a Caesarism as suspicious as powerful, jealous of all other power, no matter what development it might itself have thence acquired, which incessantly attacked the Church, to usurp her rights and tread her liberties under foot. The heart bleeds to see this mother so often oppressed with anguish and woes unutterable. However, triumphing over every obstacle, over all violence,and all tyrannies, she pitched her peaceful tents more and more widely ; she saved from disaster the glorious patrimony of arts, history, science and letters ; and imbuing deeply the whole body of society with the spirit of the Gospel, she created Christian civilization—that civilization to which the nations, subjected to its beneficient influence, owe the equity of their laws, the mildness of their manners, the protection of the weak, pity for the afflicted and the poor, respect for the rights and dignity of all men, and thereby as far as it is possible amidst the fluctuations of human affairs, that calm of social life which springs from the just and prudent alliance between justice and liberty.

Those proofs of the intrinsic excellence of the Church are as striking and sublime as they have been enduring. Nevertheless, as in the Middle Ages and during the first centuries, so in those nearer our own, we see the Church assailed more harshly, in a certain sense at least, and more distressingly than ever. Through a series of well known historical causes, the pretended Reformation of the sixteenth century raised the standard of revolt ; and determining to strike straight into the heart of the Church, audaciously attacked the Papacy. It broke the precious link of ancient unity of faith and authority, which, multiplying a hundredfold, power, prestige and glory, thanks to the harmonious pursuit of the same objects, united all nations under one staff and one shepherd. This unity being broken, a pernicious principle of disintegration was introduced among all ranks of Christians.

We do not indeed, hereby pretend to affirm that from the beginning there was a set purpose of destroying the principle of Christianity in the heart of society ; but by refusing on the one hand, to acknowledge the supremacy of the Holy See the effective cause and bond of unity, and by proclaiming, on the other, the principle of private judgment,the divine structure of faith was shaken to its deepest foundations and the way was opened to infinite variations, to doubts and denials of the most important things, to an extent which the innovators themselves had not foreseen. The way was opened. Then came the contemptuous and mocking philosophism of the eighteenth century, which advanced farther. It turned to ridicule the sacred canon of the Scriptures and rejected the entire system of revealed truths, with the purpose of being able ultimately to root out from the conscience of the people all religious belief and stifling within it the last breath of the spirit of Christianity. It is from

this source that have flowed rationalism, naturalism and materialism —poisonous and destructive systems which,under different appearances, renew the ancient errors triumphantly refuted by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church ; so that the pride of modern times, by excessive confidence in its own lights, was stricken with blindness ; and paganism, subsisted thenceforth, on fancies, even concerning the attributes of the human soul and the immortal destinies which constitute our glorious heritage.

The struggle against the Church thus took on a more serious character than in the past,no less because of the vehemence of the assault than because of its universality. Contemporary unbelief does not confine itself to denying or doubting articles of faith. What it combats is the whole body of principles which sacred revelation and sound philosophy maintain; those fundamental and holy principles, which teach man the supreme object of his earthly life, which keep him in the performance of his duty,which inspire his heart with courage and resignation, and which in promising him incorruptible justice and perfect happiness beyond the tomb,enable him to subject time to eternity, earth to heaven. But what takes the place of these principles,which form the incomparable strength bestowed by faith ? A frightful skepticism, which chills the heart and stifles in the conscience every magnanimous aspiration.

This system of practical atheism must necessarily cause, as in point of fact it does, a profound disorder in the domain of morals for, as the greatest philosophers of antiquity have declared, religion is the chief foundation of justice and virtue. When the bonds are broken which unite man to God, who is the Sovereign Legislator and Universal Judge, a mere phantom of morality remains ; a morality which is purely civic and, as it is termed independent, which, abstracting from the Eternal Mind and the laws of God, descends inevitably till it reaches the ultimate conclusion of making man a law himself. Incapable, in consequence, of rising on the wings of Christian hope to the goods of the world beyond, man will seek a material satisfaction in the comforts and enjoyments of life. There will be excited in him a thirst for pleasure, a desire of riches and an eager quest of rapid and unlimited wealth, even at the cost of justice. There will be enkindled in him every ambition and a feverish and frenzied desire to gratify them even in defiance of law, and he will be swayed by a contempt for right and public authority, as well as by licentiousness of life which, when the condition becomes general, will mark the real decay of society.

Perhaps We may be accused of exaggerating the sad consequences of the disorders of which We speak. No ; for the reality is before our eyes and warrants but too truly Our forebodings. It is manifest that if there is not some betterment soon,the bases of socirty will crumble and drag down with them the great and eternal principles of law and morality.

It is in consequence of this condition of things that the social body, beginning with the family, is suffering such serious evils. For the lay State, forgetting its limitations and the essential object of the authority which it wields, has laid its hands on the marriage bond to profane it and has stripped it of its religious character ; it has dared as much as it could in the matter of that natural right which parents possess to educate their children, and in many countries it has destroyed the stability of marriage by giving a legal sanction to the licentious institution of divorce. All know the result of these attacks. More than words can tell they have multiplied marriages which are prompted only by shameful passions, which are speedily dissolved, and which, at times bring about bloody tragedies, at others the most shocking infidelities. We say nothing of the innocent offsprings of these unions, the children who are abandoned or whose morals are corrupted on one side by the bad example of the parents, on the other by the poison which the officially lay State constantly pours into their hearts.

Along with the family,the political and social order is also endangered by doctrines which ascribe a false origin to authority, and which have corrupted the genuine conception of government. For if sovereign authority is derived formally from the consent of the people, and not from God, who is the supreme and Eter-

establishments, and that armed peace, nal Principle of all power, it loses in the eyes of the governed its most august characteristic and degenerates into an artificial sovereignty which rests on unstable and shifting bases, namely, the will of those from whom it is said to be derived. Do we not see the consequences of this error in the carrying out of our laws? Too often these laws, instead of being sound reason formulated in writing, are but the expression of the power of the greater number and the will of the predominant political party. It is thus that the mob is cajoled in seeking to satisfy its desires; that a loose rein is given to popular passion, even when it disturbs the laboriously acquired tranquility of the State, when the disorder in the last extremity can only be quelled by violent measures and the shedding of blood.

Consequent upon the repudiation of those Christian principles which had contributed so efficaciously to unite the nations in the bonds of brotherhood, and to bring all humanity into the great family, there has arisen little by little in the international order, a system of jealous egotism, in consequence of which the nations now watch each other, if not with hate, at least with the suspicion of rivals. Hence, in their great undertakings they lose sight of the lofty principles of morality and justice and forget the protection which the feeble and the oppressed have a right to demand. In the desire by which they are actuated to increase their national riches, they regard only the opportunity which circumstances afford, the advantages of successful enterprises, and the tempting bait of an accomplished fact, sure that no one will trouble them in the name of right or the respect which right can claim. Such are the fatal principles which have consecrated material power as the supreme law of the world and to them is to be imputed the limitless increase of military which in many respects, is equivalent to a disastrous war.

This lamentable confusion in the realm of ideas has produced restlessness among the people, outbreaks and the general spirit of rebellion. From these have sprung the frequent popular agitations and disorders of our times which are only the preludes of much more terrible disorders in the future. The miserable condition, also, of a large part of the poorer classes, who assuredly merit our assistance, furnishes an admirable opportunity for the designs of scheming agitators, and especially of socialist factions, which hold out to the humbler classes the most extravagant promises and use them to carry out the most dreadful projects.

Those who start on a dangerous descent are soon hurled down in spite of themselves into an abyss. Prompted by an inexorable logic, a society of veritable criminals has been organized, which, at its very first appearance, has, by its savage character, startled the world. Thanks to the solidarity of its construction and its international ramifications, it has already attempted its wicked work for it stands in fear of nothing and recoils before no danger. Repudiating all union with society, and cynically scoffing at law, religion and morality, its adepts have adopted the name of Anarchists, and propose to utterly subvert the actual conditions of society by making use of every means that a blind and savage passion can suggest. And as society draws its unity and its life from the authority which governs it, so it is against authority that anarchy directs its efforts. Who does not feel a thrill of horror, indignation and pity at the remembrance of the many victims that of late have fallen beneath its blows, emperors, empresses, kings, presidents of powerful republics, whose only crime was the sovereign power with which they were invested?

To be continued.

Corpus Christi, May 29th.

Lauda Sion.

Beloved Sion, praises sing
To Christ, your Saviour, Pastor, King.
Let echoes through the vault rebound,
While hymns and canticles resound.
Dare all you can, exhaust your skill,
Your praise will be deficient still.
A special theme to-day we treat,
A theme with mystery replete :—
That living and life-giving bread,
On which the cherished ones are fed.
Away with doubt, you must believe :
The manna which we now receive,
Fed twelve—the first fraternal band,
Who ate it from the Saviour's hand.
Sing anthems joyful, clear and sweet,
To make the jubilee complete.
This solemn day divinely great,
Proclaims the feasts primeval date.
This banquet sets old rites aside,
By Pasch in future to abide.
New Pasch, new King we gladly hail !
The ancient rites no more avail.
Old age gives way to buoyant youth,
And shadows wane before the truth ;
The gloom and darkness of the night,
Are scattered far by rays of light.
At supper Christ each guest addressed,
And thus His living will expressed :
"What I have done, do also ye ;
In doing this remember me."
Instructed well in rites divine,
We bless the bread, and bless the wine,
Then change them both to substance new
A saving host and victim true.
The Christian dogma is express,
And teaches all who faith profess,
That wine to blood is changed, and bread
To flesh by words effective said.
Against this truth the senses cry,
But faith their weakness will supply.
See Nature's Lord his law reverse :
Beneath the species quite diverse—
Mere signs of substance not possessed,
Is hid a wondrous, mighty Guest.
Be blood the drink, or flesh the fare,
In either kind Christ whole is there.
The honored guests who this partake
May species sunder, mar or break ;
Each fragment still the Host retains,
The smallest form Christ whole contains.
But one partakes, or thousands may,
The one receives as much as they ;
The food is eat, as proves the act,
Yet when partaken is intact.
The good and bad alike receive,
But yet unlike results achieve,
The good, the grace of life preserve,
The bad, eternal death deserve.
Meanwhile the Sacrament we break ;
Fear not, nor let your doubts awake.
Remember well each fragment hides
As much as in the whole abides.
For when this mystic food we take,
Not substance, only forms we break ;
He whom the broken form contains,
His stature and his state maintains.
Behold a wonder great indeed !
On angels' bread we pilgrims feed.
It is not meet at such repast
That children's food to dogs be cast.
The ancient types the future tell,
When manna in the desert fell,
When Isaac on the altar lay,
Or lamb was slain for paschal day.
Jesu, good pastor, and true bread,
Be then by tender mercy led.
While exiles feed us here, and guard ;
Awaiting still our due reward.
O Thou, who hast all might and ken,
Who feedest here the souls of men,
As, brethren, guests, co-heirs and friends
Receive us where joy never ends.

—Monthly Calendar.

F. S., S. J.

The Glorious Mysteries.

The "Alleluias" of Holy Church seem to vibrate in our souls as we contemplate the glorious mysteries and their golden radiance seems to illumine our chaplets of love.

According to the multitude of sorrows in our Blessed Mother's heart, the consolations of Easter, Olivet, Pentecost, and her Assumption and Coronation replenish her soul with impeachable joy. We cannot for a moment doubt the beautiful tradition, that Jesus appeared first to Mary when he rose from the dead. We cannot gather the bliss of their meeting, but we can rejoice in it and intone "Magnificat," and pray for Easter peace. With her, also, may our souls ascend, as it were with Him, to Heaven, by love, and yet remain on earth in patience, until He comes and takes us to Himself. Mary was in the Cenaclé with the Apostles waiting for God's Holy Spirit, and

another beautiful tradition tells us that He descended first on her "as a shaft of light, which immediately spread itself on the heads of the whole assembly in the form of tongues of fire." * Let us ask for His Gifts, Fruits and Beautitudes from her who is the Spouse of this Divine Spirit, and remember that as faith and hope especially shine over the Resurrection and Ascension. Charity — queen of virtues—is the Pentecostal flame enlightening the intellect, enkindling the will.

How beautiful the remembrance of Mary's death, resurrection, assumption, "leaning on her beloved," her coronation as queen of Angels and men! Surely all these mysteries are more precious than gold, and more beautiful than human words can even faintly praise. Finally, we will sigh from a "vale of tears" for the vision of her glory, and plead for her maternal aid as "Advocate," Esther-like, near "the great white throne." Thus the mystical melody of our Blessed Mother's "Aves" will die away in a plaintive ardence. "Salve Regina!"

Enfant de Marie.
St. Claris.

*—F. Monsahte, S. P.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

By Emma Howard Wright.

A rose and a lily bloomed side by side in a hothouse. The lily was snowy white, with a great golden heart from which rose a sweet delicate perfume; the rose had soft, velvety leaves of dark crimson, and exhaled a rich fragrance. The lily was humble, the rose was proud.

One day two young girls came into the hot-house. One was beautiful, with a dark, proud, conscious beauty; the other was fair and gentle. The dark beauty gathered the red rose; the fair-faced maiden plucked the lily.

The rose went out into the world on the breast of the dark beauty; the lily was carried into a church and laid upon the altar of Mary, the Mother of God. The rose grew prouder when every one praised its rich loveliness. But when it began to droop and fade, the proud beauty snatched it from her breast and cast it upon the ground where it was trampled under foot until it was only a poor crushed thing without beauty or fragrance.

The lily breathed out its sweet brief life upon the altar of heaven's immaculate Queen, and many knelt there in homage.

Thus bloomed and died the rose that was proud, and the lily that was humble.

WHEN DISTRACTED IN PRAYER.

Catholic Record.

We are more or less troubled with distractions in our prayers and devotions. Some have quite a long string of prayers with which they become so familiar that they frequently seem very much like the boy who, on being reproved for whistling in school, said he did not whistle, "it whistled itself." So they do not pray, it prays itself, while their minds are busily employed in something entirely foreign to the serious matter in which they are engaged. May we modestly suggest to such persons to try the effect of saying their prayers backwards or rather, in reverse order,—that is, commence at the last prayer and go back to the beginning in regular succession. This will require close attention at least for recalling each prayer, and this will be a great help to the end in view.—Catholic Columbian.

OFFICE AND MAN.

Once upon a time a postmaster who lived in a Kansas town was seated in his office, reading postal cards, when a native cyclone suddenly came his way. The wind carried him through an east window, and in the direction of a chestnut grove, three miles distant.

In a few seconds he was safely seated in the top of a high tree, busy picking chestnut burrs out of his hair and clothing, when he saw the building that he had so suddenly left, coming directly toward him.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "there comes the old shanty looking for me."

Moral—Sometimes the office seeks the man.—Catholic University.

Editorial Notes.

Eastertide is drawing to a close. Real devotion to the Blessed Virgin will draw many men yet to make their peace with God.

* * * *

The Hospice is open to guests. Kindly induce all your friends to stay at the Hospice during their sojourn at the Falls.

* * * *

Decoration Day should remind all Catholics to remember the dead by having the Holy Sacrifice offered up for the departed and by prayers and good works.

* * * *

The feast of Corpus Christi is such a day of joy, for we rejoice that Jesus is really and truly present in the Blessed Sacrament. Adoration, love and thankgivings and glory for ever to Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament.

* * * *

The greed of the trust is forcing thousands to abstain from meat. We Catholics voluntarily keep the days of abstinence in memory of our Saviour's Passion. Not legislation, but the practice of virtues, as taught by Christ, can save the State, the family and the individual.

* * * *

Pentecost, the day on which the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles, awakens in our souls adoration and love to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, the spirit of love, the comforter. We should make novenas of prayers, works of penance and good works of mercy, so that the Holy Spirit may come into our hearts.

* * * *

The month of May is fruitful in the good works of all the true children of our Most Mother Mary. Loving hands adorn her altars ; loving hearts in touch with the bloom of nature and the songs of nature, proclaim the beauties and glories of Our Blessed Queen. The flowers of the field, arrayed in beauty, speak of the beauties of our Lady, and should not we, who are clothed in her own garment from her own hands, should not we show that our love to Mary is sincere by imitating her virtues. The more we think of Our Blessed Lady, the more we exercise acts of devotion in her honor, the more will we be drawn as good children to think, to speak, to act, to live and to die as our Mother did,—living and dying in the love of Jesus. In May we ought to increase our life-long love to Mary, the most beautiful and loving Virgin Mother.

* * * *

We shall pray for our Holy Father, Leo XIII, that God may preserve him to us.

Let us pray.—O, Almighty, eternal God, dignity of the priesthood and author of royalty, bestow on thy servant Leo, our Pontiff, grace to govern thy Church with fruit, in order that, constituted and crowned by Thy mercy, Father of Kings and Guide of all the faithful, all things, by the help of Thy providence may be duly governed ; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

* * * *

During the month, our hearts are elevated by the thought of the Ascension of our Divine Saviour into Heaven. He tells us that He is preparing a mansion, a throne, for each one of us in Heaven. How beautiful and magnificent must be the throne prepared for us, the joys for soul and body, and for ever and ever ; and we, if we would follow Christ, let us take up our cross daily and follow Him. Avoid sin, deny natural cravings, practice virtues of our state ; ask and it shall be given to us to persevere and reach never-ending beauties, joys and happiness.

* * * *

Indulgences for May.

Pius VII granted to all the faithful who, either in public or in private, shall honor the Blessed Virgin with some special homage and devout prayers, or the practice of other virtuous acts —

An indulgence of 300 days, every day ; a plenary indulgence, once in this month, on the day being truly penitent, after Confession and Communion, they shall pray for the intenytion of His Holiness.

The New Raccolta.

We are pleased to record the appointment of an old friend of the "Review," and at times a contributor to its columns, Mr. William M. Winterberry, to the responsible position of Secretary to the Ontario High Court Judges.

Mr. Winterberry is widely and favorably known as a young man of promise He is a strict Catholic, and, together with other members of the family, has been connected with nearly all the Catholic Societies and Associations of Toronto for many years.

We wish him success in his new sphere of activity.

* * * *

The Novena in Honor of the Holy Ghost.

We decree and command that throughout the whole Catholic Church, this year and every subsequent year, a Novena shall take place before Whit Sunday in all parish churches. To all who take part in this day an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines; moreover a Plenary indulgence on any of the days of the Novena, or on Whit Sunday itself, or on any day during the octave; provided that they shall receive the Sacrament of Penance and Holy Eucharist, and devoutly pray for our intention. We will that those who are prevented from attending the Novena, or who are in places where the devotions can not in the judgment of the Ordinary, be conveniently carried out, shall equally enjoy the same benefit, provided they make the Novena privately and observe the other conditions.

Moreover, we are pleased to grant, in perpetuity, from the Treasury of the Church that whatsoever, daily during the Octave of Pentecost up to Trinity Sunday inclusive, offer again publicly or privately any prayers, according to their devotion, to the Holy Ghost, and satisfy the above conditions, shall a second time gain each of the above indulgences. All these indulgences we also permit to be applied to the suffrage of the Souls in Purgatory.

Leo. XIII.

* * * *

Rome, the Eternal City, has been sanctified by the presence of many holy men, beginning with the Prince of the Apostles. Of it we can almost say, as God said to Moses from the burning bush: "Put off the shoes from thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Every foot of its soil was sanctified either by the blood of almost innumerable martyrs or the footsteps of the saintly confessors of our holy faith. Among these holy places is the church and monastery of St. Sabina. In the church is the beautiful and famous Madonna of the Rosary by Sassoferrato, which inspires one with such pious sentiments. In this ancient church many saintly men and women poured forth their fervent prayers to God to avert his indignation and call down the blessings of Heaven upon this earth of ours. Among them were St. Dominic and his spiritual sons. In the garden is an orange tree planted by St. Dominic, which after many centuries, continues to thrive In the monastery is shown a room where the meeting of St. Dominic, St. Francis of Assisi and St. Angelus, the Carmelite, took place when they came to Rome. We can easily imagine with what holy affection these three men greeted one another, united as they were by the bond of their sacred vows and the love of God with which all three were inflamed that causes a friendship to arise peculiar to saints only. What holy words passed between them; how warmly these masters of spiritual life conversed of God and holy things; how they consoled one another in their troubles and afflictions, and excited in themselves new courage for coming trials and struggles. Here it was that St. Francis with St. Dominic as witness, foretold the martyrdom of St. Angelus, which he was to suffer later, and St. Angelus predicted the stigmata of St. Francis, that great favor which was to render this saint a living likeness of his Saviour.

Book Review.

"The Treasure of the Church," by the late Very Rev. J. B. Bragshawe, D.D., is the crowning work of the many that have come from the pen of the author before it.

The two great Sacraments of our Holy Church—Holy Eucharist and Penance — are shown to be truly its treasure. After

reading this book, Catholics will more highly appreciate these powerful means of salvation, and non-Catholics will gain a clear understanding of Catholic teaching on these subjects. Booksellers, Benziger Bros.; price, $1.00, bound.

* * * *

"A Cassock of the Pines and other stories," is the title of a collection of twelve short stories from the pen of Gordian Daley. William H. Younger Co., 31 Barclay Str., New York City, publish them for the first time in one volume.

These productions of the gifted author sparkle with good humor and wit and are written in classical English. The volume deserves a place among the literary works on any library shelf. The book is neatly bound in cloth and illustrated. Price $1.00 net.

* * * *

"The Little Manual of S. Anthony of Padua," by Rev. F.S. Lasance, contains a brief biography of the popular Saint; as also various prayers, novenas and devotions to this "Saint of the whole world," as our Holy Father styles him. The little book will do much good by inciting people to imitate the virtues and obtain the powerful intercession of S. Anthony. Publishers,Benziger Bros. Price of book, vest pocket size, net, 17 cents per copy.

* * * *

We can surely promise that the "Life of Bartolome de Las Casas, and the First Leaves of American Ecclesiastical History," by Rev. L. A. Dutto, will be read with profit and satisfaction. We are taken back to that period of history when the white man first sets foot on the New World; we see how the poor Indians are persecuted and down-trodden by their cruel and greedy conquerors, and how the great and noble character whose life the author portrays, has spent a lifetime in their interests. The history of the first American priest is a golden page in the annals of the Church, giving us a new instance of her beneficial influence and the great part she plays in the civilization of nations. This, the present work brings out most advantagiously. It is a splendid reputation of the calumnies, which in our days are most zealously spread, that the church is the enemy of progress and a hinderence to enlightenment and true civilization. History has ever been the incorruptible tribunal that passes on the Church the just sentence of approval.

Publisher, B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.; price, $1.50, net.

* * * *

"Explanation and Application of Bible History," by Rev. John J. Nash, D.D., is a work in which the events of Bible History are explained clearly and concisely in form of questions and answers; with a practical application at the end of each lesson. The author well understands that the child most easily grasps the abstract ideas and truths of the Catechism, if the young mind is assisted by the imagination; and to accomplish this test, the truth must be proposed in connection with facts and appropriate examples. If religious instruction is to be successful and complete, Bible History and Christian Doctrine must go hand in hand. These are the underlying principles of the present work. A distinguishing feature of the work, that greatly increases its value, is the practical application of the matter each lesson contains.

This work is, therefore, highly commendable as a most valuable aid to all who engage in the religious training of children. The alphabetical index at the end makes it easy to find any subject desired.

Publishers, Benziger Bros. The book well bound (500 pages) sells at $1.50 net.

* * * *

Apologetic works are the special demand of our times. It is no longer a question of this or that article of faith in particular, but the question now is, whether or not there exists any divine supernatural revelation at all. The contest is between faith and simple unbelief, between a frigid rationalism and supernatural theology. There is, indeed, Protestantism, but this system will not stand the test of strict logic; it contains within itself the germs of dissolution and decay. Protestants must side with one of these two hostile camps; a truth that is fully corroborated by facts.

The great work, therefore, of those who

believe, is to prove the existence of a revelation ; they must show in the first place that God has spoken, and in the next, where this divine word is to be found. The solution of these two questions is the logical basis of faith and theology, and this work is successfully accomplished in the numerous apologies, which able authors have edited :—"Find the Church," by Rev. W. Poland, S.J.; published by B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., is another addition to this kind of literature. Supposing the existence of a revelation, which namely was given to the world by the Divine Legate Jesus Christ,— an historical fact, that is admitted by all Christians. The author in this pamphlet solves the second question by evincing clearly that the the Church of Christ among the many which claim this prerogative, is the Roman Catholic Church, and that Christ chose as the medium and instrument of transmitting this doctrine (Revelation) to all future generations precisely this church, which He has instituted, viz., human teachers which have a perpetual succession, and are gifted with infallibility.

The revealed truths, therefore, are to be found only in the teachings of the Apostles, or their successors : the Popes and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church.

This little work deserves a widespread circulation among the people. (Price per copy, 5 cents ; 100 copies, $4.00.)

* * * *

Other books received at our office :

"Life of Christ," by Rev. W. Elliott.

"Dangers of Spiritualism" and "Mary Our Mother."

These we shall review in our next number.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at:

Falls View, from St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, N.Y.; Campbellton, N. B.; Truro, N. S.; Notre Dame, Ind.; West Pullman, Chicago, Ill.; Nottingham, O.; Zurich, Ont.; St. Peter's church, Oshkosh, Wis.; St. Bridget's Church, Meadeville, Pa.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; Watertown, N.Y.; St Brendan's, Bona Vista Bay, Nfld.; Drayton, Ont.; St Peter and Paul's Church, W. Saginaw, Mich.

New Baltimore, Pa., from Clay Centre, Kan.; Ripon, Wis.; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers : That a person may overrome a bad habit ; the conversion of two non-Catholics ; two Catholics who do not practise their religion ; that three children, who have lost their mother, may receive a good Christian education ; success in an undertaking and resignation to the will of God ; three special intentions.

Obituary.

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers the following who died recently :

Henry M. Murray, who died in Buffalo on Good Friday. He had suffered a long and painful illness, but bore it with truly Christian fortitude, sustained by the Sacraments of Holy Church. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father. Mr. Murray, by his genial disposition won the respect and friendship of all with whom he came in contact.

Mary Manley.

Mrs. Patrick Dwyer, who died at Great Fall, Montana, on March 24th. The deceased was an exemplary Catholic woman and a devoted client of Mary. She was also one of our zealous helpers.

May they rest in peace.

Man has not a greater enemy than himself.—Petrarch.

Make your lot the best. Compare yourself not with the few above you, but the multitude below you—Johnson.

The best of lessons for a good many people would be to listen at a keyhole. It is a pity for such that the practise is dishonorable.—Madame Swetchine.

The Divine Mother and her Child.

Carmelite Review

Vol. X Welland, Ont., June, 1902. No. 6

Address communications and make orders payable to **The Carmelite Fathers,** Niagara Falls, Ont.

Lines Suggested by "The Canticle of the Magnificat."

(By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P.)

AN echo from the hill-top, where, on sweet-scented air,
Arose a psalm prophetic, of gratitude and prayer,
That wafts adown long ages, in whispers soft and low,
The accents of God's Mother, exulting long ago.

It lends a voice of gladness, to joys of exile years ;
It calms the restless spirit, and dries the mourners' tears.
Through aisles of grand cathedrals, it "magnifies" the Lord
In tones of His blest "Handmaid," submissive to His word.

And in this holy island, our own dear native land,
Is twined with skill poetic, by priestly master-hand,
A "wreath of song" for Mary, a graceful touching strain :
"Magnificat!" most gladly, we hear thy notes again.

"No artist," sings our poet, "has struck the faultless grace,"
Or caught the inspiration of Mary's childlike face,
On that sweet summer evening, so beautiful and calm,
When scarce a leaf was rustling, of cedar or of palm.

Through sun-lit day—at even' when fall the shadows dim ;
"In sanctities of night-time" we hear that glorious hymn.
Now thrilling like to song-birds, among the woodland trees
Then murmuring as wavelets, of rippling sapphire seas.

And is the singer lowest of Mary's bardic train? *
Ah! No! May verdant laurels immortalize his strain!
Its rare poetic beauty, and glowing imagery
In metaphors well chosen, from earth and sky and sea.

The measured classic rhythm of ancient Grecian lore,
Seems blending with this music from our historic shore ;
† O scientist and poet! I praise God's gifts to thee,
And, like the listening Angels, now silent shall I be.

My song seems but discordance, thine every perfect chord
Awakens aspirations, to "magnify the Lord"
With thee, and with our Mother, the star-crowned Queen above,
In praise and in thanksgiving, humility and love.

* "And I the very lowest, of all thy bardic train." —Enfant de Marie;
† Rev. P. A. Sheehan. St. Clares.

Apostolical Letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII

To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic World, on the Dangers Which Threaten the Church and Society, and the Remedy for Them.

In presence of the immensity of the evils which overwhelm society, and the perils which menace it, our duty compels us to again warn all men of good will, especially those who occupy exalted positions, and to conjure them as we now do, to devise what remedies the situation calls for, and what prudent energy to apply them with delay.

First of all, it behooves them to inquire what remedies are needed, and to examine well their potency in the present needs. We have extolled liberty and its advantages to the skies, and have proclaimed it as a sovereign remedy and an incomparable instrument of peace and prosperity which will be most fruitful in good results. But facts have clearly shown us that it does not possess the power which is attributed to it. Economic conflicts, struggles of the classes are surging around us like a conflagration on all sides, and there is no promise of the dawn of the day of public tranquility. In point of fact, and there is no one who does not see it, liberty, as it is now understood, that is to say, a liberty granted indiscriminately, to truth and to error, to good and to evil, ends only in destroying all that is noble generous and holy, and in opening the gates still wider to crime, to suicide and to a multitude of the most degrading passions.

The doctrine is also taught that the development of public instruction, by making the people more polished and more enlightened, would suffice as a check to unhealthy tendencies, and to keep man in the ways of uprightness and probity. But a hard reality has made us feel every day more and more how little avails instruction without religion and morality. As a necessary consequence of inexperience, and of the promptings of bad passion, the mind of youth is enthralled by the perverse teachings of the day. It absorbs all the errors which an unbridled press does not hesitate to sow broadcast and which depraves the mind and the will of the youth and foments in them that spirit of pride and subordination which so often troubles the peace of families and cities.

So also was confidence reposed in the progress of science. Indeed the century which has just closed, has witnessed progress that was great, unexpected, stupendous. But is it true that it has given us all the fullness and healthfulness of fruitage that so many expected from it? Doubtless the discoveries of science have opened new horizons to the mind; it has widened the empire of man over the forces of matter, and human life has been ameliorated in many ways through its instrumentality. Nevertheless, everyone feels and many admit that the results have not corresponded to the hopes that were cherished. It cannot be denied, especially when we cast our eyes on the intellectual and moral status of the world, as well as on the records of criminality, when we hear the dull murmurs which arise from the depths, or when we witness the predominance which might has won over right. Not to speak of the throngs who are a prey to every misery, a superficial glance at the condition of the world will suffice to convince us of the indefinable sorrow which weighs upon souls and the immense void which is in human hearts. Man may subject nature to his sway, but matter cannot give him what it has not, and to the questions which most deeply affect our gravest interest human science gives no reply. The thirst for truth, for good, for the infinite, which devours us, has not been slaked, nor have the joys and comforts of life ever soothed the anguish

which tortures the heart. Are we then to despise and fling aside the advantages which accrue from the study of science, from civilization and the wise and sweet use of our liberty? Assuredly not. On the contrary, we must hold them in the highest esteem, guard them and make them grow as a treasure of great price, for they are means which of their nature are good, designed by God Himself, and ordained by the Infinite Goodness and Wisdom for the use and advantages of the human race. But we must subordinate the use of them to the intentions of the Creator, and so employ them as never to eliminate the religious element in which their real advantage resides, for it is that which bestows on them a special value and renders them really fruitful. Such is the secret of the problem. When an organism perishes and corrupts, it is because it had ceased to be under the action of the causes which had given it its form and constitution. To make it healthy and flourishing again, it is necessary to restore it to the vivifying action of those same causes. So society in its foolhardy effort to escape from God has rejected the divine order and revelation; and it is thus withdrawn from the salutary efficacy of Christianity which is manifestly the most solid guarantee of order, the strongest bond of fraternity and the inexhaustible source of public and private virtue.

This sacrilegious divorce has resulted in bringing about the trouble which now disturbs the world. Hence it is the pale of the Church which this lost society must re-enter, if it wishes to recover its well-being, its repose and its salvation.

Just as Christianity cannot penetrate in the soul without making it better, so it cannot enter into public life without establishing order. With the idea of a God who governs all, Who is infinitely wise, good and just, the idea of duty seizes upon the consciences of men. It assuages sorrow, it calms hatred, it engenders heroes. If it has transformed pagan society—and that transformation was a veritable resurrection—for barbarism disappeared in proportion as Christianity extended its sway, so, after the terrible shocks which unbelief has given to the world in our days, it will be able to put that world again on the true road, and bring back to order the states and peoples of modern times. But the return to Christianity will not be efficacious and complete if it does not restore the world to a sincere love of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. In the Catholic Church Christianity is incarnate. It identifies itself with that perfect, spiritual, and, in its own order, sovereign society, which is the mystical body of Jesus Christ and which has for its visible head the Roman Pontiff, successor of the Prince of the Apostles. It is the continuation of the mission of the Saviour, the daughter and the heiress of His redemption. It has preached the gospel, and has defended it at the price of its blood, and strong in the Divine assistance, and of that immortality which have been promised it, it makes no terms with error, but remains faithful to the commands which it has received to carry the doctrine of Jesus Christ to the utmost limits of the world and to the end of time, and to protect it in its inviolable integrity. Legitimate dispensatrix of the teachings of the Gospel it does not reveal itself only as the consoler and redeemer of souls, but it is still more the internal source of justice and charity, and the propagator as well as the guardian of true liberty, and of that equality which alone is possible here below. In applying the doctrine of its Divine Founder, it maintains a wise equilibrium and marks the true limits between the rights and privileges of society. The equality which it proclaims does not destroy the distinction between the different social classes. It keeps them intact, as nature itself demands, in order to oppose the anarchy of reason emancipated from faith, and abandoned to its own devices. The liberty which it gives in no wise conflicts with the rights of truth, because those rights are superior to the demands of liberty. Nor does it infringe upon the rights of justice, because those rights are superior to the claims of mere numbers of power. Nor does it assail the rights of God because they are superior to the rights of humanity.

In the domestic circle, the Church is no less fruitful in good results. For not only does it oppose the nefarious machinations which incredulity resorts to in

order to attack the life of the family, but it prepares and protects the union and stability of marriage, whose honor, fidelity and holiness it guards and develops. At the same time it sustains and cements the civil and political order by giving on one side most efficacious aid to authority, and on the other by showing itself favorable to the wise reforms and the just aspirations of the classes that are governed by imposing respect for rulers and enjoining whatever obedience is due to them, and by defending unwaveringly the imprescriptible rights of the human conscience,. And thus it is that the people who are subject to her influence have no fear of oppression because she checks in their efforts the rulers who seek to govern as tyrants.

Fully aware of this divine power, We from the very beginning of Our Pontificate, have endeavored to place in the clearest light the benevolent designs of the Church and to increase as far as possible along with the treasures of her doctrine, the field of her salutary action. Such has been the object of the principal acts of Our Pontificate, notably in the Encyclicals on Christian Philosophy, on Human Liberty, on Christian Marriage, on Freemasonry, on the Powers of Government, on the Christian Constitution of States, on Socialism, on the Labor Question, and the Duties of Christian Citizens, and other analogous subjects. But the ardent desire of our soul has not been merely to illumine the mind. We have endeavored to move and to purify hearts by making use of all Our powers to cause Christian virtue to flourish among the peoples. For that reason we have never ceased to bestow encouragement and counsel in order to elevate the minds of men to the good of the world beyond ; to enable them to subject the body to the soul ; their earthly life to the heavenly one ; man to God. Blessed by the Lord, Our word has been able to increase and to strengthen the convictions of a great number of men; to throw light on their minds in the difficult questions of the day ; to stimulate their zeal and to advance the various works which have been undertaken.

It is especially for the disinterested classes that these works have been inaugurated and have continued to grow in every country,as is evident from the increase of Christian charity which has always found in the midst of the people its favorite field of action. If the harvest has not been more abundant, Venerable Brothers, let us adore God who is mysteriously just and beg Him,at the same time, to have pity on the blindness of so many souls,to whom unhappily the terrifying word of the Apostle may be addressed : The god of this world has blinded the minds of unbelievers,that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ who is the image of God,should not shine to them." (II Corinthians iv; 4.)

The more the Catholic Church devotes itself to extend its zeal for the moral and material advancement of the peoples, the more the children of darkness rise in hatred against and have recourse to every means in their power to tarnish its divine beauty and paralyze its action of life-giving reparation. How many false reasonings have they not made and how many calumnies have they not spread against it! Among their most perfidious devices is that which consists in repeating to the ignorant masses and to suspicious governments that the Church is opposed to the progress of science, that it is hostile to liberty, that the rights of the state are usurped by it and that politics is a field which it is constantly invading. Such are the mad accusations that have been a thousand times repudiated and a thousand times refuted by sound reason, and by history, and, in fact, by every man who has a heart for honesty and a mind for truth.

The Church the enemy of knowledge and instruction ! Without doubt she is the vigilant guardian of revealed dogma, but it is this very vigilance which prompts her to protect science and to favor the wise cultivation of the mind. No ! in submitting his mind to the revelation of the Word, who is the supreme truth from whom all truths must flow, man will in no wise contradict what reason discovers. On the contrary, the light which will come to him from the Divine Word, will give more power and more clearness to the human intellect, because it will preserve it from a thousand uncertainties and errors. Besides, nineteen centuries of a glory achieved by Catholicism in all the branches of learning

amply suffice to refute this calumny. It is to the Catholic Church that we must ascribe the merit of having propagated and defended Christian philosophy,without which the world would still be buried in the darkness of pagan superstitions and in the most abject barbarism. It has preserved and transmitted to all generations the precious treasure of literature and of the ancient sciences. It has opened the first schools for the people and crowded the universities which still exist, or whose glory is perpetuated even to our own days. It has inspired the loftiest, the purest and the most glorious literature, while it has gathered under its protection men whose genius in the arts has never been eclipsed.

The Church the enemy of liberty ! Ah, how they travesty the idea of liberty which has for its object one of the most precious of God's gifts when they make use of its name to justify its abuse and excess ! What do we mean by liberty ? Does it mean the exemption from all laws; the deliverance from all restraint, and as a corollary,the right to take man's caprice as a guide in all our actions ? Such liberty the Church certainly reproves, and good and honest men reprove it likewise. But do they mean by liberty the rational faculty to do good,magnanimously, without check or hindrance and according to the rules which eternal justice has established ? That liberty which is the only liberty worthy of man, the only one useful to society, none favors or encourages or protects more than the church. By the force of its doctrine and the efficaciousness of its action the Church has freed humanity from the yoke of slavery in preaching to the world the great law of equality and human fraternity. In every age it has defended the feeble and the oppressed against the arrogant domination of the strong. It has demanded liberty of Christian conscience while pouring out in torrents the blood of its martyrs; it has restored to the child and to the woman the dignity and the noble prerogatives of this nature in making them share by virtue of the same right that reverence and justice which is their due, and it has largely contributed both to introduce and maintain civil and political liberty in the heart of the nations.

The Church the usurper of the rights of the State ! The Church invading the political domain ! Why the Church knows and teaches that her Divine Founder has commanded us to give to Caesar what is Caesar's, and to God what is God's, and that He has thus sanctioned the immutable principle of an enduring distinction between those two powers which are both sovereign in their respective spheres, a distinction which is more pregnant in its consequences and eminently conducive to the development of Christian civilization. In its spirit of charity it is a stranger to every hostile design against the state. It aims only at making these two powers go side by side for the advancement of the same object, namely, for man and for human society, but by different ways and in conformity with the noble plan which has been assigned for its divine mission. Would to God that its action was received without mistrust and without suspicion. It could not fail to multiply the numberless benefits of which we have already spoken. To accuse the Church of ambitious views is only to repeat the ancient calumny,a calumny which its powerful enemies have more than once employed as a pretext to conceal their own purposes of oppression.

Far from oppressing the State,history clearly shows when it is read without prejudice,that the Church like its Divine Founder has been,on the contrary, most commonly the victim of oppression and injustice. The reason is that its power rests not on the force of arms but on the strength of thought and truth.

It is therefore assuredly with malignant purpose that they hurl against the Church accusations like those. It is a pernicious and disloyal work,in the pursuit of which above all others a certain sect of darkness is engaged,a sect which human society these many years carries within itself and which like a deadly poison destroys its gappiness,its fecundity and its life. Abiding personification of the revolution,it constitutes a sort of retrogressive society whose object is to exercise an occult suzerainty over the established order,and whose whole purpose is to make war against God and against His Church. There is no need of naming it, for all will recognize in these traits

the society of Freemasons, of which we gave already spoken,expressly in our Encyclical, Humanum Genus of the twentieth of April, 1884. While denouncing its destructive tendency, its erroneous teachings,and its wicked purpose of embracing in its far reaching grasp almost all nations, and uniting itself to other sects, which its secret influence puts in motion, directing first and afterwards retaining its members by the advantages which it procures for them, bending governments to its will, sometimes by promises and sometimes by threats, it has succeeded in entering all classes of society, and forms an invisible and irresponsible state existing within the legitimate state. Full of the spirit of Satan who, according to the words of the Apostle, knows how to transform himself at need into an angel of light, it gives prominence to its humanitarian object, but it sacrifices everything to its sectarian purpose and protests that it has no political aim, while in reality it exercises the most profound action on the legislative and administrative life of the nations, and while loudly professing its respect for authority and even for religion, has for its ultimate purpose, as its own statutes declare, the destruction of all authority as well as of the priesthood, both of which it holds up as the enemies of liberty.

It becomes more evident day by day that it is to the inspiration and the assistance of this sect that we must attribute in great measure the continual troubles with which the Church is harassed, as well as the recrudescence of the attacks to which it has recently been subjected. For the simultaneousness of the assaults in the persecutions which have so suddenly burst upon us in the later times, like a storm from a clear sky,that is to say without any cause proportionate to the effect ; the uniformity of means employed to inaugurate this persecution, namely,the press, public assemblies, theatrical productions ; the employment in every country of the same arms, to wit, calumny and public uprisings,all this betrays clearly the identity of purpose and a program drawn up by one and the same central direction. All this is only a simple episode of a prearranged plan carried out on a constantly widening field to multiply the ruins of which we speak. Thus they are endeavoring by every means in their power first to restrict and then to completely exclude religious instruction from the schools so as to make the rising generation unbelievers or indifferent to all religion ; as they are endeavoring by the daily press to combat the morality of the Church, to ridicule its practices and its solemnities. It is only natural, consequently, that the Catholic priesthood, whose mission is to preach religion and to administer the sacraments should be assailed with a special fierceness. In taking it as the object of their attacks this sect aims at diminishing, in the eyes of the people,its prestige and its authority. Already their audacity grows hour by hour in proportion as it flatters itself that it can do so with impunity. It puts a malignant interpretation on all the acts of the clergy, bases suspicion upon the slenderest proofs and overwhelms it with the vilest accusations. Thus new prejudices are added to those with which the clergy are already overwhelmed,such for example as their subjection to military service, which is such a great obstacle for the preparation for the priesthood, and the confiscation of the ecclesiastical patrimony which the pious generosity of the faithful had founded.

As regards the religious orders and religious congregations, the practice of the evangelical counsels made them the glory of society and the glory of religion. These very things rendered them more culpable in the eyes of the enemies of the Church and were the reasons why they were fiercely denounced, and held up to contempt and hatred. It is a great grief for us to recall here the odious measures which were so undeserved and so strongly condemned by all honest men by which the members of religious orders were lately overwhelmed. Nothing was of avail to save them, neither the integrity of their life which their enemies were unable to assail, nor the right which authorizes all natural associations entered into for an honorable purpose, nor the right of the constitutions which loudly proclaimed their freedom to enter into those organizations nor the favor of the people who were so grateful for the precious services rendered in the

arts, in the sciences, and in agriculture, and for the charity which poured itself out upon the most numerous and poorest classes of society. And hence it is that these men and women who themselves had sprung from the people and who had spontaneously renounced all the joys of the family to consecrate to the good of their fellowmen, in those peaceful associations, their youth, their talent, their strength and their lives were treated as malefactors as if they had formed criminal associations, and have been excluded from the common and prescriptive rights at the very time when men are speaking loudest of liberty. We must not be astonished that the most beloved children are struck when the father himself that is to say the head of Catholicity, the Roman Pontiff, is no better treated. The facts are known to all. Stripped of the temporal sovereignty and consequently of that independence which is necessary to accomplish his universal and divine mission ; forced in Rome itself to shut himself up in his own dwelling because the enemy had laid siege to him on every side, he has been compelled in spite of the derisive assurances of respect and of the precarious promises of liberty to an abnormal condition of existence which is unjust and unworthy of his exalted ministry. We know only too well the difficulties that are each instant created to thwart his intentions and to outrage his dignity. It only goes to prove what is every day more and more evident that it is the spiritual power of the head of the Church, which little by little they aim at destroying when they attack the temporal power of the papacy. Those who are the real authors of this spoliation have not hesitated to confess it.

Judging by the consequences which have followed, this action was not only impolite,but was an attack on society itself; for the assaults that are made upon religion are so many blows struck at the very heart of society.

In making man a being destined to live in society, God in his providence has also founded the Church, which as the holy text expresses it, He has established on Mount Zion in order that it might be a light which, with its life giving rays would cause the principle of life to penetrate into the various degrees of human society, by giving it divinely inspired laws, by means of which society might establish itself in that order which would be most conducive to its welfare. Hence in proport on as society separates itself from the Church, which is an important element in its strength, by so much does it decline, or its woes are multiplied for the reason that they are separated, whom God wished to bind together.

As for Us,we never weary as often as the occasion presents itself to inculcate these great truths, and we desire to do so once again and in a very explicit manner on this extraordinary occasion. May God grant that the faithful will take courage from what We say and be guided to unite their efforts more efficaciously for the common good ; that they may be more enlightened and that our adversaries may understand the unjustice which they commit in persecuting the most loving mother and the most faithful benefactress of humanity.

We would not wish that the remembrance of these afflictions should diminish in the souls of the faithful that full and entire confidence which they ought to have in the Divine assistance. For God, in His own hour and in His mysterious ways, will bring about a certain victory. As for Us, no matter how great the sadness which fills our heart, We do not fear for the immortal destiny of the Church. As we have said in the beginning, persecution is its heritage,because in trying and in purifying its children, God thereby obtains for them greater and more precious advantages. And in permitting the Church to undergo these trials He manifests the Divine assistance which he bestows upon it, for He provides new and unlooked for means of assuring the support and the developement of His work, while revealing the futility of the powers which are leagued against it. Nineteen centuries of a life passed in the midst of the ebb and flow of all human vicissitudes teach us that the storms pass by without ever affecting the foundations of the Church. We are able all the more to remain unshaken in this confidence, as the present time affords indications which forbid depression. We cannot deny that the difficulties that confront us are extra

ordinary and formidable, but there are also facts before our eyes which give evidence, at the same time,that God is fulfilling His promises with admirable wisdom and goodness.

While so many powers conspire against the Church and while she is progressing on her way deprived of all human help and assistance, is she not in effect carrying on her gigantic work in the world and is she not extending her action in every clime and every nation? Excelled by Jesus Christ, the prince of this world, can no longer exercise his proud dominion as heretofore; and, although doubtless the efforts of Satan may cause us many a woe they will not achieve the object at which they aim. Already a supernatural tranquility due to the Holy Ghost Who provides for the Church and Who abides in it reigns not only in the souls of the faithful, but also throughout Christianity; a tranquility whose serene development we witness everywhere, thanks to the union ever more and more close and affectionate with the Apostolic See; a union which is in marvellous contrast with the agitation, the dissension and the continual unrest of the various sects which disturb the peace of society. There exists also between bishops and clergy, a union which is fruitful in numberless works of zeal and charity. It exists likewise between the clergy and laity who more closely knit together and more completely freed from human respect than ever before, are awakening to a new life and organizing with a generous emulation in defence of the sacred cause of religion. It is this union which We have so often recommended and which We recommend again, which We bless that it may develop still more,and may rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God.

There is nothing more natural than that like the branches which spring from the roots of the tree,these numberless associations which we see with joy flourish in our days in the bosom of the Church should arise, grow strong and multiply. There is no form of Christian piety which has been omitted whether there is question of Jesus Christ Himself, or His adorable mysteries, or His Divine Mother, or the saints whose wonderful virtues have illumined the world. Nor has any kind of charitable work been forgotten. On all sides there is a zealous endeavor to procure Christian instruction for youth, help for the sick, moral teaching for the people and assistance for the classes least favored in the goods of this world. With what remarkable rapidity this movement would propagate itself and what precious fruits it would bear if it were not opposed by the unjust and unfriendly efforts with which it finds itself so often in conflict.

God, who gives to the Church such great vitality in civilized countries where it has been established for so many centuries, consoles us besides with other hopes. These hopes we owe to the zeal of Catholic missionaries. Not permitting themselves to be discouraged by the perils which they face; by the privations which they endure; by the sacrifices of every kind which they accept, their numbers are increasing and they are gaining whole countries to the gospel and to civilization. Nothing can diminish their courage, although after the manner of their Divine Master, they receive only accusations and calumnies as the reward of their untiring labors.

Thus our sorrows are tempered by the sweetest consolations,and in the midst of the struggles and the difficulties which are our portion we have wherewith to refresh our souls and to inspire us with hope. This ought to suggest youthful and wise reflections to those who view the world with intelligence, and who do not permit passions to blind them; for it proves that God has not made man independent in what regards the last end of life, and just as He has spoken to him in the past so He speaks again in our day by His Church which is visibly sustained by the Divine assistance and which shows clearly where salvation and truth can be found. Come what may, this eternal assistance will inspire our hearts with an incredible hope and persuade us that at the hour marked by Providence and in a future which is not remote, truth will scatter the mists in which men endeavor to shroud it and will shine forth more brilliantly than ever. The spirit of the Gospel will spread life anew in the heart of our cor-

rupted society and in its perishing members.

In what concerns Us, Venerable Brethren,in order to hasten the day of divine mercy We shall not fail in Our duty to do everything to defend and develop the kingdom of God upon earth. As for you,your pastoral solicitude is too well known to Us to exhort you to do the same. May the ardent flame which burns in your hearts be transmitted more and more to the hearts of all your priests. They are in immediate contact with the people. If full of the spirit of Jesus Christ and keeping themselves above political passion, they unite their action with yours they will succeed with the blessing of God in accomplishing marvels. By their word they will enlighten the multitude ; by their sweetness of manners they will gain the hearts, and in succoring with charity their suffering brethren, they will help them little by little to better the condition in which they are placed.

The clergy will be firmly sustained by the active and intelligent co-operation of all men of good will. Thus the children who have tasted the sweetness of the Church will thank her for it in a worthy way, viz.,by gathering around her to defend her honor and her glory. All can contribute to this work which will be so splendidly meritorious for them ; literary and learned men, by defending her in books or in the daily press which is such a powerful instrument now made use of by her enemies; fathers of families and teachers,by giving a Christian education to children ; magistrates and representatives of the people,by shoeing themselves firm in the principles which they defend as well as by the integrity of their lives and in the profession of their faith without any vestige of human respect. Our age exacts lofty ideals,generous designs, and the exact observance of the laws. It is by perfect submission to the directions of the Holy See that this discipline will be strengthened, for it is the best means of causing to disappear or at least of diminishing the evil which party opinions produce in fomenting divisions; and it will assist us in uniting all our efforts for attaining that higher end, namely, the triumph of Jesus Christ and His Church. Such is the duty of Catholics. As for her final triumph she depends upon Him who watches with wisdom and love over His immaculate spouse, and of Whom it is written, "Jesus Christ, yesterday, to-day and forever." (Heb. xiii, 8.)

It is therefore to Him, that at this moment we should lift our hearts in humble and ardent prayer; to Him who loving with an infinite love our erring humanity, has wished to make Himself expiatory victim by the sublimity of His martyrdom ; to Him who seated although unseen in the mystical bark of His Church can alone still the tempest and command the waves to be calm and the furious winds to cease. Without doubt, Venerable Brethren, you with Us will ask this Divine Master for the cessation of the evils which are overwhelming society, for the repeal of all hostile law ; for the illumination of those who more perhaps through ignorance than through malice, hate and persecute the religion of Jesus Christ ; and also for the drawing together of all men of good will and close and holy union.

May the triumph of truth and of justice be thus hastened in the world, and for the great family of men may better days dawn; days of tranquility and of peace.

Meanwhile as a pledge of the most precious and Divine favor may the benediction which We give you with all Our heart, descend upon you and all the faithful committed to your care.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, 19th March, 1902, in the twenty-fifth year of Our Pontificate. LEO XIII.

Mary, Our Mother.

In our holy Religion we find much that is attractive, much to console us on our pilgrimage through this valley of tears, and to aid us in attaining the great object of our existence. The everlasting joys of heaven. This is certainly true of the Catholic belief concerning the Blessed Virgin Mary. What noble and lovely a character is not this fair daughter of our race! Spotless and innocent during her lifetime, adorned with every virtue and supernatural beauty, Mary was the object of God's prediction, the privileged daughter of the Heavenly Father, the beloved Mother of the Divine Son, the fair Spouse of the Holy Ghost. She is the coredemptrix of the human race; she finally was constituted by her dying Son, the Mother of all men; and now she is the glorious Queen of Heaven and earth. How much attraction, how much consolation, how many advantages for us does not this doctrine of our holy faith contain?

But of all these titles and prerogatives we will consider more closely one: What she is to us, and what in consequence we should be to her.

We remember well the closing scene in the deep tragedy of the Sacred Passion, when our divine Saviour, before expiring, addressed to His sorrowful mother those words: "Woman, behold thy son." By those words Mary is constituted our mother. S. John, who, as the Holy Fathers tell us, then represented the human race, is named Mary's son and child. And is not this another proof of the immense love our Divine Lord and Master bears us? After lowering himself to such a degree as to become man, to suffer the most cruel torments, and about to die the shameful death of the cross, in order thereby to save us, in order to render to His Heavenly Father satisfaction for our sins and to redeem us from the clutches of satan, into whose power, by sin, we had fallen; in order to give us another chance to possess in heaven the happiness which our heart so ardently desires; after all this He also gives us a mother to love us, a mother to console us in our afflictions, and to help us in the difficulties and hardships which we must encounter in this land of exile.

And this mother is Mary. She, who is also the mother of God, who is allpowerful with her Divine Son, since He can refuse her nothing; she whose heart is burning with love for us, because we are the beloved children of God, for whom her Divine Son has shed the last drop of His precious blood. Her, we have a right to call by the sweet name of mother, to her maternal love, to her tender affection and sympathy, we, as her children, can lay claim. What need we fear, when we are the child of such a mother; what harm can our infernal enemy do to us, and what hope have we not of finally succeeding to our endeavors to gain heaven, when we have Mary to help us?

It is a well known fact that there is no greater love on this earth, than the love a mother has for her child. This we see illustrated by the following example. We find it related that there was a shipwreck on the ocean, in which all the passenger with the exception of a mother and her child perished. These two the waves had washed on a deserted and barren island nearby. The child was hungry and growing faint, but there was nothing to eat. At last the poor mother could no longer endure to see her infant suffer, and in her despair she opened her veins, and with her life blood she nourished her babe. Thus the child's life was preserved, and when, soon after, a rescuing party arrived, they could save the child, but they had to bury the mother.

This is but one instance of a mother's strong love.

Now, Mary's love for us is incomparably greater; her solicitude for us far exceeds that of the most tender mother for her children. What then may we not expect of this loving mother, who is not only most desirous of our welfare, but who also has the power and the means to aid us. Her Divine Son has made her His treasure and the dispenser of His graces; we well know, that with the sceptor of intercessory prayer, she

rules that sacred realm of all mercy and all love, the Sacred Heart of Jesus. "To the weak she can give the grace of strength, to the afflicted the grace of consolation, the grace of victory to those who struggle, to the sinner the grace of reconciliation with God, and to all the grace of salvation."

What then must be our bearing as Mary's children, towards such a mother? Ah, we must love her ; Mary deserves our love ; besides God, there is no object more worthy of our hearts most tender affection. We must be devoted to her all the days of our life. In all our necessities we must have recourse to her. When in affliction, when harassed by temptations, when in need of enlightenment and strength, go to your mother, call upon Mary. She wants us to come to her with confidence, for it is her desire to have all her children gathered around her in the glorious and happy land of Paradise ; it is her desire to save them all from the terrible calamity of being lost.

Devotion to Mary is a sign of predestination ; it is a sure sign of salvation. "A true servant of Mary, says S. Bernard, cannot perish," and S. Bonaventure exclaims in happy transports of joy : "He who honors you and recommends himself to your kindness is far from perdition. Those who love you, will enjoy peace, and their souls never will go to the eternal fire." "I am going to Paradise," S. Aloysius said shortly before his death, "because I have been so much devoted to Mary."

You must all practice a devotion so fruitful and consoling, the devotion to Mary. You must say her rosary and wear her scapular. Place yourselves daily under Mary's protection and recommend yourselves to her care. Impress deeply on your mind, and repeat frequently to yourselves : "Mary is my mother."

And with Mary's aid, and under her powerful protection, we shall vanquish the infernal foes that battle against us. Mary, with the sweet ways of a mother, will console us when in affliction and distress ; for her maternal heart sympathizes with us her affiicted, suffering, exiled children. Mary will guide us through the stormy ocean of this life into the safe port of celestial beautitude. And this is our ardent wish.

SAVED THROUGH THE SCAPULAR.

A young German priest of the Society of Jesus in England writes in the "Kath Missionsblatt," (1887, p. 443) that a certain lady, whose sons were educated at a Jesuit Institute, told him the following : Dr. L——, a much respected physician at D. was, together with his wife, a member of the Masonic Lodge, in which he was holding a high position. Both he and his wife were Protestants and had no children. One day, it was during the octave of the feast of the Assumption, the wife went into a Catholic church and prayed fervently, asking Almighty God to bless her with a child. And so it happened that when her time was up, she gave birth to a child. But the child took ill, and she conceived the idea, that it might be her duty to have the child baptized. After it was baptized by a Catholic priest, it recovered, and a short time afterwards the physician and his wife embraced the Catholic faith. One evening, when, after paying a visit to the priest, Dr. L. was on his way home, another doctor, a Freemason, and who seemed to have been waiting for Dr. L., stepped up in front of him, held up a revolver and shot at him, aiming for his head. The shot was heard, and a crowd gathered around Dr. L., who had fallen to the ground. He was examined and it was found out, that the bullet had penetrated his clothes and left an impression on the skin, without doing any further damage. (The lady who related this to the priest, said that she had witnessed the latter part of the story with her own eyes.)

The would-be murderer was imprisoned but soon afterwards released. This seems strange, but it is easily explained, when we consider that he was a Freemason. Dr. L. wore the Scapular at the time he was attacked.

Man is only what he becomes. — Amiel.

Let the child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what you will.—Franklin.

A Glimpse of Ireland.

Just twelve months ago, it was my privilege to have attended a two weeks' mission conducted by two fathers of the Society of Jesus, in my native parish in the north of Ireland. Some recollections, which I have of that mission, I have considered may be of interest to many of the readers of the Carmelite Review on this side of the ocean. The time was the month of May, a beautiful month in Ireland, when I might say the Emerald Isle is seen at her best; nature's charms are once more visible at every step; the meadows are covered with flowers, the hillsides with the proverbial green grass, the hedgerows of beautiful hawthorne encircles the fields with their sweet scented foliage, the trees have now spread out their green leaves; on their branches the thrush, the blackbird and robin sing their sweet songs; all nature's charms seem to unite in harmony to sing the praises of their Creator, and our thoughts are quite naturally lifted up from the consideration of things earthly, to contemplate the beauty, the goodness and the wisdom of the Designer of all things, and also we naturally try to picture to ourselves the beauties of our destined home,—the Paradise beyond the grave.

It is a busy season in Ireland, the month of May. In our parish, the congregation consisted of about 650 families, all, or mostly all, earning their living, as the majority of the Irish do, from the culture of the fields. If May is a favorable month, everyone is busy, and good laborers are at a premium. It would be hard to expect, then, that these poor people could well afford time to go a long distance away to the parish Church twice each day, or even once, and give up their very necessary labors; but faith before everything in Ireland; and our mission was but another example of the strong faith of those simple Irish farmers. For, no sooner were the sweet tones of the church bell heard sounding on the hilltops and in the glens, work was suspended, the spade and shovel were cast aside, the teams were unharnessed, and one and all, young and old, men and women, hastened, as if called by the voice of God, to that little parish church, to hear the words of the Gospel, this time preached by the devout disciples of St. Ignatus. And it seemed to me that God blessed their little sacrifice, and blessed them even then abundantly, for it was remarked that the crops were never better, and I heard those farmers say that they never regretted a few hours each day given to God. What a striking contrast is their faith with that of many so-called Catholics this side of the ocean, and often, alas, many of these lukewarm Catholics are proud to call themselves "Irishmen." How often do we not witness very slim congregations in our churches during the month of May devotions, or unfortunately is the Sunday mass neglected for some flimsy excuse, and yet we expect to get to heaven! I think a few months' visit to Ireland would be a very fine sermon for some of our Catholic young men or women.

I have digressed, but the comparison struck me, and my feelings as an Irishman are pretty strong upon this matter.

During a mission in Ireland it is a practice that on certain days the fathers, instead of giving all their time and attention to work in the church, hearing confessions, and giving communion, etc., visit a certain district of the parish and call upon the aged, the infirm, and those who, through some reason or another, are unable to come to the Church. The people of such districts were notified beforehand by the parish priest, and the people were required to hand in the names of any sick people in the district, who wished to see the fathers. A certain day was selected by the district of the parish in which I happened to be living, and as I was pretty well acquainted with the locality and knew the people, I was asked by the fathers to accompany them. Starting at eight o'clock on a beautiful May morning, on an Irish jaunty car, with instructions fully given to our journey, we went off

along the country roads at a royal rate of speed.

I had the list of names which the parish priest gave me; it contained about twelve or thirteen names; we were, therefore, expecting that we would have done with the work pretty soon, but a surprise was awaiting us. Here and there along the roads crowds of people, men, women and children, were awaiting our coming; for the time being work was suspended, and all hastened to the roadside to get the blessing of the fathers as they drove past. Sometimes they held in their hands beads or pictures or medals, which they asked the fathers to bless for them; perhaps they wanted an Agnus Dei or some memento of their visit to the neighborhood. I had told the fathers of this beforehand, so that they came along prepared. Everywhere our arrival was heralded as if we represented the royal sovereign. Suffice it to say that on that day, the fathers attended to about sixty people in that one district alone, and the last of those whom we reached were awaiting our arrival from early morning and were fasting until four o'clock in the afternoon! Surely this was strong faith and faith manifested by their actions.

During our visit I had the privilege of bringing the fathers to visit one of the most romantic spots in the north of Ireland. It is a famous spot called the Hill of the Devil, a very wild and rocky retreat,where it is traditioned that the druids once held their temple and called their disciples together to their weird devotions. It is for this reason that this spot derives its name. I suppose his satanic majesty had quite a share in their devotions. But wherever St. Patrick preached, these representatives of Satan vanished, and their idols were scattered to the winds, so here tradition has it St. Patrick had his residence for some time and established the Christian religion. The stone altar is still pointed out, and stands on the top of a high cliff, over which the oak branches now spread as a canopy over head; on the gospel side of the altar is the Episcopal chair, beside which are still to be seen the marks of his crozier in the solid rock and the impression of his sacred feet. Here also, St. Patrick baptized, as from the side of the stone altar. Out of the solid rock a stone basin is hewn which yields a constant supply of fresh water. Strange mementos of ancient Christian religion of Ireland, connecting links still pointing to the same mass, same sacraments as we see in our Divine Service now.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Catholic Record.

Sir Rowland Blennerhasset contributed to a recent number of the Cornhill some very interesting reminiscences of the late Cardinal Newman. Nothing could well be simpler than the daily routine of the great cardinal's life. Even when far advanced in years he was wont to rise as early as 5 a.m.. He said his daily mass at 7, had breakfast at 8, and had retired to his study by 9 a.m.. There he remained, working unceasingly, till 2 or 3 p.m. After a light lunch the Cardinal generally went for a walk, or called to see people with whom he had business dealings. He dined at 6, was in his study again by 7, and after a long day's work retired to rest about 10. It was the Cardinal's desire that his friends should treat him, even after his elevation to the purple, as they used to in the olden days. He had a horror of anything approaching obsequiousness, and had hoped to live and die a simple priest. Some years before he was created a Cardinal, it was proposed in Rome that some ecclesiastical distinction should be conferred upon him. This offer was made through his friend, Father Ambrose St. John, who was then resident in Rome. But Newman wired him at once to the following effect: "Above all things, no decora tions for me." Herein we catch a glimpse of the retiring character of the man. His one desire was to serve the sacred cause of Holy Church to the best of his ability, which was marvellously great, without the least wish for regard or recognition in this life.

In the world's opinion, marriage, as in a play, winds up everything, whereas, it is, in fact, the beginning of everything.—Swetchine.

Saved From Disgrace.

On Hamlet street in one of the many suburbs of New York, lived William Hobin, with his small family. Mr. Hobin was a retired merchant, and still owned a large share in one of the department stores of the city. He had been a hard worker in his day, and had amassed a large fortune by steady plodding labor, joined to a moderate degree of talent. Liberal education, he had none; he was narrow-minded, and outside his particular line of business, his knowledge was by no means extensive. As he had worked himself upward in the financial world, so had he done in the social. His social equals, however, had always regarded him as parvenu, and in so judging him they were not wide from the truth.

If his affectation for social distinction made him obnoxious to the leaders of the society in which he moved, his disdain and scorn for those beneath him made him ten times more odious to those from whose ranks he had risen. To all he was a mushroom aristocrat, and as such was in as little esteem as any of these usually are. Yet Mr. Hobin had money—about the only thing he did have—and by a lavish use of it, and the attractive sweetness of his wife and family, he held his position and received that homage, which he so much coveted.

Mrs. Hobin stood in strong contrast to her husband. She belonged to the middle class, and though the position of her husband elevated her, she always remained simple and unassuming; as complaisant and kind to those beneath her, as her husband was uncivil and unkind. Her winsome and modest manners gained her many fast friends, and helped to stay the general feeling of disrespect toward her husband. To all this was added the fact that she was most religious in her duties and charitable to the lowest. In her large heart the poorest and the most wretched found refuge. On this account it was that the poor looked up to her and loved her as a mother.

It was about 10 o'clock on the evening of May 10th. Mr. Hobin had been to the city to transact some business, and had returned about an hour before. Comfortably seated in an easy chair, he sat reading the evening paper. By his side sat his wife reading a magazine. Having finished reading the news, Mr. Hobin turned to his wife and asked:

"Where are Mary and the boys?"

"They went over to Mullen's this evening to a card party, and I expect them home soon now," said Mrs. Hobin, laying down the magazine and looking up at the clock.

Mr. Hobin was again silent and sat gazing in silent reverie before him. His wife looked at him a few moments and then began to read again.

"I don't understand what Mary sees in that Jim Severn," said Mr. Hobin, suddenly, raising his head and looking at his wife. "A mere upstart of a fellow, without standing, or money, or distinction."

Mrs. Hobin laid down her magazine again, and looked meekly at her husband.

"Well, William," she said, "you know that Jim Severn is a good young man. I think he is one of the most sincere and religious young men I know."

"Good, sincere, religious!" said Mr. Hobin, ironically. "You women have queer notions as to what a young man should be. A whining simpleton,, so only he be a little pious and religious is a model young man for the daughter of a millionaire! Yes, I suppose. A few prayers and kind manner count for everything; social position, and name, and wealth are of no account."

"O, William," said Mrs. Hobin, uneasy under the sarcastic tone of her husband's words, "you don't mean that, I know. What would any of us be if we had all riches and honor, and never thought of being good?"

Mr. Hobin never liked to be crossed, no matter how absurd the opinions he broached might be, and so he answered very sharply:

';Fudge! Have a little common sense, Mary. I detest and nauseate your whining, religious ways, and I think if

we had less of them we should be so much the better for it."

With this he arose and retired to his bed-room. Mrs. Hobin sat gazing sorrowfully down at the rug at her feet, and wondering why her husband could be so unreasonable. Suddenly the door bell rang, and in a moment Mary Hobin and her brother entered the room.

She was a tall, slim girl, with an easy and graceful bearing. Her step was light and elastic as she moved across the room to kiss her mother, whom she loved with a truly filial love. Her wavy dark brown hair was caught back from a high, smooth forehead. Her mouth was small and her cheeks full. But the kind, sincere look that came forth from her deep black eyes spoke of the noble spirit within.

Her brother John, who entered with her, was shorter and slimer than she. His face was thin and haggard ; his curly, light-colored hair made his head appear larger than it was in reality. His fallen cheeks gave him a delicate and worn look. He was studying law, and the enormous amount of reading he had lately done had been very trying on his health. His face, though true and frank, was, perhaps, less beautiful, physically and intellectually, than that of his sister.

"O mother," said Mary, as she stood before her mother and took off her hat and gloves, "we have had a fine time this evening. John was within two points of getting the booby prize, and I nearly got the first."

"And who got the prizes ?" asked the loving mother.

"Alice Warren got the first, and as anyone could guess, Jim Severn got the booby prize," answered John, with a sly look at Mary. "He couldn't look at the cards when Mary was around, and everyone was laughing——"

The remaining words were smothered by Mary's tiny hand, as she clapped it across his mouth, exclaiming :

"You naughty brother, I won't like you one bit if you say such things."

John managed to pull his sister's hand away, and began again, banteringly.

"Yes, mother, everyone was laughing at the absent-mindedness of Jim whilst playing cards."

Again he was stopped by his sister's hand, as she pressed it against his mouth. Just as John was about to begin for the third time, the door-bell rang.

"It's Frank, I suppose," said Mary, stepping aside and brushing back her hair, which had been slightly tumbled. Without waiting to see who it was, and to avoid giving John another chance to rally her, she quickly took up her hat and gloves, and saying "good night," tripped out of the room. As she had supposed, it was Frank, her other brother, who rang the bell.

"So you're home before me," said he, entering the room. "Where's Mary ? I thought you came home with her ?"

"Oh ! she has just left in high dudgeon," said John laughingly. "I was going to tell mother all about the fun at Mullen's, and she wouldn't let me."

"Well, it was amusing," said Frank. "Everyone enjoyed it."

"Did you notice that tall, black-haired fellow, with ears set close to his head ?" asked John suddenly.

"Yes, I did," answered Frank. "I was told that he has only lately come to this place, and that he is wealthy. But I didn't like the cold, piercing look of his eyes. It sent a chill through me, in spite of his apparently kind and courteous way."

"That's just what I remarked," said John. "There seemed to be a cold and impertinent curiosity in his look that wasn't by any means sincere and earnest."

"Well, I'm glad you enjoyed yourselves," said the good mother, as the sons stopped speaking. "What's the name of that gentleman of whom you speak ?"

"Mr. Ross," replied John.

"Mr. Ross ? Ross, Ross ?" said the mother, musingly. "Yes, I believe that's the name. I heard your father speak of him as a real gentleman of high standing and of considerable wealth. He was greatly taken with him, and asked him to come here some evening."

Mrs. Hobin had arisen as she was speaking, and as it was now almost eleven, all retired.

Mr. Hobin had met Mr. Ross several times, and had really taken a great lik-

ing to him. The seemingly kind and extremely courteous bearing won Mr. Hobin's good will in a few days. That Mr. Ross was of good family and of high social standing in Louisville, but added lustre to his reputation in Mr. Hobin's eyes. The reception accorded him in the best society of ——— was proof enough to Mr. Hobin of Mr. Ross' honor and dignity, and so, without further thought of discretion, the retired merchant received the new comer in a most confidential manner. In fact, he plumed himself on having attached so closely to himself an aristocrat of position and wealth.

Next morning Mr. Hobin told his wife and children that Mr. Ross was coming to spend the evening, and he hoped that all would be present to entertain him.

At seven o'clock Mr. Ross arrived and was ushered into the luxuriantly-appointed salon of the Hobin mansion. He was astonished at the lavish display of paintings and curios. His practiced eye, however, soon perceived that there lacked a fine taste in the owner of so rich and wanton a display of wealth. That the owner was wealthy anyone could see; and that he was tasteless was easily patent to anyone who had any correct perception of beauty. The appointments of the room were too lavish and wanton; in fact, in their extravagance they were boorish. All this Mr. Ross took in at a glance, and he chuckled to himself as he thought of the sort of people he had fallen in with.

"It will not be a difficult matter to cajole him," mused Mr. Ross, as he sat waiting the arrival of his host, "a little flattery regarding his good taste will doubtless tickle him in a weak spot. I have always found such men as vain as the giddiest of girls. I trust he will take kindly to the notion of my marrying his daughter. She, however, seems already to have chosen a husband from what I learned yesterday evening. "Never mind," he murmured to himself, wrinkling his brows till his face lowered like a thunder cloud, "I'll get the old man; the rest will be easy."

At this point in the soliloquy, Mr. Hobin entered. Mr. Ross rose to make his most winning bow, and to shake hands in the heartiest manner.

"Good evening," said Mr. Hobin, shaking the proffered hand; "I'm pleased that you have honored me with your presence."

"Good evening," answered Mr. Ross with his blandest smile; "I feel highly flattered with your kind invitation. I hope to be able to return the kindness when you come south."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Hobin, "I have been thinking of spending a few days in the southern cities next winter, if I can arrange some little business before that time. I am never very busy since I have retired from active life; still there are, now and then, a few matters, trifling in themselves, you know, but requiring personal attention."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Ross, acquiescingly; "but, I suppose, what you call trifling, would be, for many, a very intricate matter."

Mr. Hobin smiled assent. A moment's silence ensued, then Mr. Ross began again.

"I have been looking at the pictures and curios here, and have admired your excellent virtue. The repose of that niobe is chaming,—really exquisite. The blending of the room's colors is perfect. I have never seen them in such melody.."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mr. Hobin, quite flattered. "I have always been a little vain in my taste."

A twinkle of satisfaction was visible in the corners of Mr. Ross' dark eyes. He now felt confident; he had measured his man.

Thus the conversation flowed on as it usually does in such cases. A snob is ever as greedy for the compliments of his superiors, as a small boy is for meringue; and meringue, apropos, is, perhaps, more substantial and less injurious than most compliments.

The rest of the family soon entered. After having been introduced to Mrs. Hobin, and having bowed and smiled in his sweetest manner to the two brothers and their sister, Mr. Ross again took his seat. No one could have been more winsome and affable than he. His unabating courtesy, his lively conversation and his large knowledge of places and

people, were atractive to all. Only the occasional cold deep glance of his dark eyes was again remarked by the two brothers. Another thing which attracted the attention of the brothers was the extremely polite attention he paid to Mary. The father noticed this also,and was as pleased with it as with any thing Mr. Ross had said or done that evening. It had long been his desire to obtain some aristocratic man for his daughter,and he now prided himself that he was at last successful. Jim Severn, of whom he had spoken of so harshly to his wife the evening before, was detestable in his eyes. He had forbidden him to come to his house, and he thought and hoped that all friendship between him and his daughter was at an end. In this, however, he was quite mistaken.

When the conversation flagged somewhat, Mr. Ross requested Mary to favor them with a song.

"I have heard that you are a charming singer, Miss Hobin. Will you please to favor us with a song? I dote on good singing."

"Well, I don't think you will dote on mine," said Mary, modestly, "but if you desire a good lively song, I think John will please you better."

"That's right. We can hear you both and then we can adjudge the prize," said Mr. Ross pleasantly.

To this all agreed. John sang a lively air with a nerve that was quite attractive. Mary sang a pathetic song with equal ease and grace. Mr. Ross turned towards Mrs. Hobin, saying:

"Now, Mrs. Hobin, who is the better singer?"

Mrs. Hobin left it to him to decide, so he then addressed Mr. Hobin.

"Really, I can't hardly presume to say," answered Mr. Hobin, "but the pathos of Mary's was certainly more reaching than the gaiety of John's.

"That's just my opinion," said Mr. Ross, smiling at Mary as she resumed her seat. "I think you'll have to yield the palm to your sister, Mr. Hobin. Pathos is the most life-deep feeling we have, and whatever touches our pathetic side has an attractiveness that nought else can claim.

Mary smiled and blushed at the compliment, and her father moved in his chair with delight.

Thus the evening wore away, pleasantly to all, and extremely pleasant to some. Mr. Ross left with the pressing invitation of Mr. Hobin to come in of an evening whenever business allowed him. He promised to do so, and kept his word.

Several months after the evening Mr. Ross first came to the Hobin mansion, Mr. Hobin entered the room where his wife and daughter were sitting. His scowling face showed that he was not in the best of spirits. The contracted eyebrows and a cynical curl about the corners of his mouth foreboded no good. He walked across the room and seated himself very deliberately on a sofa opposite to his daughter. He held a folded newspaper in his hand, and drawing this through both his hands as if to compress it into the smallest possible compass, he said without prologue:

"Mary, you have been obstinate long enough. I told you some time since that I wanted you to have nothing to do with that Severn fellow,—a mean, low, shiftless fellow. I wanted to see you well cared for. Mr. Ross has asked for your hand—asked both you and me. He is a real gentleman, wealthy, everything that could be desired by one in your position."

"I know he is all that, father," said Mary, fearful of consequences, "but I can't like him; he———"

"Nonsense!" broke in her father. "You must like him. You must take him or I shall cut you off without a cent to your name."

"O, father,I don't want to be disobedient, but—"

"I have told what I want," said her father, again interrupting her. "You have nothing against Mr.Ross excepting a mere fancy or whim of yours, which must be set aside when so momentous a question as your family's reputation is at stake. Have sense, child. Be considerate of your father and mother, who have done so much for you."

Here, poor Mary burst out sobbing. Thus far, Mrs. Hobin had sat listening in mute fear, but now when Mary began to sob, she could keep silence no longer.

"O, William, have pity on the poor

girl. Spare her feelings. What does she care for wealth or position? You ——"

"You're quite as foolish as she is. Quite as thoughtless, and you're to blame for her obstinacy. I tell you she shall do as I wish, or," and he brought the newspaper down on his leg with a loud clap, "I'll know why."

"But give her time to consider," said Mrs. Hobin, pleadingly.

"I have given her time," replied Mr. Hobin. "How long does she want? A life time? If she don't make up her mind to this before next Sunday, when Mr. Ross comes again, I'll turn her out of house and home. Remember."

As he spoke these last words, he rose, and crossing the room, he left his wife and daughter weeping at his harsh behavior.

The next few days were days of sorrow, distress and anxiety for Mary. She loved her father dearly, and would not willingly disobey or offend him, if she could possibly avoid doing so. This had always been one of her most loveable traits,—unfailing devotion and love to both her parents. She was a good, true daughter in every respect. As a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, she had been beloved by all her girl companions. No deliberate love for wrong could ever find a place in her heart. Her life had glided along as smoothly as the lark sails upon the morning breeze. It was precisely this undisturbed flow of her past years that made this abrupt rise of distress all the harder to surmount.

It was already Saturday, and she hardly knew what to do. The loss of wealth or personal standing were absolutely nothing to her. It was the disgrace that her father said should fall upon her parents, upon the family, that racked her. It was true that she had no positive objection of marrying Mr. Ross, beyond a lack of deep and true love for him. In short, she respected and admired Albert Ross, but she loved Jim Severn.

On Sunday morning she went to Confession and Holy Communion and prayed to the Blessed Virgin to aid her in choosing aright. She returned home resolved — resolved not to follow the deep wish of her own heart, but the will of her father—resolved to make this sacrifice of her own desire and right, to save, as she firmly believed, the reputation of a family.

After returning, she went to her father and told him of her resolution. He received her decision in a very cold, matter-of-fact way, and told her it was the only sensible thing she could have done.

"You have done right, Mary. I thought you would; you were always sensible and I didn't think you would lose your reason altogether."

The coldness of her father's answer went like cold steel through her heart. She could scarcely restrain her tears and sobs till she got beyond his sight and hearing.

When Mr. Ross came that evening, he was elated to hear how his suit had prospered. Mr. Hobin was now quite joyful and treated Mary with an unusual display of fatherly affection and condescension. Mrs. Hobin showed no sign of joy, but John and Frank showed a dislike to the marriage, and were quite in sympathy with their poor, self-sacrificing sister.

As Mr. Ross said he would have to leave for the west on pressing business within a few weeks, the arrangements for the wedding were considerably hastened. The few weeks before the marriage sped by, and Mary seemed to recover a modicum of her former cheerfulness. She felt that she was obeying the dictates of her conscience, and was happy proportionately.

The members of the Sodality to which she belonged presented her with a small statue of the Blessed Virgin. This present she esteemed as highly as any she received, and these were not few. Into her trunk she packed this statue, together with a beautiful ivory crucifix, and a bottle of holy water. How truly Catholic was all this! Yes, and it stood her in good stead, when the day of distress and suspicion dawned upon her.

The wedding day came. Mr. Ross desired no great display, so the wedding was conducted most modestly at St. Patrick's church, early in the morning. The newly married couple and the guests returned to the Hobin mansion for break-

fast, and then Mr. and Mrs. Ross left on a north-bound train for Albany, where they were to stay over night, thence they were to go west, and then to return to Louisville.

How gorgeous was the display this morning at the Hobin mansion! How filled was the air with fragrance and gaiety and joy! Sad contrast to that sorrow and distress which were to reign there before the sun had sped his course to his western goal.

The train that bore Mr. and Mrs. Ross drew into the station at Albany, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon. They went to the R——, made arrangements to stop over night, and then took a cab to visit the State Capitol, and other places of note in the city. They returned about six o'clock. They had stepped from the cab and were entering the hotel when Mr. Ross felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. Turning indignantly he looked full into the face of a constable.

"I arrest you for robbery and bigamy" said the latter.

Albert Ross blanched instantly. Endeavoring to collect himself, he stammered out some broken sentences. But it was of no use. The constable showed his warrant. All was right. Albert Ross was a prisoner.

Poor Mary! If the words of the constable had made Albert Ross turn pale they had fairly taken the breath from her. She uttered a scream, staggered, and was prevented from falling only by a man standing near, who supported her. She had fainted away, and had to be carried into the hotel. Here, after some few minutes, she was restored and taken into custody. The entire baggage was seized and taken to the head police station. Here a hurried examination was made of the prisoners and the baggage.

In the trunk of Mr. Ross were found several diamond rings, studs and loose diamonds, with articles of lesser value. The diamond wedding ring on Mary's hand was taken. Her trunk was examined, and while this was doing, the poor girl was crying as if her heart would break. Alone, unbefriended, in the company of an accused villain, she felt as desolate as any one might feel under the trying circumstances. She protested her innocence, and said she had nothing in her trunk but what was her own. This was true, as Albert had been wary of giving her articles that he had purloined.

The officers, however, persevered in their search. The articles other than clothing were named to the head officer. Three of these articles were the means of saving Mary much further distress and annoyance. The policeman held up to the magistrate a crucifix, a small bottle engrossed "Holy Water," and the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The judge eyed them a moment and then looked at the weeping girl. His face softened, and turning to the policemen, he said:

"That will do. Put those things into the trunk again. The girl who carries those emblems of her faith with her cannot be an accomplice in these crimes. Take her hence and see her attended to."

She was lead from the court room, as her brother, Frank Hobin entered. Overcome with grief and joy at seeing her brother, she fell weeping into his arms. A cab was called and Frank soon had his sister well attended to for the night. Mary was too weak to return that evening, so he resolved to wait till the next day. In the meantime he telegraphed home that she was safe.

Needless to say, there was both sorrow and joy at Mr Hobin's, at Mary's disgrace and escape. It is true that the joy was of a kind entirely different from that of the day before, but it was as heartfelt and sincere.

The trial of Albert Ross soon came off. The punishment he received was out of all proportion to his guilt,—five years in prison. But this mattered not to the Hobins. Their daughter had been saved from disgrace; and that undoubtedly by her tender love for Mary, the Mother of God.

Mr. Hobin had little to say. He was too deeply cut by the awful hoax of which he had been the dupe, and by the terrible disgrace and distress that he had really forced upon his daughter. He never again protested against the presence of Jim Severn, and his notions regarding good breeding and wealth underwent considerable change. His snobbishness disappeared to a great extent.

A terrible lesson had been read to him, and not in vain.

Jim Severn had known of the circumstances of Mary's forced marriage, and her love for himself; but he was too humble and generous to think of asking anyone to sacrifice wealth and position for his benefit. Hence it was that when he knew of Mr. Hobin's stern commnnd to his daughter, Jim Severn was never again seen at the Hobin mansion, till some weeks after Mary's mock marriage. Now, however, he went there often, and was welcomed by all.

In six months Mary Hobin and Jim Severn were married amidst the rejoicing of everyone who knew them; and, perhaps, Mr. Hobin was the most pleased of all.

Years have come and gone since that time. Mary lives happily with her family in a little cottage on the banks of the Hudson. She is as devout to the Blessed Virgin as she was of yore,—the little statue of the Blessed Mother on a bracket of her sitting room will tell you that. Before this you can often see her kneeling of an evening, her children kneeling beside her. And if there is any worldly possession that Mary would be loathe to part with, it is this little blue and white statue of the Immaculate Mother,—her model and safeguard throughout life.

Chicago. C. J. A.

Saved Through the Scapular.

The following miraculous conversion of a great sinner is narrated by St. Alphonsus Liguori, a priest companion of my late labors and travels, while engaged in the Confessional, saw a young man passing by, whose troubled features gave clear evidence of a great interior struggle. The missionary surmising the cause thereof, left the Confessional and approaching the young man, asked him if he wished to go to confession. "My confession, father, will be very long; would you not hear me in some other place?" Covered with shame and confusion, he wished to give the priest a consecrated host, which he had carried off. When they were alone the youth related the following story: "I am a nobleman from a foreign country. My life has been but a series of innumerable crimes and outrages committed against the Divine Majesty, at the sight of which I am almost driven to despair. I will not mention all the atrocities I am guilty of; I will only say, that having despaired of salvation, I rushed headlong into the mire of sin not so much to gratify my unruly passions, as rather by offending God, to give full vent to my hatred. I carried a small crucifix about me, which I contemptuously flung aside. This morning only—I am horrified to mention it—I went to the table of the Lord to commit a most horrid crime; for I had the sacrilegious intention of trampling under foot the sacred host. I would have executed my wicked design had not the presence of some persons prevented me from so doing. Here, father, look at the sacred host, take it, lest I become guilty of deicide. Passing by the church something powerfully urged me to enter notwithstanding my great unworthiness. My heart, racked and tortured by the stings of conscience, caused me to listen to the terrible voice of repentance that arouses the guilty sinner. A vague intention of going to confession flashed across my mind. In approaching your confessional my knees commenced to totter and instantly all courage left me. The fear of God's avenging justice deprived me of all hope of pardon, so that I changed my purpose, but upon your accosting me, I felt as if seized by an invisible hand. O, father—thus I am before you—I will confess. Everything appears to me like a dream, so much am I astonished."

The missionary answered: "My dear man, to what must we attribute the grace that brings you to my feet? Have you performed any good work to-day? Have you made any sacrifice to God, or called upon the Most Blessed Virgin Mary? Surely a conversion like this, a

grace so great comes from her maternal heart ; you have asked her intercession." "I made sacrifices. I offered up prayers!" exclaimed the poor sinner. "You are very badly mistaken father ; a desperate sinner like myself, who has been the slave of the devil for so many years,dare he raise his eyes to Mary ?" "But, my good young man," replied the priest, "just think for a moment !—"Oh, father, answered the sinner, "what shall I say? and uncovering his breast, "see here," he said, "this is all I have." The priest perceiving a scapular, exclaimed : "My son, do you not see that it was Mary who granted you this favor ? Behold, the church in which you are is dedicated to her honor." Hearing these words, the young man, with many tears, confessed all the sins of his whole life. His grief and sorrow for them were so great that he lay prostrate at the feet of his confessor for some time, as one unconscious of himself. At last he recovered, and after having completed his confession and received absolution, he approached the sacred table with sentiments of great fervor and devotion. His confessor allowed him to make known everywhere the great mercy of God, which he had obtained through the intercession of our Blessed Lady. (Translated from the Rundschau vom Ferge Karmel.)

Where Jesus Lives.

A short time ago, thus narrated Cardinal Perraud at the Eucharistic Congress of Paray le-Monial, a Protestant minister arrived in the capital of England, accompanied by his little daughter, a child of five years. Of late especially his soul had been under the powerful influence of the divine grace.

Having entered a Catholic church, the little girl asks her father : "Papa, why is that red little light there ?"

"Because Jesus lives in this church, my dear."

"Then, I wish to see Him, papa."

"You can't see Him, He is locked up behind those golden doors."

But the child kept on saying : "By any means I want to see Him."

"You can't see Him," the father replied, "even if the doors were open. We cannot see Him with the eyes of our body."

Then the child gave in. They left the church continuing their walk, until they came to a Protestant church, where they entered also.

The little girl curiously looked around and was visibly surprised ; she saw no red light.

"Papa, is there no red lamp here ?"

"No, my child."

"Why not, papa ?"

"Well, Jesus does not live here."

"Then I go away from here. I wish to be where Jesus is."

These childlike words struck the pious heart of the father and completed his conversion. Since a long time he felt himself attracted to the Catholic church, but now he was firmly resolved to make this step at once. A few days later he tendered his resignation to the Anglican "bishop," and with his family embraced the Catholic Faith.

By this courageous deed he lost a yearly salary of more than £30,000. Extreme poverty would have been his fate were it not for Card. Vaughan, by whose charity he is supported.—The Annals of St. Joseph.

The World is Thine.

The world is Thine—O Heart of Jesus—
We lay it at Thy feet;
Wreathed in its June-time roses,
Incensed with their odors sweet,
O'er-hung with the blue heaven
Of summer's fairest hours,
And ringing with glad bird songs
From countless leafy bowers.
It seems in its bright freshness,
From grief and sin apart,
A gift which we dare offer
To Thy stainless Sacred Heart.

The world is Thine—in beauties
Decked by artist nature's hands;
From the flower-spangled prairie
To ocean's golden sands.
It stands with its fresh garlands
On summer's threshold here,
Like scriptural virgins waiting
The approaching Bridegroom near;
For nature and its graces
Interpreted, speaks God,
From far off snow-clad summits
To the lowliest valley sod.

The world is Thine—the longings
Of its weary hearts for thee;
A thirst for those living waters,
Which Thou hast given free;
And love we know is royal—
A gift for the King of Kings—
And Thy great wisdom claims it
From all earth's meaner things.
O Sacred Heart that calls us
So sweetly still to Thee,
May we, like Gertrude, long for
And blest Mary Alocoque, see.

—Rose C. Conley

Fifty Years a Carmelite.

During the latter part of May Sister Mary Catharine, a Carmelite nun, of St. Louis, celebrated the golden jubilee of her religious life. The Church Progress speaking of it says :

It was no ordinary event that with unusual ostentation for three days of last week called forth a celebration marked with beautiful seligious ceremonies within the cloistered walls of the little Carmelite convent on Eighteenth and Victor streets. The quiet solitude that reigns supreme and spreads its fragrance around the peaceful cloister of the Daughters of Stf Teresa was broken to sing its psalms of praise, yes, to chant the grand jubilee hymn of one of their number,who had won the golden crown, an emblem of fifty years' of service in the Master's vineyard. It was the first event of the kind ever celebrated by the Carmelites of St. Louis.

Sister Mary Catherine, the distinguished jubilarian, was born at Elphin, Ireland, eighty-three tyears ago. She came to this country when quite a child and as she grew to womanhood the pleasures of the world soon waned for her, and she turned from its alluring paths to enter upon the austere life of a Carmelite. She became a member of the order in Baltimore and remained there until thirty years ago, when she came to St. Louis. Her career as a Carmelite has been a noted one. The years of labor, of austerity, and the long hours of prayer have, it seems, lengthened her life. We almost shudder when we hear the word Carmelite. We draw back in fear when we hear of their mortifications,and yet it seems a life of this kind is compatible with some natures. Why wonder that the Church, her priests and the noted Catholic choirs of St. Louis should assemble and pay their tribute of praise to this distinguished spouse of Christ ? Why wonder that a priest of the Sanctuary came with the golden crown and placed it upon her noble brow, as a seal of her fidelity to God in the vocation she had chosen ? What must have been the feelings of those privileged to kneel around this iavored soul and witness such a beautiful sight. It was no idle fancy that brought that concourse of people within that cloister chapel. The strains of "The Angels' Serenade," was but an echo of that beautiful serenade sung by the choirs of high heaven, and as the last note died away and the great organ pealed forth its grand Kyrie it seemed that heaven itself had opened and the countless choirs joined in one grand jubilee.

Many who have devoted their lives to religion have spent but a few years in its service. Some have celebrated their silver jubilee, but seldom do we hear of any who win the golden crown. It is remarked by Sister Mary Catherine that she had never known an unhappy hour in the convent. Most admirable vocation. Happy, thrice happy sister. Not even a passing cloud had marred the sunshine of her life. May this grand jubilee just celebrated here below be the herald of a happy, thrice happy eternity in that beautiful hereafter, where all shall be one eternal jubilee.

(Dedicated to Sister Mary Catherine)

Beautiful years of sweet labor,
Spent 'neath the cloister dome ;
Toiling each day for the Master,
Working for Heaven's true home.
Why wonder that Heaven rejoices,
And the angels chant their lay,
And sing with soft willing voices
Thy praise, this bright, happy day !
May the prayers that are lisped, jubilarian,
Rest at the feet of His love,
And a welcome be sung when the bugle
Shall welcome thee home above.

—Anita G. Henry.

Ignorance shuts its eyes and believes it is right.

In the handling of trifles a man shows what he is.

Keep cool and you command everybody.—St. Justin.

Incense is a tribute to God, to men it is poison.—Goethe.

A Few Words About the Brown Scapular.

It is many years since England merited the title of "the Isle of Saints," but it was so once and it was in those days, actually on July 16, 1251, that Our Blessed Lady gave the scapular personally to St. Simon Stock, General of the Carmelite, at the university town of Cambridge, now, alas ! a rearing place of Protestant clergymen and even a home of heresy and atheism.

Everybooy knows what a scapular is. It is a dress, really, which covers the shoulders, and still forms a part of the religious dress of regular orders. But it was through the Carmelites that the devotion, as we have it and understand it, came to us.

"The scapular," says Bossuet, "is no useless badge. You wear it as a visible token that you own yourself Mary's children, and she will be your Mother indeed, if you live in your Lord Jesus Christ," and similarly speaks Pope Benedict XIV, but he admits that it is only too possible to abuse such symbols and badges by a misplaced or too great confidence in them. Nevertheless, many of the Popes, including those of modern times, have granted innumerable indulgences to confraternities of the scapular, and it would be wrong for any Catholic to doubt the usefulness and piety of such an institution.

In "Our Favorite Devotions," it is written, "All who wear the scapular enjoy a twofold privilege through the merits of the Blessed Virgin, who is their protectress and advocate. One is of a spiritual nature and the other is temporal. The first is founded on the works of the Blessed Virgin to St. Simon Stock, 'Any person who wears this, if he dies a pious death, will not suffer in eternal fire. This is the sign of his salvation.' The Blessed Virgin will never allow, for so great is the power of her intercession, her true disciples to undergo condemnation ; she will protect them efficaciously, especially at the hour of death. They may hope that Our Lord will give them such an abundance of divine grace that they will escape the machinations of the wicked one. The scapular has been found to be a protection in the trials of this life. In sickness and in the hour of death many have found that they have derived help in invoking the assistance of the most glorious Virgin of Mount Carmel."

The saint through whom we have received the scapular, De Bussi, tells us, had a perfect and most filial confidence in the Mother of God. Nearly all the monarchs of Europe have gloried in wearing this livery ol the Blessed Virgin, and holy Popes have approved of the devotion and enriched it with the treasures of the Church and multiplied miracles have shown now agreeable it is to the Mother of God.

"I know," continues the Reverend Jesuit, "that heretics have endeavored to cast ridicule on the devotion of the scapular ; but, tell me, if all in the service of the great ones of the earth are proud to wear the livery of their masters, why should not we wear with enthusiasm the glorious livery of the Mother of God ? What an outrage it would be to wear this livery and lead a life of impurity. If we wish to enjoy the privileges of this glorious livery let us honor it by the practice of the Christian virtues, and above all by inviolabie chastity. True children of Mary are, like their mothee, pious, humble, chaste and charitable."

It should be observed that the scapu. lar, after proper investment, must be worn day and night, but may be removed for any needful reason. It will not be enough to carry it about in the pocket, like beads or crucifixes. Scapular means a shoulder robe, and as it is known as the "little-habit," so should it be worn.—Pittsburg Observer.

Mount Carmel.

William E. Curtis, writing to the Chicago Record-Herald, has this to say of Mt. Carmel :

Mount Carmel is one of the most beautiful hills. Its slopes are always covered with verdure, flowers and sweet herbs, nurtured by the dew which was famous in Scriptural times. The original name, Kehm-el, means "the garden," or "vineyard of God." In Bible times, as now, it was not only a prominent landmark, visible up and down the coast from Jaffa, on the south to Tyre and Sidon northward, but produced fat harvests of olives aad grapes, and a profusion of flowe ., plants and shrubs. The odorous thyme grows in great masses, wild roses climb over every rock, and the earth is covered with a variety of ground orchids. No other part of the country yields such olives and grapes and nowhere else are the sheep and cattle so well fed.

In Bible times, as now ,Carmel was the abode of hermits and the asylum of fugitives from justice, who dwelt in caves and grottpes which are numerous on both slopes among the limestone ledges. The prophet Amos says, "Though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence." a place of worship from the earliest The mountain was a sanctuary and a place of worship from the earliest times. It was claimed both for Baal aad Jehovah. Both had altars near the crests where the priests of the rival religions, as told in the vivid language in the book of Kings, fought out an awful debate to determine which was supreme. The struggle took place in one of the sublimest landscapes conceivable, a charming vision of earth, and sea, and sky.

Almost every spot on Carmel is associated with Bible history. Upon the promontory toward the sea is the Deir iel Mar Elyas,an enormous Carmelite monastery, erected over the cave in which the Prophet Elijah is said to have made his home. There is very little doubt about the historical accuracy of the traditions of Carmel. It is one of the few places in Palestine where you can be confident of seeing the real thing. There is no humbug there, and, although Elijah may not have lived in that particular cave, he certainly occupied for many years a cave in the immediate neighborhood. The accounts of events that occurred on Carmel are related with such detail in the Bible and the topography is so explicitly described that there can be no mistake. Any one who has travelled in the Holy Land can appreciate ?he satisfaction.

The Carmelite Order was officially recognized by Pope Honorius III, in 1324, and this has always been their headquarters. Thr Brotherhood and their buildings have been badly treated from time to time and have endured a great deal of persecution. Many of them have been killed and captured. They have repeatedly been stripped of their worldly possessions ; the monastery has been destroyed several times and has twice been converted into a Mohammedan mosque. When Napoleon made his campaign in Palestine in 1709, the building was used as a hospital, and the monks nursed the soldiers, but upon his retirement the wounded and their nurses were massacred by the Turks and are buried under a small pyramid just outside the gate.

A word and a stone cannot be recalled.

Love is the bond which never corrodes.

Hell is paved with good intentions.—Johnson.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment.

Money is a good servant but a dangerous master.

He whose work is on the highway will have many advisers.

Custom may lead a man into many errors but it justifies none.

Knowledge humbleth the great man, astonishes the common man,and puffs up the little man.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Year 371.—In this year John, the later Patriarch of Jerusalem and historian of the Order, joined the order on Mount Carmel. About the same time Cyril was born, who, as patriarch of Jerusalem, was such a shining light in the Church and the champion against heresy.

Year 372.—This year became memorable by the death of S. Hilarion, at the age of 80. S. Jerome describes the occurrence thus : "In the eightieth year of his age, whilst Hesychius was absent, he wrote with his own hand a short letter, a testament as it were, in which he left him all his riches, viz.: the gospel and the clothes he wore. For his servant had died a few days before. There came to the sick man from Papha (a town in Cyprus) many religious ——— thay had heard him say that he was to travel to the Lord and free himself from the chains of the body. But also as holy woman, a certain Constantina came, whose son-in-law and daughter he had freed from death by annointing them with oil. All these he adjured not to leave his body above ground even for a part of an hour, but to bury him at once in his clothes in the garden. There was hardly any heat left in the body, and nothing of a living man but touch, and yet he spoke with eyes open : 'Go out my soul, why do you fear ; go out, why do you doubt. Nearly seventy years you served Christ, and are afraid of death ? With these words he died, and ewas buried at once. After Hesychius in Palestine had heard of his death, he went to Cyprus, and, pretending that he wished to live in the garden to watch the body, he, after about 10 months, under peril of his life, stole the body and brought it back to the monastery. Both the body and the clothing were perfectly preserved, and exhaled such fragrance as if it had been annointed with spiced oil."

At this time the intermarine war between the Arians and the faithful Catholics raged with relentless fury, and hundreds of Religious were killed, maimed and banished by the Arians.

Year 379.—About this time John, who afterwards became the 44th Patriarch of Jerusalem and the historian of the order, had for his disciple Palladius, who, in the year 422, was sent by Pope Colestine to Great Britain, as its first apostle.

Year 380.—This John, called by the Patriarch, came to Jerusalem, and as the Archdeacon of the Patriarch, had charge of the convent of sisters near the holy sepulchre. There he received as a disciple a certain Theona, who had been married, but whose wife had joined the sisters at the holy sepulchre, whilst he became a monk of Mount Carmel.

Year 386.—It was probably in this year, that after the death of Cyril, John ascended the patriarchal see of Jerusalem. Theodoret, the bishop of Cyra calls him a man worthy of admiration. Prosper of Aquitain says : "The monk John is famous for the purity of his life and the gift of prophecy which he received from the Lord. He undertook to govern the Church of Jerusalem after Cyril..' Cyril of Constantinople reports that, "there was in the time of the Emperor Arcadius and Honorius on Mount Carmel, as fathers of the aforesaid Religious, a man of wonderful virtue and perfection, John by name, who induced by word and example, his companions, the monks on Mount Carmel to acquire perfection according to the discipline of monastic life, introduced by the Prophet Elias. This rule John explained to them by passages of the old and new law and by some tracts, left by his predecessors. He finally, for his sanctity, was elected to the episcopal chair of the church of Jerusalem, the 44th successor of James the Apostle.

After John became patriarch, he appointed a Carmelite monk, Evagrius, as archdeacon and director of the nunnery of the Holy Sepulchre. But when his health failed Evagrius left Palestine for

Egypt, where he lived for 16 years in the monastery of Nitria (outside Alexandria.)

About this time S.Euphrasia,a daughter of Antigonus and Euphrasia, and a relation of Emperor Theodosius was born, and after the death of her father, she, still a child, was carried by her mother to Egypt, where, at the age of nine, she entered a convent of Carmelites.

Year 412.—About this time Patriarch John of Jerusalem, wrote his book, "De ortu Monachorum," to a certain Caprasius, an hermit on Mount Carmel, and very probably John's successor as the supreme moderator of the hermits of the Elianic institute. The book contains the mystical explanation of the origin of the order, its habits and its principal obligations and explains how the order could be in spite of the different names of sons of the prophets, Anchorites, Rechabites, Brothers of the Blessed Virgin, etc., the identic institute.

This book was treated by the Carmelites as their first written rule, as S.Cyril of Constantinople testifies in his letter to the hermit Eusebius on Mount Nervi, and it was translated by Patriarch Aymera of Antioch.

Years 413-414.—S. Cyril occupied the patriarchal throne of Alexandria. He professes himself an hermit of Mount Carmel, fought the heresies of his time strenuously, expelled the Jews from Alexandria, and built near the city a convent for women, to which he gave the Carmelite rule.

Years 415-416.—Patriarch John, admonished by the priest Lucian, found the relics of S. Stephen, Nicodemus and Abibas, the son of Gamaliel, and brought them into a church on Mount Sion. Under his presidency also a synod was held in Diospolis, where the errors of Pelagius were condemned.

The 500 monks of Vitria came to the rescue of S. Cyril against the Jews, driving them out after defeating them in a pitched battle.

Zacharias, a Carmelite from the monastery of Geraza, found the body of the prophet Zacharias.

The year 416 saw the death of Patriarch John. He was called Blessed or Saint by many writers, both at and after his time, but was never canonized by the Church.

Year 424.—This year is famous by the death of S. Euphrosine, who was the daughter of wealthy parents, left the parental roof and in male attire, under the name ol Smaragdus, lived in a monastery of Carmelites, enclosed in a cell and separated from the community for 38 years. Her death approaching, she made herself known to her father and the community, and died a holy death. Her father, Paphnutius, after her death, joined the community and lived in the cell of his daughter for 10 years, till the time of his death. He also died in the odor of sanctity.

Years 429-431.—Palladius, the disciple of John of Jerusalem,and in correspondence with S. Cyril of Alexandria, was sent to Great Britain by Pope Celestine, in order to work there against Pelagianism. He also prevailed upon the Scotch King, Constantine, to aid the Britains against the Anglo-Saxons.

S. Cyril, the patriarch of Alexandria, fought strenuously against the Nestorians, and wrote a little work for the oriental monks, to save them from the Nestorian heresy. These Religious proved to be staunch defenders of orthodoxy. S. Cyril, as the legate of Pope Calestine presided at the council or Ephesus,where the heresy of Nestorius was scondemned, and the title "Mother of God" solemnly vindicated to the Blessed Virgin.

We may insert here, that the celebrated monastery of Lerin, which at a later time adopted the rule of S. Benedict, was founded by Honoratus, who had received his monastic training by the Carmelites of Palestine, and introduced their way of living. Among the famous men that came from this monastery before the adoption of the Benediction rule, we mention, Honoratus and his brother, Venantius, Caprasius 390-400, Justus 370, S. Hilary 440, Eucherius 435, Lupus 450, Amandus (who had 3000 monks under him) 420, Maximus 470, Salvianus 480, and many others. Lerin was then a nursery of archbishops and bishops, who for the greater part are called Saints, though at the time the canonical canonization was not yet in vogue.

Year 444.— This year is notable for the death of S. Cyril, the patriarch of

Alexandria. Before his death he saw the fruit of his labors, in behalf of orthodoxy. Nestorius was deposed and banished, the dignity of the Mother of God solemnly vindicated and Cyril succeeded in bringing back to the faith many who for a time had favored Nestorianism.

Year 448-450.—At this time Eutyches disturbed the Church and especially the religious orders in Constantinople by his heresy. To assist in the good fight, Caprasius, the superior of Mount Carmel, sent some of his disciples to different provinces. Liberatus and Felix were sent to Africa. Timotheus became superior of the monastery of the Black Mountain near Antioch. Timotheus in his turn sent from the latter place Simplicius to Rome, and Romanus to Constantinople; the latter being expelled there, also went to Italy, where at Subiaco for three years he gave the necessaries of life to S. Benedict. Timotheus kept with him Martyrius, Minulfus and Anthony, the servant of S. Simeon. On the 15th of October, 450, Caprasius died.

Years 455-457.—Euthymius, a member of the order, became conspicuous by his valiant fight against Eutychianism. He was seconded by his subjects, of whom there is a personal mention made of Elpidius, Gerasimus, Chrysippus, Gabriel, Andrew and Sabbas.

Years 464-466.— In one of these years Euthymius died, and his life was written by Cyril, one of his monks, who also gives in full the last words addressed by the dying abbot to his monks. His person is described by Cyril thus: His appearance was natural and mild-mannered, his face sparse and white, cheerful and pleasant to behold, he was gray, below middle size, with a dense beard reaching below the belt, sound and entire of body, not wanting even a tooth. He is mentioned in the Roman Martyrology on Jan. 20th.

Year 477.—Two prominent disciples of Euthymius are mentioned, Elias and Martyrius, who became patriarchs of Jerusalem.

Year 483.—A persecution against the Catholics was commenced by Honorius, the successor of Genseric in Africa. In this persecution a great many nuns perished, after suffering torments, which modesty forbids to retail.

Years 491-493.—Mention is made of several members of the order, who rendered distinguished services to religion. Marcian was employed by Patriarch Sallust to repress the heresies of Lazarus and Anastasius, two reprobate monks. Sabas and Theodorius were the superiors of the monasteries in and around Jerusalem, the former of the Anchorites, the latter of the Coenobites. Elias and Martyrius came to the monasteries in Palestine from Nitria in Egypt; both became patriarchs of Jerusalem. Of Elias, Baronius says: It was clearly by the providence of God, that from the obscurity of the cloister Elias was raised to that sublime see, in order that he, in the spirit of Elias, would reprimand Achab persecuting the Church, and transfix with a sword the prophets of Baal. Cyril, his historian, remarks that Elias, immediately after his elevation built a monastery beside his cathedral, and provided plentifully for the religious gathered there.

Sabas fought valiantly against Peter the Fuller, who had intruded into the see of Antioch.

Years 494-496.—In the year 494, S. Benedict, the founder of the famous Benedictine Order, retired to Sabiaco, where he was for three years supported by Romanus, as we said above (years 448-450). Romanus, as we learn from Gregory the Great, lived there under Theodorus, and this convent, afterwards given up to the Benedictines, was peopled by Carmelites. Romanus himself was from Lyons in France, but had joined the order on the occasion of a visit to the Holy Sepulchre.

Years 504-513.—The Carmelites in Palestine were hard pressed and persecuted by the Saracenes, under their Sultan, Alamundaz. Some suffered martyrdom, others fled into a new monastery, established at Nicopolis by Abbot Sabas, who prevailed also upon John the Silent to take refuge there. The hermits of Mount Carmel assisted Patriarch Flavian of Antioch against heretics, who made him suffer much.

Years 514-523.—In a report to Pope Hormisdas, the Carmelites of Palestine and Syria mention, that of their number 350 had been killed by the heretics, and

others wounded. Sabas became famous by the miracles he wrought.

Patriarch Elias of Jerusalem, a Carmelite, received divine inspiration, that he would be banished from his see and die in exile. On Mount Olivet, a Carmelite nun, Anastasia, was conspicuous by her sanctity.

Years 524-526.—Abbot Zosimus found the Egyptian Mary in the desert, administered to her the sacraments of the Church, and buried her body. The earthquake at Antioch was miraculously foretold to Theodosius, the superior of the Cenobites in Jerusalem. John, a monk of the convent of Cuziba, on the Jordan, became bishop of Cesarea.

Years 527-530.—Cerisus, the commander of the Roman forces, approached the Theodosius above mentioned, and recommended himself to his prayers, before going to battle. Theodosius gave him his cibicium in token of victory, and he gained a splendid victory. A certain monk, Theophanes, had imbibed the spirit of Nestorianism, but visiting another monastery of the order called Calamon, he was brought back to orthodoxy by the Superior Cyriacus.

Year 531.—This is the year of the death of Sabas, aged 94. Both before and after his death, he wrought many miracles. In the place ol the deceased Theodosius, a certain Leontius became abbot of the Cenobites in Jerusalem.

Years 532-534.—The monasteries in Palestine were very much disturbed by a monk Nonnus, who preached the heresies of Origen, but after hard battles, orthodoxy prevailed.

Years 535-536.—Polychronius was abbot of a new monastery near the Jordan, called Laura of the Towers. He foretold the brethren his death, and at his burial a star appeared above his head, until he was buried. On Mount Carmel there was a hermit James, famous by his life, death and miracles. He had the power of expelling devils and curing the sick. Also of the heretics many approached him, whom for the greater part he converted to the faith.

Years 537-539.—In the year 538 Chosroes, sr., the King of Persia, occupied and devastated Palestine, and in the following year also Antioch. The Carmelites in these wars lost nearly all their monasteries, and a great many monks, and only the hermitages on Mount Carmel, along the Jordan, on Mount Quarantine and on the Black Mountain, escaped.

Year 549.—At this time Abbot Myrogines of the Laura of the Towers, was famous through his austerities.

Year 550.—The hermit James of Mount Carmel, whom we mentioned above, (year 536) gave an astonishing proof of his virtue by holding a hand into the fire, until it was nearly consumed, and this for the purpose of resisting impure temptations. By this heroic act, he converted and baptized an abandoned sinner.

Years 566-572.— At this time Abbot Cosmus of the laura Pharon was famous for his miracles and his stubborn resistance to heretics.

Year 578.—S. Leander, the bishop of Hispalis in Spain, was a member of the Carmelite Order. This is proved by S. Fridon, who, speaking of the founders of his and Leander's monasticism, in his 2nd book de Officiis, expressly alludes to Elias, Eliseus and the other prophets as their teachers. Leander worked at the conversion of the arianic Visigoths in Spain, and converted S.Hermenegild, the martyr, and his brother, Recared, the King. He died 80 years old. Also Fulgentius, the bishop of Carthage, followed the elianic rule.

Years 582-589.—S. Theodore was a member of the community at Chuzoba, near the Jordan. Of an hermit of the order named Antiodrus, it is reported, that for 60 years he had not tasted wine or oil, or similar things ; for thirty years he had eaten no bread, being content with herbs, salt, vinegar and water.

(A great many monasteries in Spain, Great Britain, France and Italy, existing in these times, are claimed by the Benedictine Order. But, though they joined the order, they were not founded by it, but ante-dated it by many years, and had originally observed the Carmelite rule.)

Living well is the best revenge.

The formation of character ought to be the chief aim of every man.—Goethe.

Editorial Notes.

The Novena, preparatory to the feast of the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, begins on July the seventh.

* * * *

The annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel will take place this year, on Wednesday, July 16th.

* * * *

The daily press is not satisfied with bringing the Pope to the point of death, but now they even elect his successor. Notwithstanding all this, Leo XIII continues to live and enjoy good health.

* * * *

If the influx of Protestants into the Catholic Church continues at the present rate in England, where in one diocese alone, the number of converts in one year exceeded a thousand, Edward's successors, if they refuse to change the Coronation oath, will soon brand the majority of their subjects as idolators.

* * * *

On July 16th, the feast of the Scapular, all can gain a Plenary Indulgence for themselves or the departed souls, every time they visit a Carmelite church and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father. It is very edifying to see such a large crowd every year at Our Lady's shrine, taking advantage of this singular privilege.

* * * *

This year again, as two years ago, many pilgrims are flocking to Rome to pay their homage and respect to the common Father of Christendom. Very often there are several pilgrimages there from different countries at the same time, and it is certainly very edifying to see them visiting the different churches and shrines to venerate the precious relics preserved in these places.

* * * *

If the report concerning the conduct of our soldiers in the Philipines is true, acting on the same line as we did with the Cubans, it is about time for some nation to interfere for humanity's sake, and put an end to those barbarities. Our Catholic societies seem not to have done much to prevent the injustice done to our Catholic brethren in those islands. We do not believe that the grown up people will throw aside the beautiful ceremonies and practices of the Church, to join the bible societies, but what will become of the little children educated in infidel schools by Protestant teachers ?

* * * *

By the death of Archbishop Corrigan, the Catholic Church of America has lost one of its greatest prelates. The great concourse ,of people that flocked to the church during the time the body lay in state, and took part in the funeral, testify to the great esteem he was held in by all people, rich and poor, without distinction of nationality or creed. But nothing in our opinion was more touching than the sight of the poor people, the tender sisterhoods and the little orphans marching in procession and standing near the remains of the saintly prelate with tear-bedewed eyes, mourning the loss of their spiritual father and kind benefactor.

* * * *

From the month of Mary, we pass to the month of the Sacred Heart. Our Blessed Saviour is offended so much by the world, and receives many insults from those who profess themselves Catholics, who outrage him by the neglect of their religious duties, by their lukewarmness and by the unworthy reception of the Sacraments. No good Catholics can remain indifferent when considering this, but will endeavor to do all in their means to make some atonement. As this month is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, all should try to make some satisfaction for all these insults and injuries, and thus show how they love their Saviour not only in word but also in deed.

Habits are first cobwebs, then cables.

Great souls endure in silence.—Schiller

A word from a friend is doubly enjoyable in dark days.—Goethe.

Most men forget God all day, and ask Him to remember them at night.

Book Review.

We gratefully acknowledge the artistically made up booklet, which Mary 'Allegra Gallagher, 11 Chelsea Str., East Boston, Mass., dedicates to her friends.

Under the title of "Wild Flowers Gathered on the Wayside of Thought," these lovely poetical thoughts will be an offering highly appreciated, we trust, by the author's privileged friends.

* * * *

On opening the little work "Communion Day," by Rev. M. Russel, S. J., we were confinent of finding in it choice matter for reading and reflection ; and we have not been disappointed.

The pious and beautiful thoughts contained in each chapter will greatly help to receive the "Bread of Angels" with fervor and fruit, and also to preserve the good dispositions which this reception produces in the soul.

Benziger Bros.; price, 60c net. Neatly bound in cloth.

* * * *

"The Dangers of Spiritualism," by a member of the Society of Physical Research,is a work that brings out strongly the detrimental results, both physical, mental and moral, which arise from spiritistic practices, the farspread evil of modern society.

From the various facts narrated—and it would be foolish to deny them— it seems clear that the spirits gain over those, who indulge in these diabolical communications, a control whieh ultimately may lead to their utter destruction.

* * * *

"The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century," translated from the German, of Rev. M. J. Scheehen, D. D., is a pamphlet in which the author briefly reviews the lives of persons who died in the odor of sanctity during the last century, and what may in the near future be venerated as Saints on our altars.

This little work offers a practical proof of the ever new and wonderful vitality of Christ's Holy Church in leading souls to the highest degree of perfection and sanctity. Benziger Bros.; price,10c.

The confessions of leading spiritists, as cited by the author, in his "Notes and Comments," following the narration of facts, are a weighty confirmation of his conclusion. This book is therefore a splendid vindication of the Catholic Church and a further proof that, as in all her decisions, so also in the Condemnation of Soiritism, she eis guided by a superior light.

We are confident that this book will do much good. It has the approbation of the Most Rev. J. J. Kain, Archbishop of St :Zouis.

Publisher, B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Bound in cloth, 75 cents net.

* * * *

We have read with rare pleasure and with growing admiration as we went along the little work of Rev. L. B. Palladino, S.J.

It is a development eminently scholarly, of those pregnant words spoken by the dying Saviour : "Woman behold thy son ; "Son see thy mother," and of the great promise given by God in the Garden of Eden : "I will put enmities between thee and the woman," etc.

With surprising clearness and simplicity this book discloses to us their deep significance. Mary's position in the divine plan of man's redemption, that namely, "Mary is our Mother." This is the great consoling truth revealed in them, and the subject of the author's sublime exposition.

This little book well deserves to be read by all. Publisher, B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.; price, 15c.

* * * *

The treatise on the "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," by the Blessed L. M. Grignon De Montfort, is spoken of by competent judges in the highest terms, and it needs no encomiums. The writings of De Montfort have been pronounced by Rome to be exempt from all error which would be a bar to his communication. "I have experienced," says an Examiner in the Cause of Beatification of De Montfort, an interior unction, a peace and consolation, which the writings of highly favored servants of God, endowed with lights and sanctity of an extraordinary kind, are known frequent-

ly to produce." "No one can do better," says His Em. Cardinal Vaughan, "than spread the knowledge of this golden treatise on the devotion to our Blessed Mother."

Application to be made to Rev. F. H. Lavalice, Sherbrooke, P.O., Can., who is the organizer of the "Marian Museum" in Canada.

* * * *

We have received at our office from the Catholic Record, published by House, 484-486 Richmond St., London, Can., a copy of Father Elliott's "Life of Christ."

This work of the distinguished Paulist missionary fully deserves the high encomiums it receives in the press. With the Gospel narrative as a basis, the author has interwoven beautiful reflections and comments, historical and geographical explanations and opposite moral applications which make up one continuous whole of singular attraction and merit.

Avoiding a controversial tone, which, as a rule, does little or nothing towards inspiring noble sentiments, Father Elliott aims principally at producing solid diety, and exercising on his readers an elevating and sanctifying influence,which the sublime and lovely character of Jesus if truly portrayed, is so well calculated to effect.

The book is profusely illustrated and has about 800 pages. We can highly commend this excellent work as a powerful aid to engrave deeply on the soul a true and attractive picture of our great Leader and Model, whom we must have ever present to our mind, and imitate in our actions.

Catholic Book Exchange, New York.

* * * *

Mariae Corona.

This is the attractive title of Dr. Sheehan's latest contribution to Catholic literature, and we trust it will be instrumental in obtaining many new diadems for the glorious Queen of Heaven, and those Saints of whom he speaks so eloquently.

All who have read with interest and pleasure this gifted writer's works of fiction, or listened to the sweet, touching strains of "Cithaea Mea," and "Magnificat," will recognize similar trains of thought and notes of music which captivated them with their beauty. For example,who does not remember in "My New Curate," how he speaks of Mary as a child, and in the "Magnificat" sustains throughout the title of "Child and Prophet?" These thoughts recur in "Mariae Corona," where he expresses the wish that her childhood was more known and loved.

In 'Mary the Glory of Israel," fourth chapter of this book, there is a very sweet, and, we think, unusual idea conveyed in the following lines: "In exaltation and in humiliation, in glory and in shame, in joy and in sorrow, she knew but one prayer,—that the will of God be done. God himself must have inspired that prayer, and then she was made the teacher of Jesus, and Jesus taught that prayer to the world, when His Disciples asked Him how to pray, and He consecrated that prayer forever in that moment of supreme agony, when he received that intimation from Heaven that his own Father would abandon Him on the Cross. "Not my will but Thine be done." These were the words of consecration! "And where did he learn them? From her to whom He taught them." In the pages devoted to St. Augustine, we hear one of the most beautiful melodies from "Cithara Mea," reproduced, namely: "What Mary Scheffer Painted," the conversation of St. Monica and her son at Ostia. It is doubtful whether the picture, however artistically painted, excels the delicate "word-painting" of this priestly hand, or appeals so eloquently to the Soul. SS. Peter and Paul, St. Dominic, our own glorious Apostle, St. Patrick, St. Alphonsus and St. Aloysius, even St. Teresa—all are described with learning and piety, both in their characteristic virtues and the relations their distinctive spirit bears to God's Holy Church.

We would gladly linger over the reminiscences of each saintly name, but after all, a "book notice" is merely an invitation, as it were, to readers, in order that, having given them a faint sketch, they may be attracted to study the beauties of its original. We are confident that such a story will afford interest, pleasure, and, above all, spiritual profit. We are still more confident that

if it is done through devotion to these Saints and their glorious Queen, great will be the reward of pious readers. As to the gifted writer, may he obtain that reward which is promised in Holy Scripture.

"They that explain me shall have everlasting life." Eccl. xxiv.

Enfant de Marie.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

A mother wishes to return thanks for the recovery of her daughter from a serious illness, through the intercession of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

* * * *

Dear Rev. Father :

Will you kindly publish in your lists of favors obtained, thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of a little boy from sickness.

M. R.

* * * *

Rev. and Dear Sirs l

I asked the souls in Purgatory to pray for the recovery of my mother, who was dangerously ill, and promised, if request was granted, to publish same in your Carmelite Review.

Sincerely,
N. B. H.

* * * *

Dear Fathers :

I promised our Blessed Lady, if she would grant my request, to return thanks through the Carmelite Review, and I am happy to say she has been pleased to grant it to me.

I also wish to return thanks to St. Anthony and the Souls in Purgatory for two favors granted.

Sincerely yours,
M. H. G.

* * * *

Rev. Fathers :

We wish to return thanks to our Lady for a great favor that she obtained for us. My mother had been very sick for about three months and was using different medicines prescribed by the doctors, and every kind of nourishment that we could think of, without any relief. Then we promised to have two Masses said in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and to give an offering to the building fund of the Hospice of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, and she recovered immediately. We are very grateful to Our Lady of Mount Carmel for this favor that she obtained for us through her intercession and we wish to have it published in the Carmelite Review.

M. McG.

* * * *

Rev. and Dear Fathers :

Again I beg leave to ask you to allow me to acknowledge in the Review another favor granted me through the intercession of our Blessed Lady. She has indeed been a friend and protector to me, and I am sure will be the same to anyone seeking her powerful aid. I enclose an offering for a mass in her honor for the poor souls.

Yours respectfully.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at :

Falls View, from North Sydney, C. B.; St. Bonaventure's Monastery, Detroit, Mich.; Wabasso, Redwood Co., Minn.; Pere Pockmuche, N.B.; Bridgeport, C.B.; Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; Verbooit, Ore.; St. Michael's Church, Belle Isl., N.F.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; St. Catharines, Ont.; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Ont.; Sheet Harbor, N.S.; St. Peter's Church, Oshkosh, Wis.; Stayner, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, Toronto ; Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Carlsruhe, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.

Scipio, Kan., from Greenbush, Crawford Bo., Kan.; Marienthal, Kan.; Minoqua, Wis.; St. John's Church, Argentine, Kan.; Eastian, Mo.; Cumberland, Iowa; Caintherville, Mo.; Wea, Kan.

New Baltimore, Pa., from Auburn Centre, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Scranton, Pa.

Petitions Asked For.

That a young lady, the only support of the family, may pass a successful examination ; that a Catholic may obtain a position ; for five special intentions.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the following deceased :

Mrs. Jane Keefe, Mrs. Johanna Corigan and Mrs. Elisabeth Lamoreile.

Ravul Depaz, Louis Depaz and Gaston Susbielle, three devout servants of Mary who perished at St. Pierre, Martinique, May 8th, 1902.

Martin T. Kelly, died May 31st, and was buried at Waterloo, N.Y., on June 2nd, 1902.

May they rest in peace.

LILIES OF THE ALTAR

St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Aloysius

These are two fair lilies from the garden of Holy Church, that boomed with virginal beauty and shed their mystic odors in Jesus' Eucharistic Presence, and at the feet of His Immaculate Motherf How like and yet how different ! "The Angel of the Schools," a marvel of erudition, whose teachings resound to all time in the aisles of God's Church, and whose melodies echo day by fday in the Sanctuary, and the youthful Saint, Aloysius, who entered the land of Angels on the Octave of Corpus Christi, for which feast these melodies were written. This lily of the valley was not doctor but disciple, not priest but Levite, not teacher, but hidden in the shade of interior life. Yet how like in love for the Most Holy Sacrament, and devotion to Mary ! How like also in purity, so angelic that both are held up as models of fair virtue,—both are styled "Angel," and to both we have given in these humble lines the title of "Lily." The "Bread ol Angels" rendered them chaste, and elevated them to a participation of celestial joys even in this life. Beautiful names that are like music in His Holy Place ! Beautiful Saints following the Lamb in His Kingdom ! May we emulate them from afar in love for Jesus and Mary, and in that purity of heart to which is promised the vision of His Face. "Blessed are the clean of heart ; for they shall see God..'

Enfant de Marie.

MAY-TIME MEMORIES.

Plaintive memories of May-time !
Gliding ever to and fro,
Like the rippling waters sighing
In a cadence soft and low.
Washing through the aisles of spirit
Like sweet incense while we pray,
Or the scent of snow-white blossoms
Coming once again with May.
Gleaming in those golden sunbeams,
Tinging them with brighter hue ;
Sometimes veiling o'er their beauty,
Like white clouds in skies of blue.
Are there echoes in light wavelets
Murmuring on silvery sand,
Of most dear familiar voices
Thrilling in God's blessed land ?
Are the fragrant, fragile flow'rets,
Breathing soft in balmy air,
Emblems of their white souls blooming
In eternal radiance fair ?
Plaintive memories ol May-time !
Yet, so full of holy calm,
When our eyes are gazing upward
Towards the Kingdom of the Lamb.
Where our weary ones are resting,
Where all tears are wiped away,
But unfading lovely May.

Enfant de Marie.

*.—In Heaven, there will be perpetual Spring, as to beauty ; perpetual summer, as to love ; perpetual autumn as to joy ; there will be no winter in Heaven.—St. Francis de Sales.

Living well is the best revenge.

Many talk like philosophers and live like fools.

In moderating, not satisfying passion, lies peace.

Ignorance shuts its eyes and believes it is right.

In the handling of trifles a man shows what he is.

Keep cool and you command everybody.—St. Justin.

Knowledge humbleth the great man, astonishes the common man, and puffs up the little man.

In olden times men painted to show the object of faith ; to-day they use objects of faith to show their painting.—Ruskin.

Carmelite Review

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Address communications and make orders payable to **The Carmelite Fathers**, Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Land of Poco Tiempo.

'TIS the land of Poco Tiempo where the European sees
The dark-skinned Filipino and his docile carabow ;
Where cocoanuts in clusters hang on feather dusted trees,
And the toiler tills his holding with a most peculiar plow.
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, the land of love and youth,
Where children born of nature speak nothing save the truth.

'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, where undulated fields
Cause the wholesome rice to spring from the bosom of the earth ;
While the world looks on in wonder at the yearly crop she yields ;
For the island of Luzon has of poverty a dearth.
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, the land of love and song,
Where the native knows his neighbor and the women naught of wrong.

'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, where messengers of God
Call His children to their duty in the churches far and near ;
Where the padre greet the people with a patronizing nod
And bids them "Buenos Dias" in a language sweet to hear.
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, where sleeps castilian pride,
Where tyrants sought for treasure and oppression found a bride.

Ah ! fair land Poco Tiempo, may angels guard thy shore
And give unto thy people a ruler good and wise ;
And may the peaceful spirit dwell there for evermore,
Reflecting back to heaven the virtues of the skies.
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, the land of smiles and tears,
The land of hills and valleys, the land of future years.

—Stanly.

A Eucharistic Triumph.

In the year 1894, a Rev. Father, one of the most illustrious converts from the Synagogue to that of the church of the humble Nazarene—our Lord and our God—arrived in Bilbas, Spain,—his dear land of faith. Whilst he was paying this Viscayian city a visit, his sister, her husband and their only and dearly loved child came thither to unite themselves with him. They were, as he had been, members of a wealthy Jewish family, followers of the teachings and ceremonial of the old Law and of the Prophets. They most carefully instilled into their child's mind, not only a knowledge of the solemn and startling lessons of the Old Testament, but with it a profound hatred of Christianity.

But, oh ! a miracle of Divine love proceeds from Jesus, veiled in His own great mystery of love. At the time of their visit, the revered Community of Our Lady of Mount Carmel,—the Carmelites' "Discalzed," to which the Revd. Father now belonged, were celebrating in their monastery, situate by the mountain road that leads from Bilbas to one of our dear Mother's celebrated sanctuaries of "Begona," with unusual splendour the annual feast of Corpus Christi—and during its crowded Novena our Divine Lord, who is the living love Himself, from His hermit home in the Tabernacle, deigned to attract the little son George's infantile heart with an irresistible, pleasing violence, so that the child gradually began to believe firmly in the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of His Love. During this visit to his revered uncle, by the force of childish entreaties and in response to his youthful petitions, he succeeded in obtaining the favor from the Community of being allowed to dress as an Acolyte, and then the happiness and the priviledge of scattering nature's aromatic gifts along the flower strewn path of the procession. Deluged with joy, on going out from the performance of this angelic function, which the magnificent ritual of Rome provides for Christendom to-day, he ran to his father and said to him : "Oh, papa, what happiness. I have thrown flowers before our Divine Lord, as he passed along the grounds of the monastery." In the mouth of this little Jew, these words were a profession of Christian faith, revealing an interior world of deep Catholic truth, proceeding from the supernatural operation of the Holy Ghost, and the exuberant activity and inexhaustible energy of the Precious Blood. His father fearing that his only child, in whom all his hopes were centred, would be converted, he at once took his departure from the soil of "Maria Sanctissima," and returned to Paris, where he was living. But before his departure, he little suspected that another most miraculous event had proceeded from the Blessed Sacrament, that its hollowing influence had made another conquest,— that another heart had been drawn within the bosom and inner circle of its gracious influence, and this was no less than the conversion of his wife. During one of her daily visits to the monastery, to see and converse with her dear and Rev. brother, she solicited of him to receive her within the pale of the Catholic Church—to add another soul to Peter's fold—a wish which he quite joyfully acceeded to. So that the next evening that she came to visit him—she having made one preparation for it—he administered to her the Sacrament of Baptism, whilst the next morning at the Community Mass, when God was with the victim and the priest, and the majesty to whom it is offered, she partook for the first time of the Bread of Life—the Sacred Heart of the Incarnate Word, and now she strove truly to comprehend those lessons she had learned day by day from the lips of her Rev. brother, when he taught her His beauty, His sweetness, His mercy and His love, whilst the next day to complete her happiness, to prepare her to carry peace to the domestic hearth, and there calm the angry temper which her conversion is sure to see exhibited, the illustrious Dr. Ramon Fernandez de Pierola, one of the most popular of the Spanish Episcopacy, Bishop of

Vitoria, administered that of Confirmation. These facts were kept secret from the family circle. The little son, who knew all the details and minute circumstances of the domestic life, was ignorant of his mother's spiritual happiness. All the paternal ingenuity of the father could not persuade him to forget the glad emotion that thrilled his little love —the deep and holy impressions which he felt during the Corpus Christi processions, with its accompaniment of fragrant flowers, its curls of sweet smoke from aromatic guns, its starry lights, its tumult of song. Above all and before all, the holy Eucharist was his dream by day and by night, so surrounded was he by sheer love, so penetrated was his little breast by the darts of heavenly joy.

Every night, first assuring himself that his father was sleeping soundly, he would arise from his little cot and pray for a long time: "Oh, my Jesus," he would say, "when will I conclude my fast. Oh! when will I receive you, my dear Saviour, so that I may press you fondly to my heart, oh, my Lord and my God." That which occupied his mind most sensibly was the great change he remarked in his mother. Since their return from the Peninsula, her habits were so altered, that he imagined she were a different being from what she had been; every act of hers seemed so different from those of the past. One day he said to her: "Mamma, tell me truly whether you were baptized or not, so that my mind may not be so often thinking over it." The mother was perplexed by the question, but without awaiting for an answer, he said to her: "Oh, mamma, I see it already. I anticipate your answer. You are a Christian. With delight, I pardon you for what you have done, because I hope Jesus, in his loving goodness, will unite me soon in the same faith with you. Oh, await your first Communion for me. The mother, agitated between joy and fear, at length confessed to her son that she went to Holy Communion daily. The child burst into tears and sobbed audibly, and raised himself up and threw his little arms around her neck, caressing her, and with his warm kisses fondly embraced her.

"Oh, why did you not await for me, at least permit me to be at your side when Jesus was in your heart, in order that I could too embrace the Divine Child, so amiable, so kind to us.

"Oh, dear mamma, the first time, keep for me some of your Communion, for you know that a mother divides everything with her children, mamma." At the impressive ceremony of the first Communion of the little children of the parish in which he resided in the French capital, he succeeded in evading the vigilance of his father, and was present, concealed in a dark corner of the church. The sight of so many of his own age, of both sexes, tastefully dressed, filled him with enthusiasm and transports of joy. At this time the mother wrote to her Rev. brother, that she could no longer resist the tears of her son, who was threatening to go and beg baptism from the first priest he would meet. She was completely perplexed, knowing that he had the necessary conditions for receiving it.

After reflecting over all the difficulties that surrounded the fulfillment of his youthful wishes, and knowing the opposition his father would inevitably impose to a public ceremony, it was arranged that the revered uncle should journey secretly from Bilbas, Spain, to Paris. When the child entered the church accompanied by his mother, where he was to receive the waters of baptism. The pious son of Our Lady of Mount Carmel addressed to him this solemn interrogatory:

"What do you beg, my child?"

"Baptism," was the firm reply.

"But do you know well that to-morrow, perhaps, they will strive to oblige you to enter the synagogue in order that you may take part in a ceremonial, abhorrent to your feelings, since it is abolished by the New Law?" "Do not fear, revered uncle, I solemnly abjure the Jewish faith." "But they would demand from you by threats, that you should tramp the crucifix in hatred of our Holy Father."

"I do not fear, uncle; I would die first, but perhaps they may succeed," he added, "in tying my feet and hands, and that in spite of shouts, they would by force place my feet over the crucifix; yet, when I would not have consented to it, I would not have apostized."

"Oh, no, my child, it is will that constitutes the sin..'

"Then I beg Baptism as a favor. Grant it to me."

The ceremony took place in the midst of the most profound emotion of those who gathered to witness it. Holy Mass followed the baptismal ceremony, and after descending from the baptismal font, he received his Divine Lord and his God with the most lively transports of joy and pathos, as the celebrant turned round on the altar and presented to the happy youth,—the heavenly object of all his prayers,—the Eucharistic food for which he sighed so often is to-day the all powerful magnet of his soul, that draws from him intense acts of love and of holy faith.

Seldom was there witnessed so beautiful, a Catholic spectacle, so moving a manifestation of love and faith, as when on his knees between his mother and godmother, he received into his heart the sweet child Jesus, who came to him, accompanied by His Heavenly Court. Nothing disturbed the happiness of the youthful Neophyte,—not even the fear of surprise from his Jewish father.

Six weeks afterwards he also received Holy Communion in company with his loving mother, on the Feast of All Saints and now came the "Crux" —the day of his proof—the first test to which his faith ws subjected.

A few days afterwards his father presented to him a book, and said to him, "Let us go to pray."

"Papa, I cannot pray in this Jewish book."

"Why ?"

"I am a Christian ; I am a Catholic."

"Oh, my child, that is cruel deception. Surely you are not speaking seriously. I suppose, besides your baptism is not valid without my consent.

"You mistake, papa ; I have already arrived at the age of knowing right from wrong, and I have sincere faith, and I have had ample instruction to make it valid.

The father was evidently violently irritated against his wife and son, but he suppressed it for a moment, lest his mode of vengeance might be disclosed.

Some days afterwards he left Paris, taking with him his son, and brought him some hundreds of miles away from his mother. All her efforts to discover his present address were in vain. As the father placed him in a Protestant college, under an assumed name, it was, therefore nigh impossible to find his whereabouts. The affliction of the poor mother, deprived of her only earthly solace, was intense. Her solitude was to her a martyrdom. But the child, as Daniel in the lions' den, was impervious to the violence of the attacks made against his faith ; all the efforts done by his jailors to make him deny it were unavailable.

"I would wish dearly to see mother," he would repeatedly say amidst a flood of tears. "You will see her, but first abjure your faith." His calling jailors would repeat : "Oh, no ; I am a Christian. I am a Catholic. I prefer to suffer everything—all—all—before the denial of my Holy Faith."

Many months did the poor mother,harassed with continuous suffering, display martyrlike, quiet bravery. The vicinity of Jesus in the Tabernacle was for her the unexpressible support she needed in the exile of her son. At last she received a letter from the most distant part of Germany, the contents of which were : "Look at this; your son is here." She at once, venturesome and trustful in our Divine Lord, hastened off on her long journey of some 300 miles, and at length arrived at the moment the family were assembled together, and entering without ceremony, she addressed them :

"My son, where is my son ?"

"Your son," said one of them. "You will not see him until you swear before God that you will educate him in the Jewish faith, and that you will not allow him in any way to adhere to the religion he has embraced." Her efforts then were in vain, and nigh intolerably deep as had been her sense of his exile, for again she was deprived of the happiness of seeing him. However, a few months afterwards the father began to show that the fires of his malice were quenching, and that he commenced to relent in his vexatious persecution of his wife and son, and to show, particularly to the former, some sympathy. He agreed at last to permit her to see her son, but on the one condition, that at

the interview, religion was not to be even mentioned. Even with this reservation, this to her, was a joyous concession, and she hurriedly prepared for the meeting, and immediately when the son saw his mother, he caressed her dearly, throwing his arms around her neck and lovingly embraced her, bathing her cheeks with his tears.

In a letter she afterwards addressed to her Rev. brother, she described the meeting. "He said nothing to me, but I understood where language could be used ; I felt quite certain that he was faithful, that he was "never a rebel to the light." Yes, in his looks, in his kisses, I felt my son preserved his Catholic Faith." Oh, what strong shoots ; had not this divine virtue already started and grown in the boyish heart of George—shoots that promised a glorious eternity—through the stirring of the life giving mystery in his little soul.

In a short time afterwards his father conceded to him the priviledge of leaving for home and returning to Paris, and once more mother and son were reunited in the adoration of their Jesus. One evening, however, before he left and before the long desired concession was granted, he evaded the vigilance of his custodians, and went into the adjoining forest, where a missionary Priest, procured by his mother, awaited and confessed him. But confession was not enough for him. How was he to receive Holy Communion ? The good priest went to the home of his exile, disguised as a lay brother, and ascended without opposition to visit him. In a few minutes his room was adorned with flowers and ablaze with waxen tapers, and little George's fervor and fidelity were soon rewarded, for in response to his ardent faith, Jesus comes in the Divine Eucharist and nourishes him with His own flesh and blood. He at once now starts homewards, and there a loving mother fondly greets him, as if it were a heavenly reward for the sufferings of both in the past, and here again the missionary priest lends his aid, by disguising himself as a friend, and thus evades the paternal vigilance, and no week passed that mother and son, though not beneath their own roof, jointly participate in the joys of heaven because they had Jesus himself with them, the loving God and the blessed Sacrament feeding and strengthening both by the Bread of Life, which makes us strong in the faith, and mother and son ceased not for many a day to be severed. For as year followed year, and Corpus Christi succeeded Corpus Christi, up to this date, as devoted Catholics they ever after celebrated the triumph which that of 1894 had succeeded in bringing to them. Ever afterwards have they faithfully observed its anniversary as a feast of their loyalty to Jesus in the Holy Sacrament of His love— of their patriotism to the most Godlike of all monarchs, Jesus Christ, in the person of His Vicar, Leo XIII.

Juan Pedro.

A ROSE—WREATH FOR OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

Roses for my Virgin-Mother,
Whiter than the Alpine snow !
Roses from the joyful mysteries
Of His Childhood long ago.

Roses for my mourning Mother,
Tinted with the Passion-hue !
Roses glistening, as with tear-drops
Of compassion's mystic dew.

Roses for my royal Mother ;
Gracefully the buds unfold !
Like the early morning cloudlets,
Pencilled with a ray of gold.

Roses for the "Queen of Carmel !'
Twine them softly round her shrine,
As an humble festal offering
To her sweetest heart from mine.

Enfant de Marie.
St. Clares

Love is the bond which never corrodes.

Man is only what he becomes. — Amiel.

Men spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of using their passions in the service of their lives.—Steele.

The best of lessons for a good many people would be to listen at a keyhole. It is a pity for such that the practice is dishonorable.—Madame Swetchine.

Christian Antiquities in Ireland.

The honor of having first preached the Xtian religion in Ireland has been attributed to that great saint, whom our Holy Mother the Church venerates on her altars as the Apostle and Patron of Ireland, St. Patrick. His missionary career in Irelated dates from the year 432, when ,after having received Episcopal consecration, at the hands of Pope Celestine, and all that authority which was necessary for one about to embark upon such a foreign mission, he set sail from the shores of Italy, and directed his course to Ireland. There was one, indeed, preceded him, but whose mission upon Irish soil was utterly fruitless ; to Palladius was reserved the glory of having first evangelized the sister nation, Britain, where he earned a martyr's crown.

The success which attended the preaching of St. Patrick was unbounded. In fact, when we consider how his work was so amply rewarded, and how, as if by one common impulse, all, rich and poor, king, nobles and plebiean flocked to the standard of cross, and joined the ranks of the Xtians in Ireland.

But how was this success achieved ? Did St. Patrick win the people over more by the inspiration of fear, than by the earnest appeal of the words of the Gospel ? Was his eloquence supported by the arms of a Roman legion. History records for us that in the civilization of other countries, the Church took a foremost place ; that wherever the Gospel was preached there, also, barbarity and ignorance yielded place to Christian meekness, but often this victory was gained only after long and protracted struggles, in which the blood of Xtians and savages was commingled, when the cross only succeeded when supported by the sword. Who is there who is not filled with admiration at the bravery of the Spanish soldiers, who, when led by Cortez, braved the dangers of the deep, and afterwards penetrated into far distant regions where the foot of white man had never before trodden, to bring the blessings of Xtian civilization to the Mexicans. How many a brave soldier fell at the hand of the savages far away from the shores of his own dear Spain, and gave his last breath for the sake of the religion which was so dear to him and his countrymen. So in other countries the price paid for the blessings of Xtianity was equally great, everywhere else, the pages which record the progres of the Catholic religion, at the same time record fierce battles lost and won, the bravery of the Xtian soldier, the stubbornness and often times the treachery of the infidels.

But it is a relief to turn our attention from those pages of history and read all that it records for us of the mission of St. Patrick to the people of Ireland. The natural poet of Ireland, this time in prose, well describes it in the following words : "While in all other countries the introduction of Xtianity has been the slow work of time, has been resisted by either government or people, and seldom effected without effusion of blood, in Ireland, on the contrary, by the influence of one zealous missionary, and with but little previous preparation of the soil by other hands, Xtianity burst forth at the first ray of Apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer, at once covered the land. Kings and princes, when not themselves amongst the ranks of the converted, saw their sons and daughters joining in the train without a murmur. Chiefs, at variance in all else, agreed in meeting beneath the Xtian banner, and the proud druid and bard laid superstitions meekly at the foot of the cross."

Nor was this success merely a short-lived one ; it did not rise like an evening mist to vanish at the first rays of morning sunlight, for, otherwise, the faith was brought to Ireland to remain and flourish in the souls of a people remarkable for their adhesion to the tenets taught them by their apostle. So, for many hundred years after St. Patrick's time, throughout all the land, his successors found the people only too willing to follow their example, to lead lives of

sanctity, to devote their time and attention to the acquiring of that religious learning, for which they became remarkable and which earned for their beloved island the title, "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum"—Isle of Saints and Scholars. A welcome was extended to all the religious orders, for, we are told, that the great orders had flourishing houses at one time or another in Ireland. When we read of the thousands who flocked to the schools and monasteries of Ireland from all parts of Europe ; when we remember that Lismore, Bangar, Clonard, Clonmainoise and Arran could proudly boast of schools whose scholars were numbered not by hundreds, but by thousands,—Turks, Germans, Romans, Picts, all gathered together under one roof, seeking the light of learning which they were unable to find at home, then we can form some idea of the wonderful progress which Catholicity had made in Ireland.

To-day, as we travel over the island, north, south, east or west, we can see whatever still remains of those ancient seats of sanctity and learning for which our little island is still remarkable. Those ruined churches, monasteries, abbeys and round towers, still bear silent testimony, to the facts that we have stated.

If those ivy-clad ruins could but speak to us of former days, what a history would they not tell us. They would tell us of the days when St. Patrick or St. Brigid, or St. MacCartan, or Columbanus, or Columba, once visited here and spoke the word of God to many hearers. They would bring us back to the time when here the monks said their daily mass, or chanted the divine praise, or expounded the holy scriptures to their disciples. How they would describe for us the many sad scenes which were enacted inside their walls, the departure of St. Fridolin from his beloved monastery and his fellow-men, to preach the gospel to the whole of Europe ; the sad parting of St. Columbanus on a similar voyage, or the noble fortitude of St. Columba, whose exile from the land of his birth to Iona was so pathetic.

And later on, they tell us of the noble devotion of those monks to their faithful people, when the country was overrun by the Dane and Norman, and fire and sword were carried into a veritable paradise on earth ; when tranquil peace was for many years disturbed by the savage invaders who carried desolation over the face of the little island.

They could tell us of many a noble deed of bravery done in defence of home and altars, when those monasteries were a refuge in time of danger, and when the noble monks stretched out a helping hand to shield the poor people from harm, and ward off the sword of the despoiler from the necks of their devoted people. And, of later days, these ruins, could they but speak, would tell us the true story of the horrors of Reformation times, which history tries to picture for us, but faintly. All Europe was subjected to a great change in matters of religion, in France, Germany, England, even in Italy, the Reformed doctrine found many advocates ; they welcomed the new idea, but Ireland alone stood faithful amongst the nations of the earth. But, she, too, suffered. Her monasteries, abbeys and schools of learning were ruthlessly despoiled, sacked, burned and levelled with the ground. The terrors of that time are known only to those who lived in those dark days of persecution and suffering. To-day, thanks to the fire and sword of a foreign ruler, our once famous monasteries and schools are now marked by those ruins which still dot the land and bear witness to the facts we have stated. Nowhere else was such a tragedy enacted, and with such terrible consequences.

The traveller may now survey what remains of the wonders of days long since gone by. As he walks through the vale of Glendalough, and sees the remains of the seven churches, around which throng memories of St. Kervin and his devoted monks, his mind is carried back to the time when around here once flourished a populous city, whose people were devoted to sanctity and learning. As he surveys the ruins at Monasterboise, the old abbey halls, the round tower and those ancient Cetic stone crosses covered with the insignia of the Catholic religion, he must assuredly feel that the day which brought such desolation on this beautiful spot is accursed. The old abbey's walls on the Islands of Arran still meet

the last rays of the sun, as he sinks in the west. The waves of the wild Atlantic still break upon the beach below them as they broke when St. Brendan launched his frail bark upon their bosom, and with his few faithful companions set sail for that land of the west, which he sighed for.

Finally as we take our stand at Muckross Abbey, beside the lakes of Killarney, and as we gaze upon its ivy-clad walls, rising beside the water's edge, we pause and we are carried back, in imagination, to those happy days of peace and prosperity in Ireland, when those walls were sanctified by the presence of many monks who here chanted the Divine office, or meditated in silence, or taught their many scholars. Assuredly here was a spot eminently calculated to lift the mind heavenwards, because here had nature embellished everything with a lavish hand. But the despoiler's sword reached even here, and as he did not spare other seats of famous sanctity or learning, so here also his path was marked by desolation and ruin.

But those ancient ruins of Ireland still attract the attention of travellers from all parts of the world. To-day we are proud of our many modern cathedrals and churches, which are, in many cases, built on or near the spot once occupied by the ancient shrines, and if we have lost much that was very valuable, still we have at least this consolation, that the faith which inspired the early successors of St. Patrick to build those vast monuments, still inspires his successors in modern times, and that the same Gospel which he and his successors preached nearly two thousand years ago, is still being preached and practised in the Ireland of to-day.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

July 16th, 1902.

The summer sun illumines, this happy festal day,
When round Our Lady's altars, he children watch and pray
With joyful hearts and grateful, in faith, and hope, and love,
They greet her "Advocata," in land of light above.
*O lovely fragrant Flow'ret! O fruitful mystic vine!
O splendor of the heavens, where softly thou dost shine!
Most gentle Virgin-Mother, so singularly chaste,
And now above God's Angels, in regal glory placed.
We pray thee, be propitious, to Carmelites below,
Celestial benedictions on each and all bestow.
O silvery Star of ocean! we raise our eyes to thee,
Whilst thus we softly echo Saint Simon's melody.

—ENFANT DE MARIE,
St. Clares.

* "Flos Carmeli," etc., St. Simon Stock.

The Congruity of the Scapular.

The congruity of a practise of devotion consists in its appropriateness and consistency with the general doctrines of our religion. It is true, as spiritual writers say, that reasons of congruity are easily found after a doctrine has been taught by God, so that the reason of congruity in itself is not sufficient to establish any doctrine before it is revealed with certainty. In speaking of the Scapular, then the congruity of it is quite interesting for the blessed Mother of God, coming, as we may say, from heaven, into the Church with the Scapular in her hands, and with marvelous promises to those who wear it, quite startles those that view the doctrines of the Church with critical attention.

It is true that no new doctrine may be brought to the Church, and no new practise of devotion that would insinuate such a doctrine, for the deposit of faith has been completed and sealed at the coming of the Holy Ghost. Many, indeed, are the mysteries of God that have not been revealed in as much as they are not necessary for our salvation, but these shall remain concealed from us, for as St. Paul says, even if he or an angel should come with a doctrine other than he had preached, he should be received with anathema. What then if the Blessed Mother of God herself, coming from heaven in all her transcendent splendor with promises and means of salvation greater even or more assuring than even her Son bestowed?

Nothing less than a sign of salvation is given, and the means laid down are seemingly trifling. It seems quite easy to wear a little badge of the Scapular, and the worst of us are capable of a daily thought and aspiration towards the Mother of our Redeemer. We can easily conceive that scarcely a saint or earnest soul that has not craved a sign of such a salvation. What consolation, what buoyancy of hope would succeed in his heart, to such a promise and sign, if given from heaven? There are signs of salvation we know, and tender devotion to the Mother of God is acknowledged by the best of the Fathers as such a sign. Will, then, the Scapular, as a practise of devotion to the Mother of God, be considered as a sufficient exercise of this to raise our heads in hope to the prospect of final perseverance?

The critical mind seems to feel itself on the very border of superstition, and the greatest assurance is required to inspire confidence. It is here that the mother of God advances to us with promises that the Church recognizes and teaches and enriches with her spiritual treasures of indulgences. To Pope John the XXII, she comes a second time, and as it were pledges herself more deeply. At her first coming to St. Simon Stock, she promises emanity from eternal loss. She said, whoever shall die wearing this shall never suffer eternal fire, and to the Pope, she promises on the condition of certain works to be performed, that Purgatory must yield its victim on the first Saturday after death. As was said, a reason of congruity, before this great event, could never prove that it might occur, but after Her coming it is quite in order to examine if the doctrine of the Scapular assimilates easily and naturally with the general doctrines that Xtians live on and cherish in death as the mainstay of hope. Is there anything, then, new in the Scapular either as a doctrine or a practise of devotion? St. Bernard saw in the Mother of God herself the star of hope, sufficient to direct the sinner out of the abyss of despair. The Scapular, thus as it lies upon the shoulders of the Xtian, is the assuring touch of maternal hands, to inspire us with hope. Some holy writers have called it Our Blessed Lady's Sacramental, for so little is done by us, and yet such great graces are secured. No novelty then appears, for continual practise of devotion to the Mother of God, persevered in through life and accompanied by general good dispositions of will, is a secure pledge of final reformation of conduct. The wearing of the Scapular and persistent irregularity of conduct are insociable. We know that grace attracts grace, and the devotion is the little investment that yields to us in daily life

many a thought and aspiration that win further graces. Experience shows that it is precisely those that wear the Scapular that are the most fervent Xtians, for the Blessed Mother could never promise that the mere wearing of it would suffice of itself. It is the kindly office of Her solicitude to receive this little practise, in her honor, and present it to God, as a motive to induce Him to further graces, just as she procures for the sinner the grace of a good confession or of perfect contrition. When He bestowed Her on the Church as our Spiritual Mother, as St. John testifies, we understand at once, that the keen watchfulness of a mother is given to us, to warn us and to direct us as to the use of the means Her Son has prepared, and which we might otherwise overlook or neglect. Is it strange now that the devout Xtian wearing this badge in pious solicitude, and daily calling upon Her aid, will finally go astray? We are all guided by our senses, and sensible signs are the expressions of internal devotion and reminders of our duty. 'Tis thus that the Scapular acquires true worth, and 'tis thus the Mother crowns with the promise of salvation. How wondrous, then is the sign not hung out in the sky to guide us on, but set upon our very shoulders. Again there is another reason. It was given to an order that reaches back in the dim ages of the distant past, and has been by profession devoted to Her honor. St. Simon Stock prayed for a sign, and the prayers of the thousand Saints of his order conspired with him, the sign that he prayed for was one of Her special protection to the Order in its difficulties, and he received one. The Mother of God declared on her appearance, that she would be to him and all Carmelites "a pledge of peace and eternal alliance." This occurred when the Order fled from destruction in the East and came to Europe, weak and unknown. It was the blood of his martyred brethren that supported his hands in prayer. Eighty thousand had dyed their white cloaks red under the swords of the Saracens; uncounted thousands of them too had worn away their lives in prayer and penance in the solitudes of the desert, where the perfume of their virtue was wasted on all but good. Trithemius tells us that we might count the stars of heaven, but not the Saints of the Carmelite Order. It is then the prayers of saintly souls, living and dead, of this great order, that attend us, and assist us, and are an apology for the efficacy of the Scapular. However it may be the practise of the Church is perhaps the greatest security. There is no devotion so widely spread in God's loving organized Church, so popular as that of the Scapular. It is not to be presumed that the Scapular, if it be a rank weed of superstition, should have flourished so long and enjoyed the fostering attention of Doctor and Saint. Christ said it was by fruits we are to judge things, and the Scapular brings forth the rarest fruits of Xtian life. Thus the apparition of the Mother of God is not a jarring one, and St. Paul's anathema is not to be invoked. It is a sign then, and, oh, what if it be a sign! Little do we realize it.

THE PRESENT AGE.

Catholic Record.

Compared with the age of faith and duty, our age is dry, cold and heartless. We have nothing of that tender sensibilities, nothing of those warm, gushing feelings, fresh from the heart, of that generous love of husband and wife, of parents and children, or that distinguished devotion to the welfare and interest of our neighbor that we find in the old Christian romances. We have nothing of that simplicity, that freshness of feeling, that light heartedness, that sunshine of the soul, that perpetual youth, that characterized the Christian populations of the middle ages. Our hearts are dark and gloomy, our spirits are jaded, our faces are worn and haggard. We have no youth of the heart. Life to us is a senseless debauch or a hateful and heavy existence. Our affections are blighted from the cradle, and we live a burden to ourselves. Oh, give us back the good old times of faith and duty when reigned the soul as love, and the heart's joy gave new melody to the song of birds, and new beauty and fragrance of flowers.—Brownson.

Incidents From "The Month of St. Clare."

By T. P. L. P. (Franciscan Teritary.)

Translated from the Italian by a Religious of the Presentation Order.

CHARITY OF ST. CLARE TO HER NEIGHBOR.

Who ever truly loves God, should also love his neighbor for the love of God, otherwise he is in error (as we are taught by St. John) and in death. Clare loving God, loved her children, spending herself with maternal love for them, aiding them in their necessities, in their trials, in the gravest infirmities the most revolting to nature. She directed her children in the way of perfection with truly celestial knowledge and wisdom. The Lord had given her a heart for all; hence her charity extended to those outside. She made peace in families, illuminated the doubtful, recalled the wandering, healed the sick, converted sinners, who came in great numbers to St. Damian's moved by the fame of her sanctity, by the splendour of her virtue; they were often sent by St. Francis. And in the meantime she had to provide for her far off children, in the new and increasing foundations, with counsel, with prayers, with letters, with directions; to reply to Queens, to Princesses, who had recourse to her lights; and sometimes to read their characters, conquering her humility, her repugnance, and with the lights of God gave her as to the Supreme heirarchy of the Church, and as St. Francis was seen in a vision sustaining the Columns of the Latern, so his eldest daughter came to the aid of the Holy Church always combating, never vanquished thus with the shield of her saints and the infallible word of the great Saints, conquering all who undertook to combat with her. Now my soul believe it once for all. If charity to others is necessary for the just, it is much more for sinners, and God superabounds in charity for them. *"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and David a sinner, but penitent, promised to satisfy the Divine justice with charity when he said: "I will teach Thy ways and the wicked shall be converted unto Thee."

*—2 Peter iv. 8.

Prayer.

Who will give me intense charity, O Lord! to compassionate my neighbor, to instruct the ignorant, to console the afflicted, to visit the sick, to animate them to piety and virtue? Is it not true that you came down from heaven to do good to all? On the other hand, what need have I to make reparation for the little edification and the many scandals of my life. My cold indifference for the many miseries of my neighbor, for the many souls that are lost. Open, O Lord, the door of my heart, that I may be loving and kind, and grant that after the example of St. Clare, at the hour of my death, offer you the mercy done to my neighbor, to obtain mercy for myself Amen.

ST. CLARE TWICE LIBERATES COUNTRY FROM THE SARACENS.

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pyx, and replied to her : "I shall always have you in my care," to which Clare replied : "Protect also, O Lord, this my country, which gives us sustenance for Your Love." And the same voice replied, "Your country shall have much to suffer, but my arm shall be its defence." Filled with courage Clare advanced with the sacred pyx in her hands to the door, the infidels, who were climbing the second wall of the enclosure, threw themselves to the foot, flying together. Obstinate in their malice they returned after some time, and laid siege to the miserable city, putting all to fire and sword. The citizens resisted, but the following day they foresaw ultimate ruin, wanting help and defenders. In this peril came other help and other defence. All the night Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was implored by Clare and her children who were in sackcloth and ashes, that He would not fail in this danger, and He did not fail. In the morning a furious tempest, directed by an invisible power, burst upon the heads of the assailants, who, overwhelmed with terror, took flight. Consider, now, the power of prayer, which is more powerful than armies or armed men. Why do you not have recourse to it in your tribulations ? You see what and how much aid Jesus gives in the Blessed Sacrament, and how He desired the devotion of Clare to it. In fact he verified anew that which was sung by the Royal Prophet :

Si consistant adversum me castra,
Non timebit cor meum ;
Si exurgat adversum me proelium,
In hoc ego sperabo.—Psalm xxvi, 5-6.

If armies were drawn up against me, I shall not fear. If battle should rage against me, I will still hope in the Lord." In fine, reflect how important it is for a people, for a city, that there should be just souls in the midst of them. For a few just, the Lord delivers the multitude from the scourges that they have merited and from ultimate ruin.

The Visitation.

July 2nd, 1902.

What a beautiful month is that of Jesus' Precious Blood ! There are many bright feasts of joy flowing from His Sacred fountains. Many mystic "enclosed" gardens refreshed by their glistening waters, and blooming with rare flowers of grace.

Gladly would we linger in each, but as this may not be, we shall at least gather a few white roses from that of our Blessed Mother's Visitation, by these simple reflections, trusting our kind readers' devotion may suggest higher and holier thoughts, more worthy of this second mystery of her most Holy Rosary. It is, indeed, a joyful mystery. The Divine Heart, hidden in Mary as its first tabernacle, rejoices in the conquest of a soul through her mediation. "Exultavit at gigas ad currendam viam suam.. —Ps. xviii. His spirit overflows in Mary, and the glorious strains of her "Magnificat," echo through the hills of Juda. Our gifted poet-priest* has intoned an exquisite paraphrase of this inspired centicle, which deserves earnest study and unqualified admiration from all who love our Blessed Mother, and desire to enter responsively into her sentiments of humility, thanksgiving and praise.

Then we have the joy of that infant precursor, who, in mature years, rejoiced at the Bridegroom's voice ; also that of his aged mother, who was filled with God's holy spirit of joy. Even the "Benedictus," intoned later on by Zachary, belongs, in some manner, to this Visitation. Are not these words beautifully applicable to the grace conferred on St. John, when visited by Jesus and Mary ? "Quia visitavit et fecit redemptionem plebis suae."—St. Luke i, 68. Let us enter into the spirit of this feast, a

*—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P.

spirit of praise, and joy, and gratitude, which, to some souls at least, if not all, is the most powerful incentive urging them to love God, and overflow with charity, sympathy and kindliness, towards his creatures. Let this mystery remind us of Jesus hidden, though not as then, yet visiting us in love, and refreshing our spirits with celestial consolations in His Sacramental Union. "Behold, he standeth behind our wall, looking through the windows.———Behold, my beloved speaketh to me. Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come."—(Cant. ii, 8.) Beautiful July feast, fragrant with white roses of pure love! May our souls be embalmed by their mystic odors! May we welcome each visit of Jesus and Mary with the "Magnificat" and "Benedictus" of thanksgiving, and the humble sentiments of Elizabeth: "Whence is this to me?" And may we look forward to and implore that last visit of Jesus as Viaticum, which will strengthen us for the passage from time to eternity.

We owe this feast to the great Franciscan Doctor, St. Bonaventure, who, in the year 1263, ordered it to be solemnized in his order, but it was not until later on celebrated throughout Christendom. What gave rise to its establishment was, a spiritual writer tells us, that "certain good and pious men conceived the thought that it might be the will of Heaven,' in order to secure our Blessed Lady's special aid in a great schism which disturbed the Church. Pope Urban VI intended proscribing this feast, but death intervened, and his successor, Boniface IX, decreed it should be observed "with exultation of heart and soul." Here we have again the jovial spirit alluded to! During the Council of Florence, this beautiful feast occurred, and was one of peace, joy and harmony, —a "bond of union between East and West."

It was on the 2nd of July, 1849, that Rome was taken by the French from the Garabaldians, and at the return of Pope Pius IX, of saintly memory, in 1850, he ordered this feast to be celebrated with gratitude to God and His Blessed Mother for so happy a deliverance. The prayer of Holy Church asks for "an increase of peace," and may our sweet Mother and Advocate obtain it during life, and for eternal ages in the kingdom of untroubled peace. We will conclude these simple reflections by quoting from one of those beautiful stanzas in her "Magnificat" before alluded to, and echoing through the aisles of spirit with holy and poetic sweetness.

**"Ceaseless thy song; exhaustless as the light
That streams from Heaven's fountains day and night, ...
And touches life to sweetness and to grace."

Enfant de Marie.

**—Fr. Sheehan.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Pittsburg Observer.

To the Catholic Church her divine founder, Jesus Christ, has entrusted the duty of teaching all nations. Her mission is to educate, to teach all men, first of all the most necessary of all truths, the divinely revealed teachings of the Catholic faith, and in conjunction with this, to afford every facility for the acquirement of purely secular knowledge.

This teaching office of the Christ is exercised in preaching, by bishop and priest, in the authoritative words of the Roman Pontiff and in Catholic schools.

For this reason she has ever insisted that the work of educating the young is her work, that Christian education falls within her sphere and does not belong to the state. In the past she has erected schools and colleges, as well as churches and monasteries, and every scholar knows that the great European universities, most of which are in the hands of Protestants to-day, owe their origin to Catholic prelates. With the lapse of centuries her policy has not changed, and despite all clamor and opposition, her bishops in this country and at the beginning of the twentieth century insist that a Catholic school must be erected side by side with the church, and that no parish is complete unless it has a Catholic school.— St. Anthony's Messenger.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Year 609.—This year King Chosroes of Persia (not the same Chosroes whom we mentioned before) broke into Palestine and Syria and laid waste the holy places, carrying with him the true cross. On this occasion many of the Carmelites perished.

Years 610-613.—These years saw the beginning of Mahommedanism, which was so destructive for the order, that of the more than 70 large monasteries which the Carmelites possessed in Palestine, Syria and Egypt, not one remained. (Thus reported the Blessed Baptist of Mantua to the Pope.)

Year 617.—Chosroes devastated Palestine again. Antiochus, the abbot of the monastery of S. Sabas, reports as an eye witness, that the Persians, with incredible fury, fell upon the monks,killing all that could not escape. He himself was led by the Abbot Nicomedes and Modestus, to spend a few months in the monastery of the latter; whence again, owing to the threatened invasion of the enemy, he migrated to the monastery of Anastasius. The number of fathers that perished was 44. Modestus, a man prominent in sanctity, rebuilt the churches on Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, which the Persians had burned.

Years 618-625. — Emperor Heraclius waged war against Chosroes, defeated him and recovered the holy cross. A noble Persian, seeing the miracles wrought by the holy cross, left the Persian army, came to Palestine, became a Christian and a Carmelite under the name of Anastasius. Trying to convert his countrymen he was captured, and suffered a very cruel martyrdom. He had lived in the (reconstructed) monastery of S. Sabas, under the Abbot Justin.

Years 626-638.—Hesachius gave order to rebuild the churches and monasteries. John, called the Almsgiver, the Patriarch of Alexandria, contributed largely towards the restoration of the Carmelite Monasteries, and also Modestus, the successor of Zacharias, on the patriarchal see of Jerusalem, aided according to his ability.

Years 639-641.—ThC Caliph Omar overrun and occupied the Holy Land, with his Mahommedan hordes. Then, as S. Cyril, in his letter to Eusebius, relates: "The few, though very reliable monks of our order, leaving their habitations in the towns and villages, resided on Mount Carmel and some deserts in Palestine. They, like the other Christians, suffered a great many hardships, and were afflicted for about 460 years."

Omar forbade the Carmelites to wear the white cloak, because white was the distinguishing color of the Satraps; hence they adopted instead a striped cloak, which they wore till the year 1287.

Aegidius Gelen, canon of Cologne,says in his chronicles: "Though a few of these religious remained under the yoke of the Sacarene, especially on Mount Carmel, most of them fled from Egypt and Syria into Armenia and other Asiatic countries, and came by way of the Aegean Islands into Greece, where they flourished much."

(The striped cloak was also worn by the Carmelites of Europe in the convent at Harlem, lower German convents and at Frankfort on the Main. John of Hildesheim tells us that in 1358 he saw in the Carmelite monastery at the latter place a centenarian monk, Bartholomew, who told him that in his youth he yet wore the striped cloak.)

Year 707.—In this year the Carmelite monastery at Siena in Italy was founded. The manuscript chronicle of the city speaks of this plainly, and in the archives of the order the authentic bull of Leo IV, of 847, is preserved, in which the Pope grants indulgences to those who visit the Carmelite church there. (But this monastery, like so many others, is now lost to the order. Confiscations, expulsions, hostile invasions, etc., have done their work well, and but the memory of better times remains.)

Years 708-713.—During these years the invasion of Spain by the Moors took place. In consequence hundreds of monasteries and thousands of religious perished, amongst them many Carmelites.

In Rome, a girl possessed by the devil, was cured through the head of S. Anastasius, which had been brought there and deposited in the Church of S. John (now called Tre Fontane.)

Year 714-730.—In 714 the Moors occupied Toledo, promising the Christians that they could practice their religion freely in six churches within the city, and a suburban one called Alfizen, which was a Carmelite monastery.

In 730 the most famous picture of the Blessed Virgin in Sicily, that is in Drepane, was cut in wood in Eridithet on the Isle of Cyprus

Year 731.—The Moors having polluted the Cathedral of Toledo, which had been erected by S. Elpidius, the bishop's Cathedral was for a time transferred to the Carmelite Monastery outside the walls, and the monks moved into the monastery of S Servandus, which had been destroyed, but at least partially restored. (In the year 1095 the Carmelites regained possession of their monastery.)

Years 742-751.—The pope, Zacharias, is, by Aegidius Gelan, counted amongst the Carmelites. The same author also counts among the Carmelites the popes, Clement, Telesphor, Dionysius, Sylverius and Benedict V.

In 743, the foundation was laid for the Carmelite Monastery in Florence. The document of the foundation is the following : "We, Thomas, by the divine mercy, bishop of Florence, testify unto an eternal remembrance, and for the sake of those coming after us, that in honor of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and all the triumphant denizens of Heaven, in the presence of Maurice C. Cotteri, of S. Geminian and Godfred Cuffa, priests of the Church of Florence, and in the presence of the hermits of Mount Carmel, Gennesius, Basilides, Cyril, Enoch, Phrontus, Omyphrio, and Elpidius, who fled from the same mountain from the iniquitous successor of Mahommed, Omar, the King, and came hither, we, on this day, laid the cornerstone of a small church in a retired place for these hermits and the benefit of the Florentine people, and in their presence, on the road to Pisa, near the river Arno. Given, etc., etc., May 1st to 13th, indications, etc., etc."

The Moslim Sultans, Omar, Girlid and Euclid, were at the time persecuting and exterminating the Christians in their dominions, selling many into slavery and giving others the choice between death and apostacy.

Years 772-795.—Under the Saracene rulers, Abdallas, Madi, Moyses and Aaron, the persecution of the Christians in Palestine became intolerable. The Christians were all to be marked in their hands, so as to know them, the churches and monasteries levelled to the ground, and public service forbidden. Hence, most of the religious left the country, dispersing themselves in Europe. Baccus, a Carmelite, of the monastery of S. Labas, became a martyr.

Years 796-815.—Constantine VI, the Emperor of Constantinople, forced the Saracenes to give rest to the Christians. In consequence many pilgrims from Europe (we presume that they were the dispersed hermits returning) joined themselves to the hermits of Mount Carmel, and the monastic life commenced again to flourish.

In the year 797, a new monastery was built for the Carmelites in Siena.. (The first hermits had been received there in 707.) Cherlemagne made donations to it. It is also probable, that about the same time a monastery was opened in Pisa, at least the inscription on a tombstone dated 800, would lead us to suppose this.

Years 816-823.—After the death of Charlemagne, the Saracenes in the Holy Land again broke the peace, destroyed the monasteries which had been restored, killed a great many and scattered the balance of the Carmelites so that but few remained in the Holy Land, and these under constant sufferings and privations.

Year 832.—According to an official document the Carmelite Monastery at Lontina, in Sicily, was founded on Feb. 15th, the 11th indication in the year 837. (In the 13th century this monastery was rebuilt by S. Angelus, martyr.)

Years 848-854.— During these years, Leo IV. occupied the apostolic see.

Learning of the persecutions, spoliations and privations, to which the Carmelite Order was subjected by the Saracenes,he granted special privileges and indulgences to all who would assist the Carmelites in their necessities. (His bull was ratified by later popes, especially by Sixtus IV, Gregory XIII and Paul V.) Leo speaks of the Churches of the Blessed Virgin and Mother of God, Mary of Mt. Carmel.

From this on the accounts are so mixed up that it is exceedingly difficult to find any reliable news, and this the more, as there are hopeless contradictions in the claims of the different religious communities. The Carmelites, as well as the Basilians, Gregorians, Antonians, Paulists and Augustinians lacked the organization, which would have allowed all their followers to remain ever united under one acknowledged head. Hence the superiors of different communities added to or changed some of the rules, to meet the necessities of time and place. Wars, heresies in the east, discussions among the rulers of the west, anti-popes, the Saracene and Moorish invasions, etc., did not allow the religious the opportunity to develop and perfect their life in peace. Besides the few historians of this time speak of prominent Anchorites or coenobites without even mentioning the monastery they came from, or the time in which they lived, or the order they belonged to. Therefore, it is better to omit details and simply cling to the constant tradition of ancient, medieval and modern historians of the Carmelite Order, that there was no time from its first institution, in which no Carmelites lived. This note is to explain the dearth of news.

Years 1046-1047.— S. Gerard Sagredo, born in Venice, was in his youth a pupil of the Benedictines at S. George in Venice, became a canon of S. Mars, and finally joined the Carmelites. He proceeded on his journey to Mount Carmel, but was prevailed on by S Stephen, the King of Hungary to stay in his Kingdom and preach the Gospel. He built for himself and his companion a monastery at Beel. After the death of S. Stephen a revolution and persecution of the Christians broke out, in which S. Gerard gained the crown of martyrdom.

At the same time another Carmelite Gerard, who had come from Antioch to implore the help of the West against the schismatics and Saracens, was sent by the Pope as his legate to the German King Henry. He, about this time founded the monastery of Boppard, which is older than the parish church there, so that for a time it served for the parish chdrch.

Years 1073-1085.— In the year 1073 S. Berthold, the future first latin general of the Carmelite Order was born. His father was Guido of Malfaide, in Limoges At an early age Berthold was sent to the university of Paris, to prosecute his studies, and there he also obtained the title of doctor of divinity. His brother's name was Aymer. His father had intended to become a religious, but was dissuaded by Gerard, the Legate, who told him that God wanted him to marry since he was to have two sons, who would do much for God and religious life.

At this time also there appeared Peter the Hermit, who gave the impetus to the first crusade. He is said by some to be a Carmelite anchorite, since at the foot of a crucifix in a Belgian monastery he is depicted in the Carmelite habit. He himself had brought this reliquiary crucifix from Jerusalem.

The King of Spain tried to have the monastery church at Alfizen, outside Toledo, raised to the rank of a cathedral, but Gregory VII, foreseeing the recovery of Toledo from the Moors ,declined the request.

Year 1086-1100.—During this time the first crusade, under Godfrey of Bullion, took place. He conquered Jerusalem, and was elevated custodian of the Holy Sepulchre, since he declined the title of king. In the archives of our monastery in Mantua there was preserved an order of Godfrey, to contribute every Saturday to the support of the Carmelite monasteries erected along the road the Blessed Virgin took when visiting Elisabeth, and also the bulls of four popes, addressed to the patriarch of Jerusalem in favor of the Carmelites.

Carmelites who accompanied French knights on their return from Palestine, founded the monastery at Bourges, in 1099 or 1100. According to the archives

Hospice of Mt. Carmel

Niagara Falls, Canada

The Most Picturesquely Situated Guest House on the American Continent.

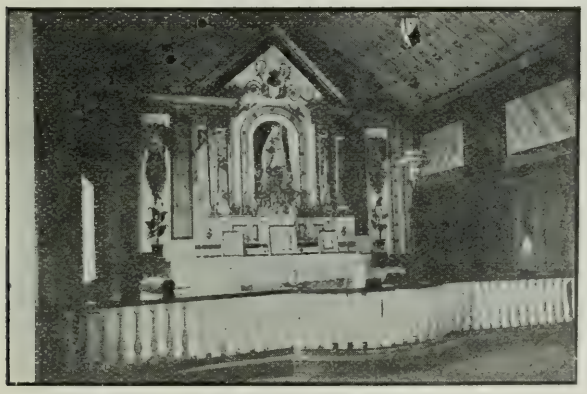
THE HOSPICE OF MOUNT CARMEL

The Hospice of Mount Carmel.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel is an ideal, commodious and modern guest house. It is a part of a grand plan for an edifice to include a Shrine, a Hospice and a Monastery. As yet the Hospice is the only portion completed, but that section has been finished in every detail. It was opened for guests in 1896.

Persons intending to make a permanent stay at the Hospice should write to us (enclosing reference), at least a week previous to their coming.

A glance through this booklet will give a splendid idea of the unique attainments of this institution.



IN THE LITTLE CHAPEL

Its Situation.

No more sublimely picturesque or advantageous site than that occupied by the Hospice of Mount Carmel can be found on the Canadian border. The building faces the east at an elevation of 150 feet above, and slightly south-west of the Canadian Falls. From the windows, the piazzas and the grounds can be seen the American and Horse Shoe Falls, the rapids and several miles of the upper river, the great steel arch bridge, the City of Niagara Falls, N. Y., a portion of the wondrous gorge and a vast tract of exquisite landscape over which health-giving and invigorating breezes are ever playing.

A QUIET RETREAT

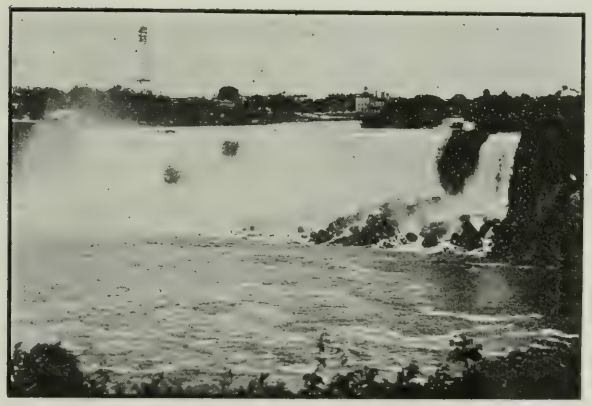
The Accommodation.

The guest rooms number fifty. Each one is nicely furnished for all necessities and comforts, and some of them are large enough to accommodate a small family or party. The rooms all open into the immense corridors. These corridors are twelve feet wide with lofty ceilings. They are splendidly lighted and are airy and cool even in the hottest days of summer. Off the main hall is a large office with long distance telephone connection and a complete assortment of maps, guides and other sources of information for the travellers.

THE LIBRARY
(The Hospice solicits donations of Books, Pictures, etc.)

The Surroundings.

The library, which is on the second floor, has most exceptional advantages as regards space, light and location. It occupies the entire width of the main building and opens on to a balcony directly over the front entrance. It commands an extensive view of entrancing and ever charming beauty. Nor does the soul inspiring scene fade from sight with the passing day; it takes on a different aspect, and when the moon sheds its pure radiance on tossing waters, forest, field and shadowy gorge the scene is one of indescribable lovliness.



THE AMERICAN FALLS

The Appointments.

The comforts and conveniences of the spacious halls cannot be too strongly emphasized; but these are only one of the many agreeable comforts. A large dining room, with seating capacity for over one hundred guests, runs the full length of the front of the building, and outside is a magnificent portico with massive granite pillars, from the shady depths of which one can view the river, rapids, the orchard and the tennis court. There is likewise a charmingly appointed dining room for those who prefer a quieter service than the public dining room affords. The lighting, heating and the cooking, too, is done exclusively by electricity furnished by the great cataract itself. Indeed as regards the completeness of its appointment in this respect, the Hospice enjoys the unique distinction of being the most perfectly equipped building in the world. The water used is from a living spring, which flows from a rock 145 feet below. Ample sized toilet and bathrooms are on every floor, and the plumbing is perfect in every detail.

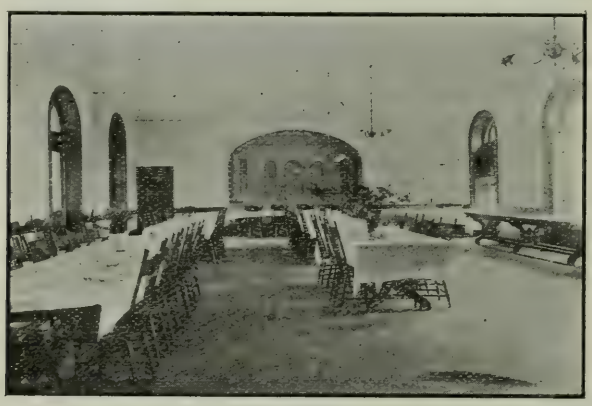
THE HORSESHOE FALLS

Of Easy Access.

Probably no place on the American continent is more familiar to the traveller or more easily reached than Niagara Falls. All the great railroads of the continent have direct connections for that point.

The Carmelite Hospice is on the main line of the Michigan Central Railway. Its grounds touch the beautiful observation station at Falls View. Over this road, besides the main line M. C. R. trains from east and west, there pass the Niagara Division M. C. R. trains, T. H. & B. trains and C. P. R. trains.

The local electric roads, having direct connection with all the electric roads between Niagara Falls and Buffalo, run to the gate of the Hospice grounds.



THE MAIN DINING ROOM

A COSY CORNER

of this monastery the convent was built three times at different places of the city but always within the limits of the parish of S. Eulalia. The first foundation was made by the knight De la Lande. A descendant of his, Gagliard De la Lande, rebuilt it in another spot in 1217, and Lady Catherine De la Lande raised the third building in 1497. There were 5 General Chapters of the order celebrated in this convent and in 1441, Pope Eugene IV erected in it an academy and university.

About 1095, our Religious recovered from Alphonsus VI the possessions of Alfizen, outside the walls of Toledo, which, during the Moorish occupation, they had ceeded to the Bishop and Chapter. At the same time Alphonsus granted them a large tract of land and other valuable privileges. The Religious remained in it till 1501, when ,on account of some troubles, they were dispossessed but regained possession after a few years.

Years 1101-1117.— After the conquest of Palestine was completed by Baldwin, the brother and successor of Godfrey of Bullion, Berthold went to Mount Carmel, where he received the erimitical habit, and where in a short time he became a pattern of penance and exact observance to all the hermits living there. Of the year 1113, mention is made of a Carmelite monastery on Mount Thabor, which the Turks destroyed, killing all the inhabitants and annihilating whatever they found there. In the year 1115 Peter the Hermit died, as prior of the monastery he had founded in Belgium, after his return from the Holy Land.

In the year 1113, towards the end of October, the first prior of Boppard (in Westphalia) died. His name was Henry.

Years 1118-1124.—According to the report of Bl. Cyril of Constantinople, who was a Carmelite and contemporarean at the time, the Carmelite Order in the holy land flourished exceedingly, gaining a large number of members from Europe. After they had crowded the caves of Mount Carmel, they settled near Lake Genesareth in the desert, where the miraculous multiplication of bread took place, and also along the banks of the Jordan, on Quarantine, etc. In 1121, L. Berthold was chosen Superior General, uniting under his jurisdiction all the monasteries and hermitages, and Aymeric, the patriarch of Antioch, handed over to him the translation into Latin of the book of Patriarch John of Jerusalem, that it might serve for their guidance.

A Carmelite called Gerard laid the first foundations of the order of the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem. This Gerard was a lay brother.

About the year 1118, the monastery of Palermo was founded, and in 1121 the first burial took place from it.

Years 1130-1140.—Aymeric, whom we mentioned above, a relation of F. Berthold, was made patriarch of Antioch in 1137. He, as said, gave to the Carmelites the Latin translation of the old rule, and added by his own authority, whatever was necessary to transform the order from an eremitical into a coenobitical one. Hence it is from this time that we see the order established in the way in which we find it to-day. Naturally this transformation took place at first in Palestine only, and the eremitical communities existing at the time in Spain, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Sicily adopted only in the course of time, especially after the order had left Palestine and settled in Europe, when it became impossible any longer to endure the yoke of the Mahommedans.

The principal change was in the vow of obedience. There were complaints on the part of the Greek hermits, that the Latin ones did not observe strictly the traditions. In order to remedy this, Aymeric rendered into Latin, the book of Patriarch John, built a wall around the old sanctuary of the Carmelites, collected all the hermits from their different caves, inside of this enclosure, and by their unanimous consent appointed his relation Berthold the first general superior, to whom all were bound not as heretofore by a promise, but by a vow of obedience.

Aymeric also subjected the monks of Mount Nervi, near Antioch, to the supervision of Berthold. The monastery on Mount Thabor, which the Turks had destroyed, was restored under a prior.

The official title of the reformed order was to be "The Hermit Brothers of

Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel." The cloak worn at the time is described by John of Malines thus : "The cloak consisted of seven distinct parts of two colors each. Three were black, or dark, signifying the three theological virtues, and four were white, representing the cardinal virtues. The cloak, open in front and descending to the ground, was white on either side of the opening. The second bar right and left was dark, the third white, and the centre piece in the back was dark."

Year 1148.—On the occasion of the council of Rheims, mention is made of a prophecy of S. Hildagar, a Benedictine Abbess, which is interpreted as applying to the Carmelites : "Varicolored horses shall come whose progress is from the Orient to the Occident. But changing their skin they shall by and by proceed. Their progress is from the Occident to the Orient. These are the first and the last.'

Emperor Emmanuel of Constantinople forbade the religious to possess any real estate.

Years 1149-1151.—There is mention made of two monasteries at Tyrus and Beritus in Phoenicia. But their existence was short, and no details have come upon us, as the Turks destroyed not only the houses, but also the records they found anywhere.

Years 1155-1159.—In these years the monastery of Marsala, in Sicily, was founded by Carmelites, who had come thither with Queen Adelasia of Jerusalem. They dedicated their church to the Annunciation (as they probably had lived in Nazareth.)

Uear 1165.—The Carmelites probably in this year established a monastery in the holy house of Nazareth. Also this is the year of the birth of S. Simon Stock in England.

Year 1166.—The Greek Emperor Emmanuel Comnenus made the feast of S. Elias (July 26th) a day of obligation. The same year the feast of S. Cyril of Alexandria was made a day of obligation for the order.

Year 1170.—On the site of the former hermitage of the sons of the prophets at Sarepta, a monastery was built. An earthquake destroyed the monasteries at Tyre and Antioch.

Year 1173.—Bl. Cyril of Constantinople after a sharp controversy with the schismatic patriarch about the procession of the Holy Ghost, went to Mount Carmel, where he received the habit of the order from Bl. Brocard, then local prior of the manastery.

There was at the time also a Carmelite monastery at Messina in Sicily. But how long before this year it had been founded is uncertain.

Year 1180.—P. Alexander III confirmed the Carmelite Order, of whose austerity and manner of life he had been informed the year before on the occasion of the Lateran Council, at which among other Oriental prelates, also Bishop Albert of Bethlehem, himself a Carmelite, was present. Cardinal Bellarmin expressly states : "The Carmelite Order was confirmed by Alexander III, 1180; by Innocent, 1199 ; by Honorius III, 1216, and mitigated by Innocent IV, 1248.

The Religious of Palestine and Syria, during this and the foregoing years, had suffered a great deal by the devastation caused by Sultan Saladin, and the ravages committed by CountBoemand of Antioch in revenge for the proceedings of the patriarch against his adulterous life.

Year 1181.—Bl. Cyril, whilst living on Mount Carmel, under S. Berthold and S. Brocard, saw in a vision S. Basil, a former Bishop of Cesarea, who commanded him to preach in Armenia and spread the truth. He communicated the vision to his superiors, who gave him Euschius for a companion. After 10 years of indefatigable labor he brought the King and people to the unity of the Church. They, by an embassy, submitted to Pope Lucius.

Year 1182.—Pope Lucius granted indulgences in favor of the Carmelites.

Year 1183.—At this time the two monasteries on Mount Thabor, the older and smaller one of the Greeks, and the larger one of the Latins, were attacked by the Turks, who, however, were beaten off successfully.

Gratitude is memory of the heart.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty pipes of you who diffuse it. It proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—George Eliot.

A Wayward Life.

It was an afternoon early in September. The small fleecy clouds were chasing one another across the pale blue of the Zenith. The sun was hot and the atmosphere was sultry. A gentle south wind was blowing, but this, instead of bringing coolness, made the heat all the more enervating, as the wind itself seemed like the breath of a furnace. The earth was dry and parched; the trees were drooping; everything seemed to cry to Heaven for rain, but as yet no sign of the slightest shower appeared above the horizon.

Yet in spite of dryness, sun and sultriness, two boys were playing tennis behind Mr. Ormer's dwelling, in a quiet spot of Lucington. The boys were the sons of Mr. Ormer, a tanner, who was now lying sick abed. They had been at their game well nigh two hours, and were almost exhausted by their play and the unbearable heat. Still they played on, and would have continued to do so for some time yet, had their game not been suddenly interrupted by a heavy storm.

The wind had quickly shifted and was now blowing hard from the West. In a few minutes a dense mass of clouds appeared on the western horizon, and grew blacker and larger till it covered the sky; then the rain poured down, refreshing and rejuvenating the gaping earth below.

"Well, Eddie, I suppose we'll have to stop," said the elder of the two tennis players. "I'm tired out anyway."

"So am I," said Eddie. "But that game would be mine, if we had continued and then the score would be three to three."

"I hardly think so," answered his brother, "but if you want to console yourself with that thought you're welcome to it."

They had moved to the verandah and the rain was now pouring down in torrents. The lightning was playing in the clouds with its vivid flames, and the thunder rolled and re-echoed in tremendous confusion.

"That's like a real storm," said Eddie to his brother, between the peals of thunder. "I wouldn't like to be in the forest now with that lightning and thunder."

"Why, the thunder wouldn't hurt you," said the elder brother. "It's nonsense to think so."

He had scarcely uttered these words when a vivid flash of lightning striking a tall tree within fifty yards of them, was accompanied by a terrific, ear-splitting crash of thunder. The elder brother jumped to his feet in fear, and Eddie involuntarily did the same; then he burst into a laugh.

"I thought you weren't afraid of thunder," he said, looking at his brother Ronald.

Ronald tried to smile, but it was a poor simper, indeed, that passed over his pale face.

The storm soon began to abate, and as it did so the brothers turned to the discussion of other matters.

There was a vast difference of character between these two. Ronald, the elder by four years, was a determined, self-willed, opinionated fellow. When he had once settled on anything for his own good, he would carry it out at all costs. He would often hector his younger brother, and, although he loved him after a manner, he loved himself more. Altruistic he was,—but for himself. Eddie but seventeen years old, was of a disposition by far more yielding and winning than was Ronald. Where opposing views clashed with his own, Eddie was ever ready to compromise in order to avoid trouble and inconvenience to others. Perhaps it was a fault,— this over-readiness to give in; but if so, it was a fault on the right side. If it, now and then, brought him into a hobble, it certainly freed others more than once from a like inconvenience and embarassment.

"This hot weather is very trying on papa," said Eddie in a compassionate tone. "I think he'll feel better after that cool rain."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ronald, half distractedly.

"The doctor was here this morning, and I don't think he has much hope for papa's recovery," said Eddie.

"What did the doctor say?" asked Ronald, suddenly looking up with an air of unusual interest.

"I didn't see him when he came out. but I knew from mother's look that there is but little hope now," replied Eddie, with a sigh as his eyes became moist with tears.

"Oh! those doctors don't know everything," said Ronald coldly. "There's no use crying until trouble comes. It's only wasting energy and time. Anyhow you know papa can live for months yet."

"That is true," replied Eddie, with tears starting from his eyes. "but then, how terrible to think of papa's death! He has been so kind to us, and mamma will die of grief, I'm sure."

At this moment a servant opened the door leading to the verandah, and called Ronald.

"Mrs. Ormer says you must go for the doctor immediately. Mr. Ormer is somewhat worse."

Eddie jumped up and rushed past the servant towards his father's bedroom. As he approached the door, a nurse was leading Mrs. Ormer out. Poor Mrs. Ormer had seen the great change that had come over husband in the last few hours, and the shock was too much for her. She could bear up no longer and burst out weeping at the bedside of her dying husband. The nurse saw that it was hurtful to leave her there, so she gently took her out and was quietly leading her to another room.

"Oh! Eddie, run for the doctor. Your father's dying," cried out the heart-broken mother, as she saw her son coming towards her.

"Ronald's gone for him, mother. Don't cry; everything will be all right," he answered, as he took his sobbing mother by the arm, and aided her to a sitting-room.

The doctor came, and although he saw no immediate danger, he acknowledged that there was but little hope of Mr. Ormer's lasting beyond a day or so. This news brought renewed tears and sobs and grief for the poor wife. Eddie strove to comfort her, and by his efforts, he succeeded in making the sorrow more bearable to his mother.

Ronald went about the house as quiet and undisturbed as if his father were in the best of health, and not in the very grasps of death. He received all ill-reports of the doctor with perfect composure, and, if one be allowed to judge in the outward bearing, the true internal sentiment,—almost with satisfaction.

Mr. Ormer grew gradually worse, and prepared himself for death by the reception of the Sacraments. On the fourth day after the relapse, he passed into eternity, amidst the sorrow and grief of his family.

Mrs. Ormer was prostrated by the blow and was unable to attend the funeral. It soon became evident that the wife would closely follow her husband to the grave. She was not a strong woman by any means, and the long illness of Mr. Ormer had worn her little remaining strength down to a minimum. In two months the soul of Mrs. Ormer went to join that of her husband.

All that was left of the Ormer family was the two boys,—Ronald and Eddie. They inherited the entire property of their parents, with the exception of a few small legacies for charitable purposes. Mr. Ormer had left a third part of his wealth to each of the two boys; of the remaining one third, the wife was to have the usufruct during life, and at her death, it was to be divided equally between the sons. Thus it was that within a few months each boy became heir to some fifty thousand dollars.

Ronald was in great haste to get control of his money, and showed little grief at the death of his parents. Eddie was almost inconsolable, and cared not for the money inherited from his parents, whose voice he so longed to hear, and whose faces were still fresh in his memory.

The home, together with some twenty thousands of dollars passed to Ronald, who was now of age. With great eclat and aplomb he entered upon his inheritance, but it was a sad day for him when he stepped forth upon the world to face its wiles and its deceits. Self-assurance is, indeed, necessary to one who is to bear the brunt of life's battle, but it must not be a self-assurance which de-

spises and sets at naught the wisdom of men. For, if men are deficient in the wisdom of the spirit, that of the flesh is strong within them, and he who thinks to outdo the world at its own tricks is a fool of no common type. Ronald thought he was conversant enough with the ways of men to take care of himself and of his money. Others have thought the same ; others have paid the penalty of their rashness ; Ronald Ormer was destined to pay his.

He lost heavily in speculation. Wily schemers began to use him as their cat's paw. Loss did not warn him ; it made him only the more obstinate in his course. All sorts of investments were placed before him. No friend could persuade him that this or that investment was best. He would believe no well-wisher. Old, grey headed experience could teach him naught.

To this reckless risking of his money, must be added the insane squandering of the same. Like the prodigal son, he lived on his portion of the inheritance enjoying it as he might wish. He refused himself no pleasure he desired ; his boon companions led him on to sure destruction by all manner of flattery and cajolement. He learned bad habits, but acquired no new and good ones. Nay, his former good habits were set aside as petty nothings, as deserving not even a passing notice. His parents' example and precept had formerly kept him fairly within the bounds of religious duty ; but now, precept and example removed, he no longer paid the homage to the Almighty, which even reason tells us is His due.

Amidst all this roistering, he soon found himself in want of ready money. All the surplus money had been spent ; investments he now had none ; the home was all that remained to him. He had given his note for several thousands of dollars ; it was now due. There was but one way left for him to get further money,—to mortgage the home. He had mentioned this to Eddie, who was now just of age. Of course Eddie could not persuade him not to do it. Any attempt at such a proceeding, on the part of the younger brother, would have made Ronald only the more eager to do it. Accordingly Eddie kept his peace.

Whilst Ronald had been carrying everything with a high hand, Eddie had been carefully employing his time in study. He had taken up the study of medicine, and already at twenty-one years of age, had but one more year of the course to put in. When he heard of Ronald's intention of mortgaging the old home of his childhood, his heart was fit to break. He resolved, however, to ask Ronald to let him have the mortgage on the place. To this proposal Ronald consented after some hesitation. Thousand after thousand was borrowed by the elder brother, on the security of the home. When Ronald drew the twenty-fifth thousand, Eddie warned him that he could not expect to get more on that security. Eddie had seen, to his dismay, the downhill course of Ronald. He had seen him squander the borrowed thousands, and had viewed the gradual undoing of his brother's manhood. It would have been in vain to protest, to beseech, to pray his brother to do right, as vain as to command the hoary Alps to bow their cloud-topped peaks to the rising sun.

The mortgage was finally foreclosed. Ronald Ormer had gone through the fortune left him by his father, and that in the short space of five years. He was now a penniless man. Dejected, but not repentant, chastised but not bettered, Ronald returned to the old home the day of the foreclosure. Here, in the library, he met Eddie. The latter held out his hand to him. Ronald refused it with a defiant look in his face. Eddie felt the insult, but showed not his feelings.

"Well, Ronald, you must not think yourself less welcome here than formerly. Make your home here in the future as you have done in the past, and I'll never forget that you are my brother. As long as I live you shall not want."

Ronald raised his head in haughty defiance, and his eyes glittered like steel points, as he said :

"That's what I get for my kindness to you. I let you live here in quiet and peace whilst I was owner, and now, when you are owner, you begin to be proud and supercilious. No, I'll never stay with a man who pretends to be religious and brotherly, and then robs his brother of his last cent. Keep your house and

ill-begotten goods, I'll never trouble you again."

As he uttered the last words, he turned upon his heel and left the room. Eddie stood as if transfixed by a thunderbolt. He gazed in amazement at the open door before him. He could scarcely believe his ears. As Eddie stood staring, Ronald passed the library door on his way out. The sight of him brought Eddie to his senses, and with a cry he rushed out of the door, through the hall after Ronald. At the front door he called him. Ronald turned not, but kept on at a quick pace down the walk to the gate. He did not even look back as he passed through it, and turning to his right was soon out of sight. It was afterwards learned that he took a train for New York, but this was the last fact that all the searching of brother and friend could discover about Ronald Ormer.

Eddie knew not what to do as he saw his brother hastening down the walk. His first impulse was to rush after him, to implore him to return, and to promise him all he should want. But the foolishness of this flashed across his mind. He called to Ronald, but the call was unheeded. As if petrified, he stood looking in utter dismay at the receding figure of his brother, as it grew less and less in the dim distance. Ronald turned a corner and was lost from his sight. Eddie uttered a groan and wrung his hands in consternation. Dazed and in anguish, he returned to the library, and threw himself on a lounge. At first he could scarcely think, but as his ideas began to clear up and shape themselves, he realized that there was absolutely no use in pursuing his brother or in making promises. To give Ronald more money would not mend, but rather complicate matters. In offering him a home, he had done all he could possibly do for him. That offer rejected, there was nothing further to do. So resigning himself to his sorrows and trials, he offered up a prayer to God and the Blessed Virgin to take care of his careless and spendthrift brother.

In a year Eddie finished his course and received his diploma. He began the practice of medicine in his native place, and owing to his talents, and especially to his earnest application, he soon acquired for himself a name in medical science. Years came and years went. Eddie married and lived happily with his family. But during all this time no word of information was ever received of his brother Ronald. Ronald was dead to him, and after ten years Eddie began to believe that he had died. He shuddered at the thought of him,—living or dead.

He saw but one ray of hope for poor Ronald, a faint ray, indeed; but to many a man, a similar one has often been the means of lighting up the path of duty in the densest darkness of sin. That ray shone forth from the early habits and education of his brother. A man never wholly undoes the training of his first years. The impressions are too deep, too well engraven on the virgin soul of childhood to wear off by the most severe and continuous grinding. These engravings, these impressions may be covered over with the foulest of litter; they may be besmeared and bespotted with the noisome mire of sin; they may be attacked directly by the stern hand of impartial time, yet they cannot be completely effaced Let them be never so dulled, the furbishing can begin at any moment so only the proper circumstances are present.

It was on the training of Ronald's early youth that Eddie relied. The example and instruction of his parents must needs have impressed Ronald's mind deeply. It was only after he had fallen in with unprincipled boon companions, that he had strayed from the right way to return no more. Yet small as this ray of hope was, Eddie received much consolation from it.

* * * * *

In the autumn of the twelfth year after Ronald's departure, Eddie. or rather, Dr. Ormer, was visiting in Chicago. His wife and family were with him, and they all drove around through the parks seeing what was worth seeing, and enjoying a few days of leisure.

One day the doctor and his wife were driving along Michigan avenue not far from the Auditorium. The horses were very lively and the driver did not seem to have them under perfect control. As

they neared the entrance to Van Buren street, an automobile caught the hind wheel of a bicycle which was going across its course. The impact sent the bicycle and its rider pell-mell under the feet of the horses attached to Dr. Ormer's carriage. These plunged forward in fright; the driver lost his seat in the sudden lurch of the carriage, and the horses ran at full speed down the street. Several men tried to stop them, but they succeeded only in slightly retarding their speed. The vehicle rolled from side to side, and threatened every moment to upset. The horses had run two blocks when a rough fellow, with dark face, rough grey beard and tattered clothes, rushed into the road in front of them. As they came up he sprang alongside of the nigh horse, grabbed its bridle, and by almost superhuman efforts succeeded in holding on and in bringing the team to a standstill. But the effort cost him dearly. As the team stopped, his grasp loosened and he dropped to the pavement senseless,—the legs of the horse which he had caught, had broken three ribs and bruised his body severely.

Dr. Ormer jumped out of the carriage and ran to his rescuer. A crowd soon gathered, and under the direction of the doctor, several men carried the patient to a drug store close at hand. Here he was laid on the floor, while Dr. Ormer examined him. He found that the three ribs had injured him interiorly, and that the injuries were fatal. In examining his chest Dr. Ormer found a brown scapular on the dying man. In the meantime an ambulance arrived, and when he reached the hospital, Dr. Ormer at once called a priest. After all had been done for the wounded man, both temporally and spiritually, Dr. Ormer left, promising to return in a few hours.

Towards evening, the sick man came to his senses. After gazing around the ward for a few moments in utter bewilderment, the patient moved slightly in bed, and immediately the pain in his left side brought him back to the runaway accident. The pain caused by the slight raising of himself was so acute that he lay back in complete exhaustion.

In a few minutes the house doctor and nurse came to examine him. He asked them about the wound, and was told that the extent of the danger was as yet unknown. As he was now conscious the priest was again called.

The priest came, and stayed and talked long with the patient. At first the sick man showed but little attention to his words, but thrust his hand into his bosom and fumbled around for something. Gradually, however, he softened as he learned that he had but a few days, perhaps only hours, to live. Finally he received the sacraments and resigned himself to the end, which he felt was fast approaching. The look on his face seemed to have greatly changed after receiving the sacraments. The stern hard lines on his forehead lost their repulsiveness ; the eye became mild and kind. His lips were seen to move in prayer.

Dr. Ormer called in the evening and was accompanied by the priest to the bedside of his dying rescuer. He was slumbering as they approached, but their whispering caused him to awake. As he did so his eye rested full upon the face of Dr. Ormer, who was bending over him gazing wonderingly at the changed look and countenance. The dying man gazed a moment at the doctor's face, then started up and cried out, "Eddie !"

Dr. Ormer drew back in amazement, but like a flash the truth broke upon him.

"Ronald ! Is it you ?"

"Yes, it is Ronald," answered his brother ; "forgive me all the wrong I have done you."

"Wrong ? If either of us should ask pardon, it is I. But now let all wrongs be forgotten, and let me thank you for the preservation of my life. I hope God may spare you to return home with me."

Ronald shook his head. His brows contracted with the intensity of the pain and for a moment he could not speak. Soon a peaceful calm returned to the sick man's face.

"No hope for me," said Ronald. "I feel that I am going soon. I cannot stand that pain long."

"Oh ! don't give up yet ; you may pull through all right," said Eddie.

"I don't wish to live longer. I'm glad I've seen you before I go. I can die in peace now."

"And how and where have you been all these years ?" asked Eddie.

"Over all the world. I have gone

from place to place, caring not what happened. I feel thankful to God for his goodness to ——"

The pain caused him to cease speaking.

"God has been good and merciful because you have remembered the religious practises taught by our good parents. I knew you would not forget them," said Eddie.

"All,—all but one," said the dying man. A shudder seized upon his whole frame, his lips tightened and a paleness crept over his face. His hand stole slowly to his breast. The doctor and priest thought it involuntarily sought the seat of pain,—but no. It fumbled around for a moment, and emerged holding a soiled and threadbare scapular of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel. A faint smile flitted across his face.

"Look!" said he, with childish eagerness and simplicity, "look at this. I've never forgotten to wear it since the day of my first Holy Communion. Our Blessed Lady has watched over me. She has brought me back to God at last. I thank her for it."

As he spoke these last words, the hand holding the scapular fell on his breast. Again he shuddered, again his lips tightened and relaxed. A deep sigh issued forth from between them, and Ronald Ormer was no more.

C. J. A., Chicago.

Eventide.

J. William Fischer.

Far o'er the waving fields of em'rald green,
  Where whisp'ring run the merry rills so free,
  The meadow-lark sounds sweet her melody,
And sunbeams fading throw their smiles serene.
The lily pale has laid her head to dream
  Upon the brook's green breast and o'er the lea,
  In notes of prayer, soft, pealing, glad and free,
The ang'lus, ringing, sings its evening theme.
O little bell! From out yon belfry gray,
  Thy accents, stealing, linger soft and sweet;
  Hushed are the noises in the village street,
Whilst now you echo out the parting day—
The ploughman hears thy call and doth repeat
His thanks to God, while bending low to pray.

Editorial Notes.

A special pilgrimage train will leave Buffalo at 7.30 a.m. on July 16th for Falls View.

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Special indulgences are granted at the great pilgrimage which will take place at the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady of the Feast, July 16th.

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Many pilgrims are expected at the great Carmelite Feast at Falls View on July 16th. A special train will carry the pilgrims from Buffalo.

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Do not throw your "Review" aside carelessly after reading it. Keep it carefully and have the numbers bound at the end of a year or two. You will find it pleasant pastime to peruse back numbers in some leisure hour.

* * * *

The sudden illness of our Gracious Sovereign shocked the whole world, just at the moment when all preparations for the coronation were completed. After all our little human plans are easily frustrated. "Man proposes, but God disposes."

* * * *

Has it ever struck you, that you could do a good deal in the interests of Mary if you would? In this age of pernicious literature, there is a great need of wholesome journals. The "Carmelite Review" is one of the latter. Recommend it to your friends. We will gladly forward sample copies.

* * * *

President Cleveland received a doctor's degree from Villanova College, conducted by the Augustinian Fathers. In addressing the students, he gave praise to the teaching orders of the Church. We are glad to find that the religious orders are beginning to receive that credit, which is due to them.

* * * *

"However harsh God may at times appear, he never inflicts needless suffering upon us. He gives us pain only in order to purify us. The bitterness of the pain arises from the evil which has to be overcome. He would not probe us were we healthy. He only cuts into our diseased, corrupted parts. It is for our self-love that we suffer most. God's hand spares us as much as possible."

How much truth and also how much sweet consolation do not these simple thoughts of Fenelon contain!

* * * *

In this month occurs the great Carmelite Feast, on July 16th. A plenary indulgence can be gained by all the faithful during the time between first and second Vespers, or from about 2 o'clock p.m. of the vigil until sundown of the following day of the feast itself, "toties quoties," or, as often as they visit a Carmelite Church and pray according to the intention of the Holy Father, having on that day approached the Sacraments. Every good Catholic will avail himself or herself of this happy opportunity, and gain as many indulgences, especially for the Poor Souls, as possible. The annual Pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace will take place on this day. All lovers of the Brown come to Falls View. You are heartily welcome.

* * * *

Under the title of "Poisoning the Wells," the editor of the Sacred Heart Messenger has published, in the June number of his excellent magazine, an article that is widely copied by Catholic papers, and which deserves to be read by all.

It shows Appletons' new Cyclopedia to be the shameful work of bigots who deliberately misrepresent everything pertaining to Catholicism; its doctrine, its history, etc., after heralding their work as a model of impartiality and truth. Such abominable practice, which is disgusting and extremely painful to lovers of truth—and man naturally loves truth—can and must be stopped. Able minds accomplish a sacred mission when they use their talents to refute these slanders and expose to the well deserved contempt of the world these public liars and malicious defrauders. This is one way

of putting a stop to such wholesale deception,and another very efficacious means to reach the same end would be to boycott all products and works of bigotry. Have you read that masterly article of the Messenger ?

Book Review.

Our readers are well acquainted with Mr. Francis W. Grey, as a writer. They have read in these pages, with pleasure, no doubt, his literary compositions, especially poetical, which are always deeply religious in thought and sentiment. They will therefore welcome the little brochure "Love Crucified," in which he publishes some of his select verses.

Many may not know that the gifted and especially fluent writer is a convert living in the Old Country, though for many years he resided in Canada

The booklet is printed by Chas. Vaude Vyvere-Petyt, Bruges (Belg.)

To be had at the office of the "Carmelite Review"; price, 25c per copy.

* * * *

For publishing "The Dangers of Youth and a Tried Antidote," by Rev. Jos. Jordans, S.J., B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Lonis, Mo., deserves the sincere gratitude of all who have at heart the spiritual, and for that also the temporal welfare of young people, who, more than others, are exposed to and surrounded by many dangers.

The great moral disease of our day, with which thousands are afflicted, and which is easily contracted by those still free from it, is the vice of impurity. To give an efficacious remedy against this dangerous malady is the object of this booklet. After a short sketch of the life and labours of the distinguished physician of souls, Fr. Zucchi, the author makes his readers acquainted with the remedy which this great man has prescribed, adding the record of the many successes it has achieved.

This no less simple than efficacious remedy consists in this, that as soon as you rise in the morning, and before retiring at night, you say, kneeling, the "Hail Mary," in honor of Mary's spotless virginity, with the prayer: "My Queen and my Mother, to thee do I offer myself without reserve, and to give thee a mark of my devotion, I consecrate to thee during this day, my eyes, my ears, my mouth, my heart and my whole person. Since I belong to thee, O my good mother, preserve and defend me as thy property and possession."

Before retiring also, kiss the ground three times. When assailed by temptations during the day, say the ejaculatory prayer: "My Queen and my Mother, remember that I belong to Thee. Preserve and defend me as they property and possession."

In the 3rd chapter are offered a few suggestions as to the method of applying this remedy, and in the last the frequent reception of the sacraments is recommended as a second powerful means to cure souls of this malady, or to preserve them from contracting it.

The precious little work closes with some beautiful prayers to obtain the great virtue of holy purity.

Would to God that this timely and most useful work came into the hands of many of our young people, so that knowing of this wonderful remedy, they may apply it to the temporal and eternal good of soul and body.

Price, retail, 15c per copy; 100 copies, $10.

* * * *

To expose the true nature of Socialism, which is a political theory with numerous adherents in every state and country, and to show that it is a scheme most absurd and utterly impracticable, a mere utopia, so that those who have a voice by their vote in the councils of the nation, may refrain from promoting its interests by placing socialistic candidates into power, is the laudable object of a pamphlet inscribed "Socialism," which was recently published by Rev. W. Poland, S.J.

This theory, the author tells us, is a solution,—or an attempt at a solution—of the labor question,a means that would remedy the miserable condition of the working classes by the reconstruction of society upon the basis of common ownership. The state is to control all the means and instruments of production, paying to everyone a wage due for the labors which the individual performs for

the community. By this will be effected an equality between all, and the two extremes, of utter poverty on the one side. and superabundant affluence and luxury on the other, the great evil in the present state of affairs, would be eliminated.

This reform the Socialists hope to accomplish through the suffrage of the masses, by a majority of votes.

But the socialistic solution of the problem how to remedy the miseries in the present state, the author shows, is absurd ; the application of the fundamental principle of this theory is an impossibility. Socialists, as reformers, know how to tear down, but are unable to build up ; they advocate the abolition of the present form of society, but they have nothing that would replace it. The true and only solution of the labor question has long been given. Its supreme exponent is Leo XIII, in his admirable encyclical on this subject. It is advisable to all to study carefully the words of wisdom which this great and learned Pontiff has uttered. For this purpose the "Pittsburg Observer" has conceived the happy idea of publishing in its issues this masterpiece of human learning and sagacity, to spread among the people the principles it inculcates.

We wish this able exposition of the absurdity of Socialism, by Fr. Poland a widespread circulation, especially among the laboring classes. The brochure is printed by B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., and is sold at 5c per copy ; 100 copies, $4.00.

To be had at the office of the "Carmelite Review" ; price, 25c per copy.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

Steady employment for one ; that three children may receive a Christian education ; a brother given to drink ; a spiritual favor ; a very special favor ; the conversion of a brother and a godchild ; that four may make good confessions before death ; several special intentions ; many deceased persons.

THE CARMELITE PRIVILEGE.

Our gloriously reigning Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., animated by the desire to increase the devotion to the Bl. Virgin Mary under the ancient and venerable title of "Mount Carmel," has, by a special brief of May 16th, 1892, enriched the churches and chapels of the Carmelite Order with a precious privilege for their great feast day, July 16th.

The privilege granted is identical with the indulgence called Portiuncula, which can be gained in Fransiscan churches on August 2nd ; and it consists in this, that all the Faithful, after they have worthily confessed and communicated, can gain a plenary indulgence as often as they visit a church of the Carmelites during the time between first and second Vespers, or from about 2 o'clock p.m. on July 15th, until sundown on the day following, with the condition that they at every visit pray according to the intention of the Holy Father.

All should avail themselves of this happy opportunity to gain for themselves at least one plenary indulgence— which means the remission of all temporal punishments due to sin--and to help the Poor Souls by applying to them as many as possible.

Flos Carmeli.

Most Holy Virgin ! Beauty of Mt. Carmel ! Virgin-flower for ever in bloom! Bright ornament of Heaven ! Thou Virgin Mother of a Man God ! Mother of holy love, Mother of mercy and meekness, Mother honored above all mothers, be thou propitious to thy dear children of Carmel, and to all who have the happiness of wearing the holy Scapular. Amen.

As is customary, pilgrims will arrive in hundreds at the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady for the feast, July 16th. A special pilgrimage train will leave Buffalo at the New York Central station, via the M.C.R., on July 16th, at 7.30 a. m., sharp, and convey the pilgrims direct to the Hospice.

Make your lot the best. Compare yourself not with the few above you, but the multitude below you.—Johnson.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at:

Falls View: from Our Lady of the Lake, Walkerville, Ont.; St. Agnes Church, Ashland, Wis.; Orillia, Ont.; Detroit College, Detroit, Mich.; St Mary's Church, Hesson, Ont.; Brantford, Ont.; Sandwich, Ont.; Sacred Heart Church, Walkerton, Ont.; Fox Harbour, Newf'd.; St. Michael's College, Toronto; St.Catharines, Ont.; Dresden, Kans.; Chepstow, Ont.; St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Bonaventure's College, Alleghany, N.Y.; All Saints' Church, Strathroy, Ont.; Owen Sound, Ont.; St. Anthony's Church, San Antonio, Fla.; St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.; McGregor, Ont.; Tacoma, Wash.; Orillia, Ont.; St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ont.; Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Buffalo, N.Y.; Slaterville, R.I.; St. Alphonsus Church,Windsor, Ont.; St. Thomas' Church, Providence, R.I.; St. Joseph's Asylum, West Seneca, N. Y.; Ticonteroga, N.Y.; Church of the Most Holy Sacrament, Hokah Convent, Minn.; St. Marys, Astoria, Oregon; Canisus College, Buffalo, N.Y.; Sucan, Ont.; North Sydney, C.B.; Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.; Mount Angel College, Mount Angel, Oregon; Seneca, N.Y.; Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Chicago, Ill.; S. Bede College, Peru, Ill.

New Baltimore, Pa: Bunhunais Grove, Ill.; St. Josephs, Braddock, Pa.; St. Boniface's, Peoria, Ill.; St. Mary's,Ridgely, Md.; St. Michael's, Dane, Wis.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.: St. Gall's Monastery, Devil's Lake,North Dakota; Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash.; St. Mary's Church, Jackson, Mich.; St. Bridget's Church Wateroliet, N.Y.; St. Louis' Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Brendan's Church, Braddock, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Gallitzin, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Covington, Ky.; St. Joseph's Church, Tiffin, O.; St. Mary's Church, Pittston, Pa.; Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Mary's College, St. Nazianz, Wis.; All Hallows College, Salt Lake City, Utah; St. Patrick's Church, Cleveland, O.; St. Ambrose's Church, Alleghey, Pa.; St. Boniface's Church, Williamsport, Pa.; Hanover, Kans.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; New Coeln, Wis.; Koeltztown, Mo.; West Bay City, Mich.; San Diego, Cal.; Menasha, Wis.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dear Rev. Fathers:

I enclose an offering for a favor granted through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and St. Anthony, the patent granted in Canada. I promised that if it were granted, I would send an offering to Our Lady and St. Anthony. I pray that it will be a success.

* * * *

Since God has deigned through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel to restore the health of my daughter, to fulfill my promise I would like to have you publish it in the Carmelite Review.

C. A. S.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the following deceased:

Mrs. Bridget Phillibin, who died in Allegheny, April the 4th.

William Keilmann, who died, fortified by the Sacraments, in Leilmeritz, Austria, of heart failure, June 4th. He had spent most of his life in this country, and was distinguished as a poet and journalist. He was editor of the Rundschau vom Berge Karmel, which during the brief period of its existence was read and admired by all who knew the language. He was a staunch Catholic and was ever ready to defend its cause with his pen. He died as he had lived, a good Catholic.

May they rest in peace.

He is idle who may be better employed.—Scotch Proverb.

He whose work is on the highway will have many advisers.

Most men forget God all day, and ask him to remember them at night.

He who tells the failings of others to you will be willing ta tell your failings to others.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of the "Imitation of Christ," that little book that has brought more comfort into the world than any other except the Bible, Brother Azarias wrote : "How, it may be asked, was the author able to compass within the covers of this slender volume so much wisdom, such a vast spiritual experience, such beautiful poetry and profound philosophy ? And he has done it all with a grasp of terseness of expression to which no translation has even been able to do justice. It is because Thomas a-Kempis is more than a pious monk picking up the experiences of the saints and the Fathers who preceded him. He is one of the world authors,and the 'Imitation' is so clearly stamped with the impress of his genius that whereves men can read they recognize it as a book that comes home to their business and their bosoms for all time. Go where you will, you will find its silent influence working for good, and upon natures that seem the least prepared to be affected by it.

"Thus we read how a Moorish prince shows a missionary, visiting him, a Turkish version of the book and tells him that he prizes it above all others in his possession.

"Again, the book has always been a consoler in tribulation. Louis XVI., when a prisoner, found great comfort in its pages and read them day and night. La Harpe, in his love and admiration, or what, in his day, was considered elegant literature, thought the book beneath his notice, even as the Humanists before him had regarded St. Paul. But La Harpe comes to grief, and, imprisoned in the Luxembourg, meets with it, and, opening it, at random, reads : "Behold, here I am ; behold, I come to Thee because Thou hast called me. Thy tears and the desire of thy soul, thy humiliation and contrition of heart have inclined and brought Me to thee."

"These touching words seemed to come directly out of the mouth of the Consoler Himself. It was like an apparition. He says : 'I fell on my face and wept freely.' Ever after the 'Imitation' was one of La Harpe's most cherished books."—Denver Catholic.

SUPPORT THE PASTOR.

Pittsburg Observer.

Financial support of religion is implied in the first and greatest commandment. God is to be adored by sacrificial worship as well as by faith and prayer. The discharge of this fundamental duty naturally involves everything essential to the appropriate expression of becoming sacrifice. This divine injunction, therefore, carries with it the imperative necessity of supplying suitable places of worship and of maintaining a divinely appointed priesthood. To keep holy God's day and name, to respect the rights of parents and others, are divine commands. There is no less sanction for providing the material agencies necessary for carrying out the true intent of God's first law. There is here no question of charity or generosity,but of duty and justice. In issuing a special precept on the support of pastors (meaning everything pertaining to external worship) the Church merely emphasizes a commandment as old as religion itself.

To put the claims of religion last of all, to offer God crumbs from sumptuously supplied tables, to proffer him a percentage in the possibilities of fortune, is basely to insult the Deity. God does not ask for what man does not need, and He directs the unfolding of the future. He is pleased with the gifts that denote sacrifice ; the poor man's penny, the widow's mite. They who promise to give of their abundance exhibit a wrong spirit. It is well to remember that the claims of the church are as positive and as pressing as other obligations ; that these claims are to be paid not merely from the ample means of the rich, but also from the slender incomes of the struggling. God should not always be the deferred creditor—in fact, He ought to be the preferred creditor. The support of the Church is a duty of simple justice. Religion would go forward with leaps and bounds if pew rents and church dues were paid from a sense of homely honesty. The Church is suffering from too much "charity."

A word and a stone cannot be recalled.

HOSPICE

—OF—

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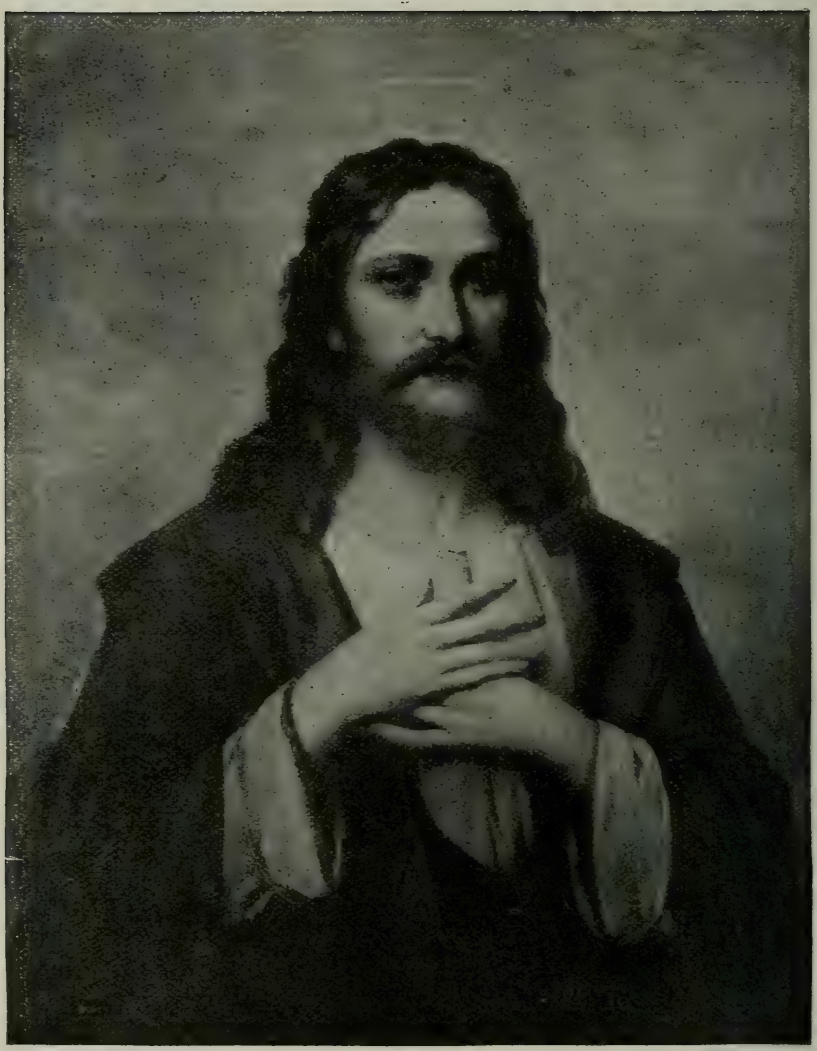

Salvator Mundi.

Carmelite Review

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Address communications and make orders payable to The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Salve Regina.

(Change of Our Blessed Lady's Anthem.)

DIES away "Regina ceoli,"
For the Paschal time is o'er,
And we hear the plaintive "Salve"
Sighing from an exile shore.

"Hail!" O Queen of men and Angels!
"Clement, loving, sweet" thou art!
Flow'ret from the earth transplanted,
Lily of the Sacred Heart.

In thy virgin-petals glistened
Dew-drops of the Saviour's grace;
Now arrayed in golden vesture,
Thou dost see Him face to face.

Shed on us celestial balsam,
Gentle Mother, Virgin, blest!
"Advocate," like Esther, pleading
Ever in the land of rest.

In the Lenten-shades we murmured;
"Great thy sorrow as the sea!"
Now more joyful tones are wafting
Through the May-time unto thee.

Twine around the holy Altar
With thine own maternal art,
All our loving aspirations
To His meek and humble Heart.

"Salve!" this our restful cadence;
Queen of Jesus Heart Divine!
"After exile," may its beauty,
O'er our spirits ever shine.

—ENFANT DE MARIE,
St. Clares.

Little Christian.

(A Christmas Story.)

Translated from the French by Antoinette LeBlanc.

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve, of the year 1759. Winter had set in with great severity; snow covered the earth, and gathering together here and there had assumed fantastic shapes; the river was frozen over, and a sharp wind whistled through the trees of the forest which surrounded Furth, a town situated on the frontier of Bavaria. Clouds covered the sky, and still numerous stars shone in the firmament, as if they too wished to honor the Saviour's birth, while earth celebrated this glorious mystery by thanksgivings and hymns of praise. The soft light of the stars and the whiteness of the snow enabled the faithful, going to midnight Mass, to take a short cut through the woods.

Amidst the roaring of the storm might be heard the majestic sound of the bells calling the faithful to the celebration of this grand feast. Alas! many were unable to respond to its call; some by reason of sickness, others again whose household duties kept them at home. Of the numbers, was Dame Sabine, whose house was situated about a mile from Furth; she could not leave the house, having contracted a severe cold, and was now seated by the fire piously reading her prayers. In the centre of the room was a table set for three persons. Now and again she would stop her prayers to ask her daughter if she saw her father coming. George Putter, who was a forester in the service of the Prince Elector, had the day before received a summons to appear at the head foresters home at Furth. He promptly obeyed this order, telling his wife that she would likely go to midnight Mass before he came home. While her mother was thus employed, her daughter, Agatha, a sweet child of fourteen summers, was busily engaged in decorating a fir tree, for it is a custom with the Germans that this tree should be placed in the best room on Christmas eve, in memory of the birth of Christ.

She had twisted colored ribbons and papers among the foliage, and hung golden nuts and apples on its branches, while here and there tame birds flitted gaily from bough to bough, and a pet squirrel ran up and down its trunk with as much joy as if it were free among the trees of the forest. At the foot of the tree was a beautiful crib, which brought to mind the mystery of Bethlehem. George, who was a very pious man and pretty well skilled in the art of sculpture, had taken great pains to carve each memory of the holy family, and Agatha had dressed them. Numerous candles burned around the crib, and shed their light over the room. The young girl was so interested in her task that time was passing so quickly. At last her mother said to her "Agatha, dear, you had better get the fish ready. Your father must soon be here." The child did as she was bid, and while the fish were frying said to her mother, "Tell me what you think of my crib." The mother smiled and said, "You are getting too big to be so passionately fond of these things; when you are older and have more work to do, you will soon forget all this nonsense. It seems to me that at your age I was not childish." "Even if I live to be a hundred," said Agatha, "I shall always love to decorate the crib. See the angels' wings, mother, are they not pretty, and do not their robes fall in graceful folds? Does not the sight of the Mother of God fill you with a holy joy? Look at St. Joseph with his long cloak and pointed hat, has he not a beautiful expression? And how sweet the Divine Infant looks with his large blue eyes and smiling lips. You could almost imagine that father had seen him when he was carving this. "Oh! mother," the child continued, her eyes shining with a holy love, "if you only knew how I wished for the coming

of this night! If you knew how full of joy is my heart at its approach ! for of all the feasts established in his honor, this one is, without doubt, the most precious to me. At this cold season of the year, I feel as if my whole being was warmed by this lovely sun. Oh ! why cannot I take away the snow that covers the ground, and see it strewn with flowers, and the trees ornamented with their beautiful foliage ? Why cannot I unite the stars of the firmament, that they may light and warm the atmosphere ? It is painful to think, that on account of our sins, Jesus was born in this cold month, when the nights are so dark and dreary, and the wind so piercingly cold. Yes, this thought makes me sad at times ; yet my sadness is of short duration, for my heart is filled with a holy joy at the thought of the Messiah, who has come, and I feel like singing, with the angels : "Glory to God in the highest ; and on earth peace to men of good will.' How can one not be moved when they think of the Son of God leaving His heavenly throne to become a miserable mortal like unto us. What love ! What mercy ! Often I think of his submissiveness, and I can hardly conceive how an infinite God could have loved sinners so much. We were lost forever had not this Divine Infant come to save us ; that is the reason why I feel more joyful at Christmas, than at any other time of the year. Though the feasts of Easter and Pentecost are also consecrated to him, still it was only on Christmas Eve that the angels sang." "You are perfectly right, dear Agatha," said her mother, deeply moved. "I am glad to see you so pious and grateful to your Lord." "This night," the child continued, "reminds man of the glory due to God the Father. Did not Jesus, by his obedience, give us an example of resignation to his Father's will ? Did not Jesus proclaim by his terrible suffering and ignominious death all that we owe to the justice and mercy of God? Alas, a victim was wanted, to redeem man, condemned by original sin. Oh! how severe is divine justice ; when, to appease it, a God must need be immolated. How happy I should have been," the pious child continued, "had I been amongst those who knelt at the crib. I envy the happiness of the shepherds, to whom his birth was announced." "I admire your disposition, dear child," said her mother, "and I must say that such piety as yours is rarely seen ; still I hope that this exalted piety may not one day make you leave your father's roof, for a religious life. You are our only child,since we lost our baby boy." "Dear mother," "Dear mother,"' said Agatha, "you are mistaken ; I shall never leave you alone. Every day I pray that our Divine Saviour may leave me with you, and give me his grace, that I may perform well all the duties imposed on a dutiful child, for you know he has promised a long life and abundant graces to those that observe the fourth commandment, and I wish to merit them." "They will not be lacking, dear child," said her mother, "if you always remain as you are now —an obedient and dutiful child. Your conduct has been all that we could ask for. Poor child, well I remember how kind and patient you were last year, when your little brother was ill." "Not so much as you think, mother," the young girl answered ; "he was such a little darling, that I really loved to take care of him. How he amused himself with my angels. Sometimes when I think of him, with his fair hair, prominent forehead, and large blue eyes, I think he looked like an angel himself." "He must be in heaven now," said his mother, wiping away a tear ; he was our only son, and the pride of the house." "He was mine also, mother dear," said Agatha. "Oh ! how I wish he were alive. For some time there was silence in the room ; the mother was grieving for her lost child. Agatha respecting her mother's sorrow, began preparing the fish for tea, and when she had shaken up the fire and put them on, she went to fetch his slippers, that they might be dry and warm. After a few moments, her mother again asked her if she did not see her father ; he is later to-night than usual, and this delay makes me anxious"; "he is often later than this, mother," said Agatha, trying to reassure the sick woman. "You are right, child, yet it seems to me that on Christmas Eve, every father of a family should be at home, that he may gather them around the tree to pray." "That is precisely

why you should not worry, dear mother; this is a night of mercy and the angels are watching. Besides father has his dog Castor with him." Dame Sabine rose, and walked over to the window, from which she could see the highway; but she gazed in vain, for there was no sign of her husband. Suddenly they heard a dog's bark. "There is Castor, dear mother," cried Agatha; "it is all right; nothing has happened; father is coming, but not by that road." As she spoke she ran to the door with a light, and her father entered, all covered with snow. The dog ran on ahead of his master, and jumped upon Sabine; after caressing it, she pushed it gently from her, and rose to welcome her husband, regarding with great curiosity a small basket he carried in his hand, and which he set down so carefully. "You are very good, George," said Sabine smiling up at him. "I see you have not forgotten us; doubtless this is a Christmas present." "You are right, my dear Sabine," answered George. "This is a present which I hope will please you both," and he looked at them anxiously. "I am sure," continued Dame Sabine, "that it is some pastry, and perhaps a bottle of liquor, and some of the famous Nuremberg biscuits. Oh! I shall be so pleased if it is." "You have not guessed rightly, Sabine," said George; "the basket contains something better than eatables."

"Oh! mother," cried the child, "I am sure these are the doves that father has been promising me," saying these words she opened the basket. But what was her astonishment when she saw a lovely little child, smiling up at her, and trying to hold out its little arms to her. Agatha'a face was a study, and as for Dame Sabine, she could hardly believe her eyes. At last she said: "O, George! what a dear baby; it only looks about a year old; how comes it here?" "Dear Sabine, I will tell you all about it, but before I begin, I wish that you would give it something to eat, and see that it has a warm bed; it needs it." "Agatha, you can look after it, as you seem to like babies. When you have put it to bed, get me my supper; I feel ravenous after this long walk; meanwhile I shall change my clothes for these dry ones. Dame Sabine made a sign to her daughter not to mind anything but the baby. she herself began to prepare a dish of carp for her husband. This was one of his favorites, and as he had a good appetite it was thoroughly enjoyed. At the same time he kept his eyes fixed approvingly on Agatha, who was warming the baby near the fire. His wife, however, did not seem to share their joy; she shook her head with a preoccupied air, and it was easily seen that she would have preferred another present. At length she said to her husband: "Tell me, frankly, my friend, is this child really a stray waif?" "Alas, it is too true, Sabine," answered George sadly. And that his wife might be better diposed towards it, he said he found it in the middle of the forest. "Oh, how I pity its poor parents," said Sabine. "Please God, that he belongs to a good family, and that his arrival will bring down a blessing on the house. "We do not know who or what he is, but I shall leave no stone unturned, till I find out something about him. But as for doubting that God will reward our charity to this poor infant, for charity it is to bring it home,—this poor child to a good home and a kind mother and sister. It is almost unpious to doubt that he will not bless us for this good action. Did I not do my duty, Sabine?" said her husband. "Indeed you did," answered this pious woman; "you could not have done otherwise, but tell me about it." Instead of answering, he looked over at Agatha with a smile, and told Sabine to look also. After she had caressed it to her heart's content, she had put it in the basket, and was kneeling beside it,holding its little head on her arm. At her feet lay Castor. Now and then he would raise his huge head and look at the little mistress approvingly. At last, Dame Sabine approached the little group, and watched the baby caressing Agatha; these marks of gratitude from so young a child quite won her heart. "Dear little babe," said she tenderly, "we will take good care of you. But, George," said she to her husband, who had also come over. "You say you found this child in the forest. What were you doing there at that hour of the night. I thought you were at Furth with the

head forester. The forester was about to begin, when he was again interrupted by Agatha. "Dear mother," she said, "take the baby ; it is comfortable now. How cold it was when it came in. I must run and make it some food, for I know it is hungry. See how it turns its little head and opens its mouth just as my brother used to do. Oh, mother,do not refuse to be kind to it ; remember Anthony. Then placing the baby on her mother's knee, she ran down to the cellar for milk to make the soup. Dame Sabine took the little one up in her arms and covered it with kisses ; then she begged her husband not to delay his story any longer, that she might know something about its origin. "Dear wife, it would be impossible to tell you all you wish to know. I saw this poor child in the forest, alone and abandoned, and as it cannot talk, I could not learn anything about it. I shall endeavor to give you an idea of the day's proceedings, hoping that you are not angry with me for bringing the child home. You know how the brigands are devastating our forests, and giving such trouble to the guards of the frontier. Very often they attack places by night ; and, sometimes my comrades have to pay the villagers to help disperse these wretches. The director of the customs was informed that a noted band were about to attack three places on the Bavarian frontier. This expedition was to be made on Christmas Eve, as they thought that all the people would be at church or praying at home, and therefore would not be on the lookout. "Oh ! the fiends," cried Sabine, "thus to profane Christmas Eve. If they do not want to pray, let them leave the others who want to do so alone." "I am sure," said George, "that they did not want to interrupt us ; as they would have been better pleased had we been in church. Of course, the roads were all carefully guarded, but there were not enough men; that is why the director sent for me, as he wished me to accompany him on this expedition. As soon as I arrived, they placed me in command of a small body of men. We searched the forest thoroughly, and it brought us within the limits of Neumarch ; at this particular place several taverns are found, which are more frequented by brigands and poachers than by any honest people. The director had now come up with us ; also Sebastran and the foresters of Bar, with their men. Here we investigated thoroughly, but failed to find anything which would confirm our suspicions, but we could see nothing, and were just beginning to think that we had received false information. Still, we wanted to be on the safe side, so we decided to hide ourselves in the thickets that lined the highway, and here await the brigands. They could not possibly cross the frontier without being seen. We had been posted thus for about an hour, and were almost numb with cold. Our chief, however, exhorted us to hold out for a while longer. Another hour passed. Suddenly Castor,whose scent is keen, as you know,gave the alarm and became so restless that we could hardly keep him. Sebastran, whose eyes are as keen as Castor's scent, told us that he saw three men and a woman coming. We allowed them to advance quite near, and then called to them to halt; for, if they moved another step we should fire. Without awaiting to hear any more, they threw down their things and took to their heels. We tried to follow them, but the head forester missed his footing and fell into a drift, with several of the men. Besides the frost had spoiled the rifles, and only one was fit for use, so that when we had helped the forester and his companions out, the thieves had fled, in time to give the others a warning. However, we took the booty, which consisted of several bags, filled with rich stuffs, and a casket of Bohemian pearls. These things the director divided among the men. I refused to accept my portion,as I knew the goods had been stolen, and God never blessed the fruit of theft. I feel very happy to think that this encounter passed without any blood being shed. We were just going home, when Castor began howling, and running back into the thicket, trying in every way to attract our attention. The head forester went over to see what it was, and after a few moments returned with a basket, and said "here is more booty," saying this, he raised the lid of the basket. O, Sabine ! you should have seen frozen to death. All of us were as much

surprised as he was. At last the director spoke, "This is the queerest thing I have ever seen, surely our orders did not prepare us for this, neither did they say what punishment would be inflicted on those who stole children. May God punish them as they deserve; in the meantime what are we to do with this child?" "Why take it with us,' I said; "how could we leave it here, and not be more cruel than its parents," "Yes, but which one of us will take it; to bring it back with us is all right, but to take charge of it is another thing. Those poachers might have taken it themselves. God knows how I pity it, yet I dare not take it home, for my wife would probably make a terrible scene. Catharine is not a bad hearted woman; still she dislikes children so much, that I would not risk it. Sebastran then said, "I have a family of ten, and find it hard enough to get food for them, still, I could never forgive myself if I abandoned it." My position made me better able to keep the child than did that of either Sebastran, the guard of Bar, or my friend Peters. All seemed undecided; when an animal, by its kindness, shamed us all. There sat Castor beside the basket, looking at the baby as if he wished to help it. O, Sabine, if you could have seen him keeping it warm with his breath, and licking its little hands and feet. It brought to my mind that Christmas Eve so many years ago, when the Divine Infant was warmed by the breath of an ox and an ass. This spectacle would have softened the hardest heart, so I took the child and said to the forester: 'I will bring it home with me. I have more confidence in my wife than you have in yours. Sabine has a good heart, and will not say a word if I bring it to her." "Did you really say that, George," said Sabine, greatly satisfied. "Was not the forester angry when you said that about his wife?" "No," he said "George, you have taken a great weight off my mind. Yes, I know that you have a good hearted wife, who will take good care of it, and I am sure that it will be much happier with you than it would be with us." "I think so myself," said Sabine, "for, although the head forester's wife is a good woman; still, as he said, she dislikes children, and I am sure that I will bring it up more tenderly and carefully than she could have done. But, George," said she, "after we have kept it weeks and perhaps months, what shall we do if its parents do not claim it?" "Why, keep it longer, of course," answered her husband, "and if they never come, we must not think it a misfortune. We will try and replace its parents; Agatha will be a sister to it, and the good God will do the rest. "Yes, we must submit to the divine will," continued the pious woman, "but let us not forget to pray for its poor parents, who are grieving for it. If they could only know that it is in good hands, how thankful they would be. Is there no sign by which it could be recognized," said Sabine." "I did not notice any," answered her husband. Dame Sabine then went over to the basket, which was lined in white cloth. The child was wrapped in swaddling cloths, which, though they had seen wear, were evidently very costly; and its little chemise was of the finest linen and bore the letters "A. T." The right sleeve of the chemise was embroidered with three red stars. These were the only marks that the hunter's wife found on him.

"Surely God will send us some sign by which he may be recognized. I am sure, however, that he is not a poacher's son, for they do not dress their children in such fine linens and beautiful swaddling cloths. I am very glad," said George, "that no such blood runs in his veins, but Sebastran, who can easily read what is on the tower of Furth, assures me that the woman who was with those men carried a basket just like this one in her hand, and that, wishing to run faster, she had thrown it there, intending to return for it later; for I am sure that its mother would rather have died than abandon it. So, dear Sabine we will keep it and care for it tenderly. No one shall be allowed to claim it unless they can really prove it to be their own child." He then put his hand out to his wife, trying at the same time to read his answer in her eyes. She did not hesitate, but answered as a mother would, "Yes, we shall keep it, and care for him as if he were our little Anthony." "God will

bless you, dear mother, for these kind words in behalf of a poor forlorn babe." She then took him from her mother to feed him, and was well rewarded when she saw how he enjoyed it. "See how healthy he looks. Oh ! mother, are we going to keep him ?" "Yes, Agatha, dear," her father said ; "we will try and bring him up to be an honest man, and I am sure that you will not be the last to see after it." "No, indeed," cried Agatha, "but father will you not give it to me for a Christmas present. I shall see that he is always kept neat and clean, and teach him to walk ; as soon as he can talk, he shall be taught his prayers, and also learn to read. When he is old enough he can go to school at Furth. I will also attend to his clothes, and I promise you to bring him up that he may always walk in the path of virtue and obedience." As if the child seemed to understand Agatha, it tried to put its arms round her neck. Agatha then placed it on the table, between her father and mother, and said, "I want it for a Christmas present ; won't you give it to me ?" "Welcome to our humble home, dear baby," said George and Sabine. "But is not he too young for you to take charge of ?" "The young grow old soon enough," said the hunter gaily. "Anyhow remember the words uttered by our Divine Saviour, when he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' " Then addressing the baby, he continued, "May you grow up an honest and virtuous man ; may this house be a sure haven against the temptations of the world ; we promise to care for you as if you were our own son." "As if he really were our little Anthony,' said Sabine, sadly. "But," said George, "we must give this child a name, as we do not know what one he received in Baptism." Sabine chose the name of her lost babe,whose absence was brought so vividly before her by this little stranger's presence. Agatha objected, saying "As this is Christmas Eve, why not honor the infant Saviour by calling this child Christian ?" "You are right, dear," said her father, with an approving smile, "let us call him thus, until we know what his other name is. It will be dearer to me, as my grandfather also bore it." The child was now sound asleep, so Agatha put it back in its basket, until she could make it a more comfortable bed. Sabine then asked George if he wished to retire, but the good hunter said that he did not feel fatigued. "Anyhow, we will not go to rest without having first feasted, Christmas Eve. I brought a flask of liquor and cakes from the city, and we shall regale ourselves at the same time thanking God for allowing us to perform a good action. Now I have another present for each of you." He then took from a leather pouch that hung by his side, the flask of liquor and the cakes, and from an inner pocket a small case, containing a silver chain, for Sabine, and a beautiful pair of mother of pearl beads for Agatha. They were much pleased and thanked him for the beautiful gifts and the pleasure he had given them. George then filled their glasses, but before Agatha eat anything, she went to see about the baby. A few moments later she returned with the cradle and all it contained which had belonged to Anthony, and which Sabine, of course, had carefully kept away. They then decided that they would put these things on him, and that the cloak and chemise should be carefully put away, as they were the only means by which he could be identified. George was very much pleased to see how Agatha cared for the child. "We will try and make this a happy home for him," said Sabina, tenderly. They then knelt down before the crib to pray, and beg our Divine Lord to bless the little stranger whom he had sent them.

CHAPTER II.

Thus in his new home, surrounded as he was by kindness and tenderness, he received the most edifying examples of Christian virtue ; thus little Christian grew up to boyhood. George and the director of the customs house did everything to trace his parents, but without success. The villagers said that he was probably a poacher's son, and that his parents were very glad to be rid of him, as he was in such good hands. George and Sabine have him on their hands, and God knows when they will be able to get rid of it. About a year had passed since this. No one spoke of Christian

but as a member of George Putter's family. This pleased George so much that he hoped they would always keep their adopted son. But, it was really Agatha who had charge of him; he went to her for everything he wanted, as George's position did not allow him to look after the child very much, and Dame Sabine, who was now completely cured, had enough to do with attending to her family duties, and could not pay much attention to him. Still the child would rather be with Agatha, and the young girl was quite equal to the task which had fallen to her lot. She had been four years at the Urseline Convent of Straubing, and though not very talented, she outshone all the others by her amiable and virtuous character, her solid piety and perfect innocence. So, that after her father and mother, Christian held the first place in her heart. Her affection did not make her weak, for she considered her duty so sacred, that she would not encourage in him any of the faults of childhood, and although very kind to him, she would be quite severe when an occasion required it, for, though Christian had a good heart and generous nature, still he had a very irritable and impetuous character, which often got him into trouble with his father, who generally got very angry and would threaten to beat him if it occurred again. But it required all the firmness of her nature to correct these dispositions, and her sad face would often have more effect than words. The greatest punishment she could give him was not to notice him for the rest of the day. Then, when she thought he was sorry, she would show him how grievous are the effects of disobedience. Notwithstanding her great influence, she never exacted anything but what she thought he could do, and always tried to set the example herself. Agatha understood that obedience can only be obtained by patience, and so she never tired repeating to Christian the answer which the celebrated bishop of Nicholas gave to some one who asked him, what is the most difficult thing to do? And he said to obey, and the most meritorious, to obey. As he grew older, she began explaining the mysteries of religion, and it was touching as well as edifying to see them kneeling together before the altar reciting the Rosary. She also taught him to read and write, and all were pleased at the progress he made. His efforts to correct his faults made him more and more beloved by Agatha. The boy returned her affection, and was never more pleased than to be in her company, and, though he loved to play in the forest, still if Agatha could not come, he would stay at home. Thus he grew up, 'neath Agatha's watchful eye, as under that of an angel. George and Sabine were surprised, as well as pleased, at the change in his character, and encouraged Agatha to go on as she had begun.

Christian was now nearly six years of age, and as yet nothing had been heard of his parents. Of course he thought that George and Sabine were his father and mother, and that Agatha was his sister; they did not want to undeceive him. He was the hunter's son, and as such he would remain until his own people came to claim him. One beautiful May day Christian said to Agatha "How pure the air is and how the sun shines. I would like to go into the forest and gather mother some violets and hear the birds sing." As Agatha never refused him anything that was reasonable, she consented; moreover she wished to visit a chapel of the Blessed Virgin's, about half a mile from their home. They started early for their walk; Christian ran hither and thither, picking a flower here and there. At last they passed a hedge of rose bushes. Christian gathered a bunch for Agatha, who was greatly pleased, and said they would weave them into a garland for the infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother. She told Christian not to go too far away from her, but the boy, not heeding her, ran on ahead to find the springs near which the lilies grew. Agatha entered the chapel and knelt before the altar, which was her special charge. It contained a statue of the Blessed Mother, and over the altar was a picture of the Divine Infant. After praying for a while she sat down to weave the flowers into crowns; these she placed on the heads of the two statues, then kneeling down she sang a hymn she had learned at the convent. While Agatha

was thus employed let us see what Christian is about. After leaving Agatha he had gone on farther into the forest, and, having found the lilies, was on his way back to the chapel when he was suddenly confronted by an old woman, who caught him by the arm saying,in as soft a voice as she could, "Are you the son of George Putter?" "Yes, I am." said Christian, "But what do you want to know for?" "I am not going to hurt you," she said, "only I would like to speak to you for a few minutes." "I do not want to listen to you" said Christian, "let me go or Agatha will fix you.' "Oh,my fine little fellow,you won't escape me so early," said the wicked woman, seizing him in her arms, "Don't you know old Ursula, who took care of you for so many months?" "You are telling a lie, nasty old woman," said the child." She was so enraged at this that she hit him on the face. "If you don't stop I will soon make you keep quiet," and despite his piercing shrieks she was carrying him off, laughing at his fear. "Now listen to me," said she, "You have no father, I am your mother, come with me at once." However, Agatha had heard his cries and rushed to his rescue with Castor, but when she saw who it was her heart sank within her. Ursula's eyes had an ugly gleam in them, and one would have thought that such a delicate child as Agatha would not be much use, still her only thought was how she might rescue Christian. At length, summoning up her courage, she said,"What do you want with this child? Give my brother back to me this instant." "Your brother," said the old woman, sneeringly ; "this is queer language ; you know that this is not true ; you know it as well as I do. Six years ago next Christmas Eve, I was chased by the hunters ; in flying I received a bullet in my arm. This made me drop a basket containing my son, and this is the child and you call him your brother.' "Leave the child go, and harm him if you dare." "I shall not hurt it," said Ursula. "But it belongs to me ; if I had not cared for it all these months, what would have become of it ?" "I am its mother, and wish to take it with me"; she then put her arm around the child and tried to drag it away ; but Agatha, forgetting her weakness, sprang at her. The attack was so unexpected that for a moment the old woman was surprised ; but she suddenly seized Agatha's arm and pinched it so hard that the poor child nearly fainted from the pain. Ursala watched her with a savage joy.

At last she said, "You thought that you could frighten me, Agatha, but let this be a lesson ; neither you nor anyone else can frighten me. I know that sometimes you pray in the forest chapel, and the Virgin protects you. Old Ursula prays, though perhaps not as well as you. Take the child and say that you have found its mother ; when I have enough money,I shall repay all you have done for my son ; until then, accept my thanks." Agatha, who still kept hold of Christian's hand, then threw herself at old Ursulla's feet, and said : "Oh ! do not take my brother from me ; I shall die of sorrow if you do ; you do not love him as I do ; you would not teach him to be virtuous as we have tried to do. The life you lead would corrupt his soul as well as his body. O, woman, I beg of you, by the wounds of our Saviour, leave him to me." These words were said in such a sad voice, that the old woman was moved, and she said : "I thought my heart was long dead, but I am wrong. Old Ursala is not as wicked as she seems ; she does not wish to separate you ; stay with each other and be happy." This relieved Agatha greatly, but not so of Christian, who was still so terrified that he kept calling Agatha to come away. "I must tell you Agatha," Ursala continued, "that in wishing to take the child, I meant to be kind to it. But you are right, it will be better with you. Your good example will make an honest man of him. I wish him to be happy. My life was miserable, may his be more blessed. You have been kind to him and have loved him as your own. On this account many misfortunes have been spared you. Take your brother home, continue to be kind to him ; but remember, that some day I shall come to claim him." "God bless you," said Agatha ; "I shall pray for you every day of my life ; but tell me before God, who hates untruth, are you really Christian's mother. It seems impos-

sible." "And why?" said Ursula crossly. "I had several children; two of my sons died in the Emperor's service, but," she said, after reflecting for a few moments, "I am not his mother." "Then may be you can tell me who its parents are," said Agatha. "You will be performing a good action by doing so." "I shall tell you all I know, but, remember, though, that I have no more idea than you have who its parents are. "I found this child by the body of a dead woman, who was richly dressed and evidently belonged to some good family. It was during the war between the Austrians and Prussians, and bullets were flying everywhere. "I took the child from its mother's arms; she must have been struck, for she had a wound in her forehead. I picked up the child and fled through the enemies' fire." "But can you not tell me when and where you found it?" "I do not know the exact date, but it was about the end of October, 1759. As for the place I will show it to you." Just at that moment Castor sprang out of the thicket, and growled fiercely at the old woman. When she saw the dog she seemed frightened, and was hurrying away, when Agatha said: "O, do not go yet, show me the place." "Another time, my child," said she. "I am sure your father is in the neighborhood, and I do not wish to fall into his hands. In fact a few minutes after George appeared on the scene, and Christian, who was still sobbing with fear, told his father all about it. Shaking his head, the father gave chase to the old woman, but after vain efforts to catch up with her, he returned. What would he not have given to be able to speak to her. Only one thought consoled him; it was this, that Christian was not a poacher's son. But who were his parents? After this Christian was dreadfully nervous, and would often say "that old woman was not telling the truth. You are my parents, Agatha is my sister, isn't she?" "Yes, dear," said Agatha, "we are brother and sister." "But, all the same," said Christian, "father should give me a gun, so that if I meet old Ursula again, I shall not be afraid, for if she dares to touch me, I shall say, "if you do not go away, I will shoot you." Dame Sabine felt very nervous after this. For many years past she had heard terrible stories told of old Ursula's frequent robberies, and repeated offences; moreover, the way she had threatened that she would some day claim the child, filled her with misgiving, for she knew that the poacher's wife was capable of carrying out her wicked designs. So one day she said to her husband, "George, dear, you know how often I have begged you to leave this place; try and find some place where we can live in greater security. Your position exposes you to all kinds of danger. Remember the sorrow it would bring, if you shall one day fall into those poachers' hands. As you know you are not a young man, and it would be easier for you to not have to go out at night. Grant us this favor, for you know that your love is one of our greatest treasures." "Sabine," said George, "you are right; I feel that I am not as strong as I used to be; my knees are very much weaker, and may any day give away. I shall therefore go to Furth this afternoon, and see the forester; he is always kind to me. Perhaps there may be a place vacant, and, if so, I might be able to get it, if it be God's will." From this time, however, Agatha watched over Christian with more vigilance than ever, and would not let him leave her side; if he wished to go for a walk, she always chose the most frequented paths, and Castor went with them. Ursala was never again seen in the forest, although George endeavored to meet her, as she was the only person that could tell them where the child was found. Christian had changed a great deal since that day. The thought that he might again meet this old woman acted like magic, and he was now more obedient and submissive than ever. Often he would say, "I do not want any other parents but you. Agatha, dear Agatha, you will always be my sister will you not; it would surely break my heart if I had to leave you and live with that woman."

To be continued.

The little man is still a man.—Goethe.

The greatest man is ever the son of a man.—Goethe.

The "Our Father."

(For the Carmelite Review.)

We read some time ago of an Indiana preacher advocating the amendment of the "Lord's Prayer," because to his scholarly mind it is wanting in "scientific accuracy.."

We fully endorse the remark made by one of his critics: that, if this modern Solomon of the West wishes to add to the seven petitions an eighth one, asking for a little bit of common sense, we shall hardly object to the change in his case. Pitiable ignorance alone can be the cause and also to some extent an excuse for this remarkably thoughtless utterance.

Taking for granted the divine origin of this prayer,—of course there are Protestants who no longer believe in the Divinity of Christ—we must conclude a priori, as the schoolmen would say, that it bears all the marks of divine and infinite wisdom, and possesses "scientific accuracy" in an eminent degree. And, in fact, if we subject the "Our Father" to even a cursory analysis only, our intelligence, feeble and limited as it is, will discover in it a sublimity and beauty of thought and sentiment which argue the Divine Composer.

This grand universe with all the myriads of beings that are in it, is the masterpiece of divine wisdom and omnipotence. All that we see around us is an image and copy of the Creator, more or less closely approaching the great Origi. nal. Like a mirror, creation reflects God's perfections; it manifests His power and goodness, His beauty and wisdom, and this reflection, this manifestation, is one continuous act of praise and adoration which all creation offers up to its Maker. This external glory, that accrues to God from His works, or God Himself, was the motive of the creative act; the cause of that omnipotent "fiat," which gave being to innumerable natures. This is the universal and necessary end of all that is made.

If, then, we receive existence and life from the Almighty, and this not only in the order of nature, but moreover also in the order of grace—the divine gift of sanctifying grace being the life of the soul—we are truly the children of God, and hence are taught to address Him by the sweet and significant name of "Our Father."

Man, a free creature, acknowledges the plan of the Creator and uniting his will with the Divine will, that all creation should give Him praise; he prays: "Hallowed by Thy name." Whilst the King of the visible world is the end of all that stands below him, since the irrational creatures are made for his use and benefit, he has, in his turn, for his end and object, none less than God Himself. To possess God, by knowing Him as the Highest Truth and loving Him, the Supreme Good, is the secondary and hypothetical end for which he is destined. For no other purpose was he endowed with the power of understanding and free will, the two-fold distinctive prerogative of his nature.

The second petition of the "Our Father" regards the attainment of this noble end: our eternal happiness in the Kingdom of Heaven. "Thy Kingdom come."

This particular end of man is hypothetical; we shall attain it only on condition that we do the work of God by observing His Holy Law. "If thou wilt enter into life (everlasting)," Christ said, "observe the Commandments." Obedience to God's holy will therefore, is the one thing necessary, which must engage all our care and solicitude. For this we pray when we say: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

But without God we can do nothing, in the natural, much less in the supernatural order. Without Divine help and co-operation, therefore, the observance of God's Holy Law — the necessary condition of salvation—is impossible. "Without me," the Redeemer said, "you can do nothing." This Divine help, however, or "actual grace," as it is technically called, is given to all, so that all can be saved, and damnation is only the result of resisting God's grace. Still the

sufficiency of grace depends also on us, for God wishes to be asked for it. "Ask" the Divine Teacher exhorts us, "and you shall receive," which is to say: if you ask not, you shall not receive, as Christ expressly said in another place: "You receive not because you ask not." Hence prayer is a neceseary and indispensable means of salvation. Without it we cannot attain our end, and therefore the fourth petition is: "Give us this day our daily bread."

If our eternal salvation depends on the fulfillment of God's holy will, then sin, which means disobedience to God, in as much as it is the violation of His Law, necessarily impedes the attainment of our end, since "nothing unclean can enter into heaven." This impediment must, therefore, be removed, and we must obtain forgiveness of our sins. For this we ask when we say: "Forgive us our trespasses . . . " and God will hear our petition, if with contrite heart we confess our sins to those who have the power to bind and to loose, to forgive or to retain.

This eminently scientific prayer, which embodies the deepest philosophy, closes with another appeal to God for help in the arduous work of our salvation, that we may be enabled to overcome all difficulties and temptations leading us into sin, and that we may be delivered from all evil which is sin and its natural consequence, — eternal damnation. "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

This brief and but superficial examination of the sublime prayer taught us by Jesus Christ, elicits our sincere admiration, as do all the grand works of the Redeemer, by which the Divine plan, regarding the restoration of our fallen race is carried out, such as the Incarnation, the Sacraments ,and that glorious institution, Christ's Holy Church.

These should be the frequent objects of our meditations, and the beautiful "Our Father" must be our daily prayer.

Fretting cares make gray hairs.

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another.—J. M. Barrie.

Legend of the Bells.

O, how beautiful the woodland,
And the tints of waving trees!
O, how musical that sighing
Of a gentle evening breeze!

Nature seemed to Saint Paulinus
Like a mystic harpsichord,
Softly touched by unseen angels
Giving praise unto their Lord.

Yet, arose an ardent longing
For some melody of love,
Whispering through aisles of spirit,
"Thou are dear to God above."

Swiftly came a mystic answer
To the Saint's low-breathed prayer,
From the azure flow'rets drooping
In their graceful beauty there.

Listen! they are sweetly ringing,
And that wondrous music swells
Wakening echoes through the woodland,
To a chime of flower-bells.

Great and noble thoughts are pealing
Through Paulinus' saintly soul,
Now the records of tradition
To our mental gaze unroll.

Hark! we hear from lofty belfries,
Ringing through Italia's air,
Silvery melodious voices
Calling men to holy prayer.

Chiming gladly like the angels,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Tolling "Requiem" so plaintive,
Like the mournful night-wind's sigh.

Echoing the glad "Exultet"
Of a dawning Easter day;
Pleading, morn, noon and evening,
For our Queen so far away.

Beautiful their blessed accents!
Sweetly eloquent each tone!
Thanks to God and Saint Paulinus
For that chime of woodland lone!

Through the ages still are ringing
Tiny blue-bells' melody;
And we hear, in each vibration,
Glorious Saint, God is love for thee.

Enfant de Marie.
St. Clares.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Year 1185.—In this year, Albert, the future patriarch of Jerusalem, was raised to the See of Vercelli. He sprang from a noble family, of German descent, his family name being Walters. Though not himself a Carmelite, he became the framer of the rule of the Carmelite Order, as will be seen later on.

The monastery of Soteres, in the province af S. Angelus, Sicily, was founded this year.

Year 1186.—About this time the twin brothers, Angelus and John, were born at Jerusalem. Their parents were Jesse and Mary, pious Jews, who fervently praying for the coming of the Messiah, were favored by an apparition of the Blessed Virgin, in consequence of which they became Christians, and had their twins baptised. Angelus, the martyr, figures conspicuously amongst the Saints of Carmel. We shall hear more of him anon.

Year 1187.—About this time two sorrowful events occurred. Sultan Saladin of Egypt recovered the whole of Palestine, and though he spared the inhabitants of Mount Carmel, nearly all the other monasteries of the order in this country were destroyed and the Latin monks martyred, whilst the Greeks were spared under the conditions that divine services should be held only according to the Greek rite. The monastery in the house of S. Aaron in Jerusalem, in which at a later date Angelus and John entered, was amongst those that were spared.

The second event was the death of S. Berthold, the general of the order, which caused disturbances in the rule, as reformed by Aymeric no provision had been made for the election of a successor. Before his death, S. Berthold, in a vision had seen the souls of the martyred Carmelites ascend into Heaven. He had ruled the order for 45 years. Many miracles were wrought at his tomb, and the Church acknowledged his sanctity and permitted mass and office in his honor.

The monastery of Osche in Spain, and that of Catena in Sicily were founded this year.

Year 1188.—About a year after the death of S. Berthold the scattered Carmelites found means to congregate, and they elected Bl. Brocard, as successor of the first Latin general. Under his rule the order remained for 33 years. He wrought miracles during his life; amongst others he raised a dead man to life. Where the chapter convened is not positively known, since at the time Mount Carmel was occupied by the Turks.

Brocard, after the victories of the western powers, gathered again his scattered flock, and composed for them in Latin a more elaborate rule, based, however, on the rules as framed by the Patriarch John of Jerusalem, and Aymeric of Antioch, borrowing also a few items from the rule of Basilius. This rule was a few years later revised and shortened by Patriarch Albert of Jerusalem, and is the present rule of the order.

Year 1192.—In this year the celebrated vision of Bl. Cyril, returned from his Armenian mission, took place. Whilst saying mass in honor of S. Hilarion, an angel brought him two silver tablets containing prophecies of future events and commanded him to commit the prophecies to memory, and then melt the tablets, making of them a chalice and a thurible for divine service.

Years 1193-1194.—The king of the newly founded Kingdom of Cyprus brought with him from Palestine, Carmelite monks, who first founded a monastery in Nicosia, the capital, and afterwards in quick succession 7 monasteries in Neapolis (new town) near Ama Thumte, in Famaugusta, Limisdum and Cagliana. Besides these there existed smaller hermitages.

Yegr 1196.—This year is remarkable because Bl. Brocard invested with the habit of the order Bl. Angela, the daughter of the King of Bohemia, and after her

death her body was deposited in the Carmelite Church at Prague.

Year 1198.—This year the Knight Bruno of Bonnerhof of Cologne on the Rhine, returning from the crusade, brought with him some Religious of Mount Carmel, who faunded the monastery at Cologne. In the year 1219, under Archbishop S. Engelbert, their church was built. They still wore the striped cloak. In 1240 Pope Nicholas granted large indulgences to those who visited this church. In 1363, under the provincial Gotterhalk, the monastery obtained its largest dimensions, and in 1550, under Edward Billig, its greatest splendor. On Feb 7th, 1606, the greater part of the church collapsed, but was rebuilt in increased magnificence in 1642.

A number of distinguished men came from this monastery, amongst whom we mention: Henry, bishop auxiliary of Cologne, who was present at the general chapter of the order in Monte Pessulam, when, on July 22nd, 1287, the white cloak was resumed; 2—Daniel von Wichterisk, bishop of Werden; 3—Eberhard von Murgen bishop of Caron in the patriarchate of Antionch, and auxiliary of Cologne; died January, 1397; 4—Simon of Spires, and John of Brammart, professors of Theology at the university of Cologne; 5—Conrad of Aronsberg, bishop; 6—Henry Book, bishop, auxiliary of Spires, (1433); Hilger von Burgen, Conrad von Haiden, John von Arena, Casper Manster—all bishops.

Alanus Brito, for five years general of the order, and known for many miracles; Peter Amiliani, the 9th Latin general and others equally famous belonged to the monks of the Cologne Carmel.

The Convent was also well known for the number of relics, and the miraculous pictures in the church.

Year 1200.—About this time there were monasteries of Carmel erected in Sacca, Agrigenti, Lilybed, Ferula, and Motysa in Sicily and on the Isle of Malta.

Year 1204.—Probably in this year Angelus and his brother John joined the order and received the habit from Fr. Jerome, prior of the monastery in Jerusalem.

Year 1205.—After the death of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Pope Innocent III selected the cardinal of S.Praxedis as his successor, who, however declined the appointment, whereupon Albert, the Bishop of Vercelli was nominated Patriarch of Jerusalem and Papal Legate in Palestine. By him the rule of the order, as it is to-day, was reformed, and rendered more precise. The year in which this took place is not certain. It must have taken place between 1205—1214, the last year of Albert's rule. But, as the patriarchal see was moved from Jerusalem to Acron, at the foot of Mount Carmel in 1209, it is probable that the conference with Brocard and his brethren, and the new framing of the rule took place then.

The principal difference was the fixing of the mode of electing a superior (general), and the arrangement of the monastery, the oratory, etc. The rule is very short, but clear, avoiding all metaphors or parables, and taken for the greater part from the old rule of Patriarch John, changed only, in as far as the change from an eremetical to a coenobitical life rendered it desirable.

In this year Angelus and John made their religious profession in the monastery of S. Anne, the place where the Bl. Virgin had been conceived without sin.

Year 1206.—This year a monastery was founded in Petralata in Catalonia, which from the beginning followed the rule of S. Albert. Also a monastery was commenced in Venice. A number of bishops and also a papal legate proceeded from this monastery.

Year 1207.—William von Sannish, a cotemporaneous writer, enumerates in this year, the following monasteries in Palestine: Phoenicia and Syria, which stood under the general of the order and obeyed the rule of S. Albert, to wit; Mount Carmel, Acron, (formerly Prolemais), Tyre, Sarepta, Tripolis, "fair place," Antioch, Mount Nervi, Quarentene, Jerusalem and Valijm. (Samaria, Galgal and Jericho had been utterly destroyed by the Turks). Most of these monasteries had existed for hundreds of years, but now an organic union with the motherhouse was effected, and the writer says, that very large numbers from all parts of the world joined the order.

Year 1211.—This was the year of the birth of the Bl. Francis in Grotti near Siena.

Year 1212.—It is said that in this year some of the Carmelite Anchorites came to England, with returning crusaders. However that may be, no monastery was built there this year. But there were monasteries commenced in Perpignan and in Sanguescein, Arragonia. (The church of the former was dedicated to the ——— Conception.)

Year 1213.—Pope Innocent III sent out invitations for the Lateran Council. Patriarch Albert and Bl. Brocard were messengers to the Sultan of Damascus, to lay before him the offers of Innocent, and also intimated his intention to bring Brocard with him to the council.

Year 1214.—On Sept. 14th, 1214, S. Albert the patriarch, was stabbed to death in the church of the Holy Cross in Acron Ptolemais.) In this year S. Angelus and his brother were ordained priests by the Superior Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Years 1215-1216.—Pope Innocent III founded and endorsed the Carmelite Convent at Cinita Vacshia. Honorius III, the successor of Innocent confirmed the rule of S. Albert.

Year 1217.—John, the brother of S. Angelus, and himself a Carmelite, became Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Year 1214.—Jerusalem was again taken and destroyed by the Sultan of Damascus, but the fate of the Carmelite Monastery there is uncertain. S. Angelus during the preceding five years, was in Quarantene, but now in obedience to a divine command, visited the Patriarch of Alexandria, Athanasius, of Claremont, who sent him and his companions, Peter, Joseph and Enoch, to his brother Frederick in Palermo. Angelus brought thither the relics confided to his care by the Patriarch. Near shore they were intercepted by Saracen pirates, who were partly destroyed by lightning and partly converted. Angelus and his companions abided in the monastery at Massena, where the delivered the relics into the hands of Honorius III. Afterwards they came to Rome, where Angelus met S. Francis and S. Dominic. The monastic cell of the Dominican monastery, where this meeting took place, is now an oratory.

The following year Angelus and Enoch travelled through Italy, preaching the word of God, and founding the monasteries of Brindisi and Grottaminarda, and probably also in Capua. Finally they returned to Palermo, in which as yet there was no monastery, since the ancient hermitage was outside the walls. Thence he went to Agrigentum and Leocata, and finally to Leontini. (In all these old monasteries he likely introduced the rule of S. Albert.) Angelus suffered a most cruel death at the hands of a certain Belingar, whom he had reproached for his immorality. The order venerates him as a martyr. He was buried in the Basilica of S. Philip and James, in Palermo, the very church in which he had been stabbed to death. The bishop and population severely bewailed his loss, and joyfully venerated his relics.

Year 1220.—Pope Honorius III gave to the Carmelites the old Transpontina, which later on was transferred to a new site and became the mother-house of the order.

Year 1121.—Bl. Brocard, the second Latin general of the order, died, 80 years old, having ruled the order for 33 years. For his successor, S. Cyril was elected, who for years had been a companion of Bl. Brocard. Cyril was told by the Bl. Virgin that the Catholic faith would be taken from the east on account of the crimes of the Catholics, but that the order, transplanted into Europe, would flourish and increase very much. Hence Cyril appointed Simon Stock as his vicar general for Europe. In a letter to his former companion in the Armenian mission, Eusebius, Cyril traces the history and the changes in the order from the time of the prophets.

Before or about this time John, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and brother of Angelus, died, and was succeeded by Onuphrius, in whose time under the presidency of Athanasius, the Alexandrian patriarch, a Synod was held in Jerusalem, which pronounced on the sanctity of Angelus, and counted him amongst the saints.

Amongst the distinguished Carmelites of these times there are mentioned : Jerasimus, archbishop of Nazareth ; John, archbishop of Cesarea ; Peter, bishop of Bethlehem.

Year 1224.—This is the year of the death of S. Cyril, the general of the or-

der. He ruled but 3 years. He was succeeded by Berthold II, a Lombard. There were some in the general chapter on Mount Carmel, who opposed a migration to Europe, but better councils prevailed, and a beginning was made at once. Some Cyprians went to Cyprus, and Sicilians to Sicily, to found new monasteries, and there prepare a new home for their brethren. S. Simon Stock was again appointed vicar general, and whilst Berthold ruled Palestine, Syria and Cyprus, S. Simon united under his sway the convents of Italy, Germany, France, Spain and England.

Year 1226.—The Carmelites asked Pope Honorius III to approve the rule, but he at first declined. But during the night the Bl. Virgin appeared to him, commanding him to take the order under his protection, and announcing that the two officials, who were most opposed to the order, would be found dead in the morning. Hence Honorius, on Jan. 30th, 1226, by a solemn bill, comfirmed the order. The following year Gregory IX confirmed this approbation.

Year 1227.—In the savage persecutions of the Orient not all of the Carmelites had been faithful. But contrite and disconsolate they sought to retrieve their fault. Hence at the petition of Berthold Gregory IX, by brief, dated Perusiam, granted the general power to absolve them from the censures and rehabitate them.

Enoch, a Carmelite and former companion of Angelus, and now Patriarch of Jerusalem, wrote this year the life of S. Angelus.

Year 1228.—Disturbances arose in Mount Carmel on account of the question, whether the order could hold collective property. Some also showed themselves ambitious of office. F. Berthold settled both points and quieted all.

About this time a hospice of the Carmelites was founded at Vilcord (Belgium), by Duchess Sophy, the daughter of S. Elisabeth of Thuringia.

Year 1229.—Jerusalem and Nazareth were recovered for the Christians by the treaty between Frederic II and the Sultan of Egypt.

One of the Carmelites of Siena, Blase by name, died in the odor of sanctity, and was famous for his miracles. He was buried in the walls of the Carmelite churrh of Siena. Alexander Galosci, another Carmelite of Siena, wrote his life, according to which Blase died as Bishop of Cremona. But it is more likely that he was Bishop of Lavona.

Year 1230.—Gregory IX confirmed the rule of the Carmelites, and at the request of S. Simon Stock took them under his special protection.

Year 1231.—This year saw the death of Berthold II, the general of the order, and the election of Alanas, an Englishman, for his successor. He retained S. Simon Stock as his Vicar General for Europe.

Year 1234.—S. Louis IX, King of France, called the Carmelites to Paris, and gave them a house for a domicile.

Year 1235.—Owing to the constant disturbances, caused in the holy land, by the Turks, and by the quarrels between the Pope and the Emperor, some of the Carmelites transmigrated to Europe, and founded the convent of Valence (Belgium.)

Year 1237.—As the persecutions in Syria and Palestine became every day more intolerable, there was a general chapter of the order held on Mount Carmel, at which representatives were present of the monasteries of Mount Carmel, Quarantene, Valigin, Prolemais, Tyre, Sarepta, Tripolis, Fairplace, Jerusalem, Antioch, Mount Nervi, and other places, that had adopted the rule of S. Albert, and in obedience to the instructions of the Bl. Virgin, given in a vision to the General Alanus, a decree was passed, allowing all the monks, who were willing, to go to Europe and found monasteries there; whilst others, determined to brave death, remained in their old places. Also before this migration to Europe had taken place, but only with the consent of local superiors, and in small numbers, now the order itself transferred from the Orient to the Occident.

Year 1238.—Many of those coming from the Orient went to places in Europe, where monasteries already existed, but they brought with them their rule and organic union. Many new monasteries in the old places were erected. In Cyprus they founded or refounded Fortania and Famagusta, in Sicily especially, Messina, Drepane and Leontini.

According to the report of the Jesuit

father, Plasidas Samperi, the new comers first built a monastery two miles north of Messina, which they called Carmel. But as the citizens complained of the distance, the monks moved to the outskirts of the town, in the neighborhood of the Cathedral, and when the cathedral clergy objected to this proximity, they invoked the Pope, and he decided to locate them at the church of S. Cataldus, in another part of the city.

In France the monks erected a monastery near Marseilles, whence they spread into Provence.

Year 1239.—The fathers remaining on Mount Carmel were driven off by the Turks, and found a temporary shelter in Ptolemais. From there a father, Ivo, went with the English knight, John Versey (1240, Christmas) and founded a monastery near the Scottish borders, Alvelvic. Father Rudolph came with Knight Richard Grey and founded Aisleford. Out of these two monasteries of Holne in Northumberland and Aisleford in Kent, the order spread so fast in England, that at the time of its suppression by Henry VIII, it counted 140 monasteries.

Year 1241.—The two monasteries of Nervenden and Burnham were founded in England. (Peter Franington, the historian of S. Simon Stock, was a member of the Burnham convent.) Also London saw this year a monastery.

Year 1242.—From times unknown to us some Carmelites had settled near Toulouse, in a place called Chateau Narbonne, but the citizens of the town wishing to have them nearer, Count Raymond, jr., in 1242, allowed some Jews in town to sell their houses to the Carmelites in order to build a monastery there.

Year 1243f—Innocent IV approved, declared and mitigated the rule of the order, recommended it to the bishops, protected the monasteries already existing, and gave them some spiritual privileges, among which the General reserved the power to grant faculties for hearing confessions to his subjects. The Carmelites were also freed from the duty of paying tithes, and allowed to say mass in their chapels during an interdict.

Year 1245.—The General of the order, Alanus, had left Palestine and gone to England. There he assisted at a chapter in Tileford, where he resigned his office, and thereafter lived in Cologne, where he died. He was the first general buried away from Mount Carmel. His body lies before the high altar of the Carmelite church in Cologne.

At this general chapter at Aylesford, S. Simon Stock was unanimously elected as the sixth Latin general. He went to Pope Innocent, then at the Council of Lyons, and was very kindly received as we said above. At this time the monasteries at Aquilege, near Marseilles,and at Avignon and Arles were commenced. The Carmelites henceforth ranked amongst the Mendicant Orders.

Year 1207.—The Carmelites who had remained in Palestine and Syria were hard pressed and persecuted by the Torcomen. But also the clergy and some bishops in Europe tried to prevent them from saying mass in their churches and burying their deceased brethren. They therefore had recourse to Pope Innocent, who, by a brief dated VI Cal. Augusti, 1847, forbade the bishops and priests to interfere with them, and again recommended them to their favor.

Year 1208.—The monastery at Bamberg was commenced this year.

Year 1259.—This year the monastery at Brussels was founded. In this monastery two general chapters were held. In the same year the Convent of Harlem in Holland was founded by the Knight Simon of Harlem, Also the monastery at Ypern is credited to this year. The monks of this convent had first lived in a place called Hollalick.

Year 1250.—A general chapter convened by S. Simon Stock elected Nicholas Gallious as vicar general for the oriental portions of the order. A new and large monastery was built at Drepane in Sicily, where the same year S. Albert was born. Also in Bivone, in Sicily, a monastery was erected.

Year 1251.—The persecutions of the order on the part of the parish clergy waxed fiercer and fiercer. In Cambridge the monastery was opened, and the convent at Mauza in Portugal founded.

This year will be forever famous in the annals of Carmel on account of the Scapular. According to the official report of Fr. Swanington, the secretary of S. Simon Stock, the latter very old,, ex-

hausted by penance, and oppressed by grief at the persecutions, which his order suffered in the East and in the West, addressed himself to the Bl. Virgin for redress, reminding her that it was the order of her brethren that sought help. He repeated the invocation : Flower of Carme, blossoming vine, splendor of heaven, virgin mother, singularly meek mother, not knowing man,grant privileges to the Carmelites, oh, star of the sea." The privileges he asked for consisted in some badge by which the order might, as it were, legitimize itself as that of Mary, and under her special protection. Then Mary, with a grand suite, appeared to him, holding in her hand the Scapular, and said : "This will be a privilege to thee and all the Carmelites ; who dieth in this, shall not suffer hellfire." Whilst Mary disappeared, she commanded him to approach the vicar of her son (Pope Innocent) who would put an end to all grievances.

John Paleonydorus in narrating the event, adds yet the words, as used by the Bl. Virgin : "Behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in dangers, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance."

The vision was recognized universally as genuine, and Popes, Saints and Doctors of Divinity, not only acknowledged it, but they made practical use of it by receiving it from the hands of the Carmelites and wearing it.

In the first times thereafter the novices of the order received the Scapular with the hood attached, whilst the professed members of the order wore the hood detached from the Scapular and sown to the cuculla.

Year 1252.—The Carmelites, obedient to the command of the Bl. Virgin, appealed to Pope Innocent IV, who sent encyclical letters to all the bishops,commanding them to receive the brethren of the order kindly, to protect them in their rights and against imposition, and under censure to compel their clergy to do likewise. This put a stop to petty persecutions and the number of monasteries increased fast, spreading the order over all Europe.

In Wurzburg a monastery was founded and that of Bamberg completed. Also Winton was commenced.

Year 1253.—This year is believed to be the year of the death of Bl. Angelo, who, as we said in the year 1196, had received the habit of the order in Palestine. There she lived for half a century, but obedient to the voice of God, had returned to her native soil, and died in Prague. What time this latter convent was founded is uncertain, but it certainly existed in 1253.

ODORS FROM THE "VALLEY OF LILIES."

Religious life has been thus styled, and some words of one who was not only a "lily" of the cloister, but even an "angel" of purity, sublime knowledge and seraphic love, have refreshed us with celestial fragrance, and seemed worthy of being suggested to Carmelite readers. "These are virgins, pure as light, empurpled as charity ; their sacred phalanx, says St. Thomas of Aquino, is like a heavenly flower bed enamelled with the variegated colors of all other virtues, for Jesus, like a Divine Artist, is pleased to adorn them each day with His graces in return for the glory they procure Him in their feeble and tempted flesh. They are virgins, pure lilies, and clothed with splendor ; immortal flowers which the breath of earthly prosperity has not parried, nor the winter of adversity withered; white corollas, where he loves to dwell, like the morning dew, until they shall bear to Heaven a fragrance of incomparable sweetness, God Himself being present in them for all eternity. There are the virgin souls, the royal spouses of the King of Kings, receiving from Him the sceptre by which they govern so absolutely all the passions of the body. They possess an inestimable treasure which is more dazzling than the treasures of snow spoken of in Scripture, and having bought it at a great price, they hide it carefully in the sacred field of the monastic life."

The less men think, the more they talk. —Montesquieu.

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity.—Cervantes.

The hell of these days is the infinite terror of not getting on, especially of not making money.—Carlyle.

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

JULY 16TH.

The annual pilgrimage to the shrine of the Carmelite Monastery was this year, as usual, a very large one, and we are happy to say that the arrangements made beforehand by the good monks were all excellent, and we congratulate them on the successful issue of their great celebration. To say that we were edified by the fervent devotion of so many pious people, who came from near and far to honor Our Blessed Lady in this Her favored devotion, is very far from expressing what we have felt during that great day, and does not represent justly the impression made upon our minds by the concourse of so many liveried sons and daughters of Mary of Mt. Carmel. It was Mary's special day on which, as it were, she held a grand review of her valiant soldiers, and the occasion did Her honor, and besides gave glory to Him who rejoices to be where Her name is praised, and Her intercession invoked. Thus it was shown to the world of those who scoff and sneer at our holy religion and at its pious practices, and particularly at our devotion to Mary the Mother of God, that this practise of wearing the Scapular is not at all on the decline, but is becoming, day by day, and year by year, more widely spread, and more loved by the children of the Catholic Church. If, as our Father has promised, that those who glorify him before men, will be glorified by Him before His Father who is in Heaven, we may well hope that all those who so piously testified before men on the last feast day, to the love of Mary His Mother, will receive an equal return of favors and blessings.

To Rome, the centre of Catholicity on earth, and the seat of many shrines of the Apostles, people are accustomed to go at various times of the year to pay homage to our Holy Father the Pope, and visit those ancient spots sanctified by the blood of many martyrs. France has its many shrines, such as Lourdes, where we honor the apparition which testified to the Immaculate Conception, or Montmartre, where our Divine Lord showed Blessed Margaret the beauties of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

In Ireland, too, are found some shrines for special devotion. European countries naturally have been selected as the favored places for such devotion, but yet, on this side of the great Atlantic, where, comparatively speaking, the gospel is only of modern growth, yet we are proud to see that we have here, too, our shrines, although not favored with such apparitions, yet loved by pious souls, and honored as we have seen Our Lady's Shrine honored on the recent great Feast Day of Mt. Carmel.

Wednesday, the 16th of July, was favored with delightful weather, although falling in a season which has been unusually unpleasant near Niagara Falls. The sun shone out from early morning with all his brilliancy; not a cloud appeared in the blue sky to dim his brightness. The surroundings of Niagara were looking at their best, but none more beautiful than those which encircled the holy hill, the Carmelite Monastery, the Loretto Convent, the little Carmelite Church and lastly the palatial Hospice. Writers tell us, nowhere else does nature embellish the scene so lavishly, and with such varied beauties, and the loud song of Niagara's green waters hurling themselves down the steep descent, and dashing themselves against the great rocks below, came through the air, as it were, to mingle its notes with the voices of the thousands who sang the praises of Mary upon the slopes above.

From break of day almost, many people could be seen coming to Our Lady's Shrine, and masses were being celebrated there from a very early hour, but the principal devotions of the day were timed to commence at 8.30 o'clock a.m. with public mass, at which all who were fasting could receive Holy Communion. Shortly before this hour two special trains steamed in from Buffalo, and pulled up opposite the little church. About 2,000 pilgrims took advantage of this

grand trip from Buffalo. It is to be regretted that the little church of the Shrine is not sufficiently large to contain such a great number as came on the 16th, but we have every reason to hope that in a few years, another great church will rear its tall spire heavenwards from a place near that now occupied by the present Shrine. As there were so many to receive Holy Communion, the High Mass which was timed to begin at 10, was postponed to 10.30 a.m.. In order to give all an opportunity of being present, a very large pavilion was erected in the Hospice grounds, and as the day was so warm this arrangement found favor with everyone. The solemnity of the occasion was very edifying. Devotion to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel was expressed by the silent attention with which the thousands assisted at the public mass, and as the Holy Ministers chanted the words "Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes," "Let us rejoice in the Lord, celebrating the Feast Day," and the solemn tones of the organ were wafted away on the breeze, we could hear the hum of many voices praying to God in thanksgiving for His many favors, or with the Ave Maria, saluting Mary the Lady of Mount Carmel, on this Her festive day. The sermon at this mass was preached by the Rev. Provincial, who spoke as follows :

Taking as his text the beautiful words of Eccles. I, 15, "And they to whom she shall shew herself, love her by the sight and by the knowledge of her works." The eloquent preacher introduced his subject as follows, "Blessed the angels and saints to whom the most venerable Virgin manifests all her transcendent beauty, the sublimity of which increases the glory of the Seraphim. She is the first and the most beautiful of all the ideas of the Creator. The heavenly Queen, who today sits upon her throne of glory, rejoicing with the saints and angels, rejoicing ever, but more particularly on this, the feast day of Mt. Carmel. Do not the heavenly choirs sing to-day in union with us the praises of Mary of Mt. Carmel, and with reason, because it is the glorious manifestation of her constant love for mankind. It is, as it were, the new covenant, which she instituted with man ; her Scapular is the sign of that Covenant, as the rainbow still remains to testify to the Covenant which Jehovah formed with the Jews of old. This, then, is the reason of our rejoicing to-day, because to-day we have revered again for our greater assurance the pledge with which our Heavenly Queen once bound herself to be our protectress against all the perils and dangers of our journeying here below.

The speaker then went on to explain the beautiful analogy between the preparations for the final revelation of our Lord, and the preparations for the final revelation of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel. In the dark days of the Old Testament, when the chosen people were settled in the Blessed Land, but when they were suffering from persecutions at the hands of the foreign nations, God held out hopes to them through his prophets of a Redeemer to come, who would change the old order of things and institute a new religion. For fifty centuries before his coming, men sighed for Him, who was to be their deliverer and their king. Through the darkness and gloom of those days, when they were encompassed around with dangers and perils, their one hope was centred upon the coming of that great man who would dispel the darkness and lead them safe on their journey heavenward, and God gave them continuous signs of His coming. So a similar course was followed before the institution of the Order of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel. She was the beloved of God and the beloved of men, who beheld her, their dear mother, given to them as a mother on Mt. Calvary. She was to be their shield in all the spiritual dangers and difficulties which they would encounter here below, but the glories of Mt. Carmel were only another proof of her vigilance, another manifestation of her maternal solicitude, and another bright star in the diadem with which her son crowned her in heaven.

The little cloud which the prophet of old saw arise from the sea, he took to signify the glorious Immaculate Virgin Mary, who was to spring forth out of the infected and bitter sea of our corrupt nature, without any corruption and like an auspicious cloud, being overshadowed by the virtue of the Most High,

was to water this barren world with the heavenly rain of the expected Messias. There and then, as it is believed by the express command of Almighty God, he instituted the Order of Mt. Carmel,which was to be specially dedicated to the honor of this Sacred Virgin. This was enacted not far from the place where many years afterwards the Virgin was to conceive without stain, and bring forth the promised Redeemer. And as the new revelation of the gospel was opposed by the powers of earth and hell, so the new Order of Mount Carmel was opposed by all the persecutions that the devil could hurl against it, or the wicked minds of men plan to overturn it. All the persecutions of the Saracens, all the bitter calumnies cast upon the order were just as fruitless in the one case as in the other, as the blood of the early martyrs only became the seeds of thousands of Christians, so the martyrs of the Carmelite Order, throughout its many years of persecutions, became only the seed from which sprung up the glorious order of after days. Of martyrs for the faith it can boast of thousands ; of martyrs of charity, the saints are numberless. "Count the stars of heaven," says an ancient writer, "and you may count the saints of the Carmelite Order."

The speaker then described in beautiful language the calling of St. Simon Stock in the spirit of the Baptist, from his abode in solitude ; the Blessed Virgin called him to join the Carmelite Order in England, and to him she manifested herself in a very special manner, and through him gave us the devotion to the Brown Scapular.

After explaining fully the above analogy, between the preparations for the coming of our Blessed Lord and the preparations for the giving of the Brown Scapular to St. Simon Stock. The preacher next debated upon the last words of his text, "and they shall love her by the sight and by the knowledge of her works."

That the members of her chosen order loved her is amply verified in the annals of our Church. The saints of the order are the great saints of the Church. There are saints of love and prayer, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, and thousands of others whose names embellish the pages of our Church histories. Through the example of such saints as these the order spread rapidly and found devoted disciples in every country of Europe.

Finally the preacher summed up by speaking on the promises which Mary holds forth to those who are devoted to her Brown Scapular ; it will be the greatest safeguard in dangers io this life ; it will be a guarantee under certain conditions of an early release from Purgatory. Devotion to her Scapular is a sign of her favorites, and a sign of predestination.

Mass over, the pilgrims next filled in the time before twelve o'clock by making visits to the Shrine, or in enjoying the beauties of the scenery all around, but when twelve o'clock came, it found us all busied about the daily bread. The Hospice had ample accommodation for all and meals were served quickly and neatly to all comers. The arrangements were excellent and pleased everyone. The reputation which the monks have always had, as being hospitable and kind, was only once again exemplified, and on all sides nothing but praise was heard of their efforts.

At three o'clock again our next public devotion took place in the pavilion, where the rosary and solemn Benediction and the Papal Blessing were given. This, the closing exercise of the great feast day, was not by any means the least devotional. The pilgrims were treated to a very fine sermon in German by Father Louis, in which he treated on the devotion of the Scapular. After mass, Father Kreidt spoke for some time and then gave the Papal Benediction. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament dfollowed, and all the pilgrims united in singing the various hymns for the occasion. The service closed with the singing of the hymn, "Blessed the name of God."

This concluded the various exercises of the great feast day, and shortly afterwards the pilgrims from Buffalo took their departure. Thus ended a great day at Niagara Falls, a day on which much devotion was manifested, a day on which Our Lady was honored by Her faithful children, and as we are all trying to be faithful wearers of her livery here below, let us hope that if all of us

do not meet again at Her Shrine, we may one day meet again at the Shrine where we may behold Her face to face, and do her honor in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Near the Altar.

"Adoro te Devote," etc.

St. Thomas.

Kneeling in this restful silence
Near the Sacred fount of grace,
Longings wafted o'er my spirit,
For the vision of His face,
For one gleaming of its splendour
From that land where Angels sing,
Thus they gaze, with love celestial,
On the beauty of their King.

Then I heard a mystic whisper,
Echoed from a Saint of old,
One whose Eucharistic praises
Thoughts replete with grace unfold,
"Hidden God ! I here adore Thee !
And I did not pray to see
Wounded hands and feet, like Thomas,
Let Thy word suffice for me."

"Blessed they on earth who see not !"
May this guerdon, Lord, be mine,
Till there dawns eternal morning
Radiant with Thy Face Divine.
Angel of the schools and Altar !
Glorious lessons Thou hast taught,
Yet, to me, these aspirations
Seem with special meaning fraught.

And they soothe my inward sighings
With most sweet and holy balm ;
Whilst, in exile, I am watching
For the vision of the Lamb.
"Hidden God !" I too adore Thee,
In this Eucharistic shrine !
May there beam a soft reflection
Of St. Thomas' faith in mine.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

"Go. miser, go ! for lucre sell thy soul,
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole ;
That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
"See what a vast estate he left his son!"
—Dryden.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On Wednesday, July 16, two of the venerable sisters of Loretto Convent celebrated their golden jubilees. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. F. L. Guenther, O.C.C., chaplain of the sisters at Fort Lee, New Jersey, being assisted by Revs. Br. Koehler and X. Trynan, as deacon and subdeacon respectively.

The singing of the Mass by the ven. sisters of Loretto was beautiful and impressive. After Mass the sisters received their crowns from the hand of Rev. F. L. Guenther, who also delivered a short but touching panegyric. Those who have had any dealing with sisters, and who are more or less acquainted with their mode of living, can only poorly understand and appreciate what fifty years of religious life means, what sacrifices have to be made and what crosses have to be borne, and this for no other motive than the love of God. For, could any other motive induce persons to give up the world and its pleasures ?

A diamond jubilee would be the wish of the Review, did it not perceive the difficulties and crosses that would accompany so many years.

However, the Review hopes that the crowning which took place on Wednesday may be a true symbol of the golden crown that awaits them in heaven.

GLEANINGS.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—Napoleon.

Poets have looked at the "Stella Matutina," and written their sweetest songs in the light of her gleaming.—Anon.

"He never touches us save with a touch which has Mary's touch on it. It follows then that a Christian heart should never separate Mary from Jesus."— Dr. Hedley.

"For although there are many ways whereby we may do honor to our Lady and afford her pleasure, yet none of the accidental joys we thus procure her equal that which we can give her by hearing Mass."—F. Cochem.

Capt. "Cornstalk" Jackson.

(Written for the Carmelite Review by a Roman Student.)

The sunshine of peace beneath whose rays two nations had basked together, was suddenly darkened, for the angry clouds of war had gathered overhead and seemed ready to burst in all their destructive violence. The thoughtless youth leaped with joy at the signs of the approaching storm, but older heads and experienced men became serious, and prayed that the storm might be of short duration; while mothers mingled tears with their prayers for loved ones who must brave its fury.

Many of us recall the story of the late war with feelings of deepest regret, for the enemy (as we are all well aware) had once proved a friend, tried and true, in the days of our nation's childhood. However, it is not my object here to discuss the justice, or injustice, the cause, or the details of the war, but I shall leave this to your own knowledge and convictions, and pass on to our story.

In regard to external appearance, I confess "Cornstalk" Jackson was in no sense a "dandy," in childhood he had been considered the blackest little pickaninney that southern suns had ever smiled upon, and as he grew to manhood his complexion never deserted, but clung to him with a natural tenacity; he was tall, straight and very thin, and a small cocoanut-shaped head adorned this rather imposing form; two large rolling eyes did not contribute much towards beautifying him, and his lips ! ! Well, if quantity constitutes beauty in this regard, "Cornstalk" was the proud possessor of the most beautiful pair of lips in the country.

However, there is an old proverbial saying that, "appearances are deceitful," and in this case we have the proverb verified, as Mr. Jackson was by no means a mere bundle of imperfections, for behind his dark complexion, within this ungainly form, was as manly and as pure a Catholic heart as ever throbbed beneath a military uniform; and every Sunday morning in the days of peace "Cornstalk" knelt at the altar rail of St. Jerome's church in the city of Macon, and with great devotion received the Bread of Angels.

Although "Cornstalk" worked hard every day in the boiling suns of summer, and the winter's chilly blast, it was his custom on returning home in the evening to kneel before a shrine of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, and there recite a decade of the beads.

This shrine was situated on one of the principal thoroughfares in the city of Macon, and at times the holy man was exposed to the jeers and abuse of street gamins, and the uncharitable remarks of passers-by; nevertheless, he prayed on unmindful of his surroundings, and while jeers and taunts passed off into oblivion his prayers ascended a sweet smelling incense before the Eternal Throne.

Among the first troops sent to the front in the conflict was the Georgia Volunteers, and it is in their ranks we find the hero of our narrative.

The day of the volunteers departure was a gala one, all business was suspended in the city, martial airs and plantation songs resounded from all sections, whilst time and again a mighty cheer from the assembled throng shook the very city, and died away on the breeze like the roll of muffled thunder in the distance.

Many a joke was passed at the expense of "Cornstalk" Jackson, as he appeared in the ranks of the Volunteers, and wearing the distinguishing mark of first lieutenant. His fellow soldiers could not refrain from teasing him, but he, in his cool, deliberate way, responded, that time and action would determine who were the nation's protectors, who unworthy of the name.

Months have passed since the departure of the troops; months since the first hostile shots rang out; the enemy has proven herself a formidable one, for every battle has been stubbornly contested, and our troops have encountered foemen worthy of their own steel.

Numerous battles have been fought.

With scrutinizing eye and anxious mind men search the papers and find that both sides have lost heavily; that the enemy has the advantage of position, a favorable defence, and that the final battle which will determine the destinies of both nations has begun.

Who could describe the feelings that animated the men who took part in this battle? "Win or Die" was every man's motto, and no motto was ever better abided by, for they feared not the cannons roar, the bayonet thrust or the sabre blade, and the number of gallant men who breathed forth their last in this field shows how earnestly their words were chosen and uttered. Many were the deeds of valor and daring, and many a hero fell, but one hero stands out conspicuously as the hero of heroes, and shall go down to posterity with an immortal crown upon his brow..

All day long the battle raged; the heavens became sickened, and drew her mantle of night around her to shut out the terrible scene; but man's thirst for blood was not yet satiated, and with human blood running in small rivulets beneath him, and stumbling over the dead bodies of friend and foe, he still fought on.

Our army was now on the brink of despair; officers and men had fallen alike before the destructful cross-fire of the enemy and the canon's terrible work; confusion reigned supreme in all sections of the battle line, and destruction was staring our men in the face; when suddenly, one gallant lad pressed forward, roused up the troops to action, and sword in hand, led the charge upon the enemies' lines.

It was a wild, hazardous undertaking; the canon's mouth had been defied, the crack of musketry unnoticed; men and leader fought like demons, drove the tenacious enemy from their position, a conquered and beaten foe.

the funny expression on his face, when he saw what the basket contained; for of course he thought it was more jewels. Instead, he saw a harmless babe, nearly

Some time has again elapsed, the hero of this charge has been sung in poetry and lauded in prose, and high honors conferred upon him by the government; but victory and high honors, lofty position and praise, have not caused this man to forget the higher and nobler duty to his God, and at eventide, when the Angelus bell, in the city of Macon, (Ga.) announces the hour of prayer, a vast throng gathers before the statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and responds to the Pater and Ave of "The exemplar soldier, the model Christian"—Capt. "Cornstalk" Jackson.

To Sister Mary Catharine.

(Lines suggested by the reading of her golden jubilee.)

All breathless my pen is running,
Running a race with time,
For 'twas only to-day I heard it,
An echo of sweetest chime.
The sound of the gold bell ringing
Thy jubilee loved and true,
As I wish a share in all things good,
May I be glad with you?

'Tis forward, I know, of a stranger,
Tho' waves of distance roll
Between us, gentlest sister,
Yet, we are related in soul.
O, sweet, when I caught that echo
Before its voice could die,
To the soul of prayer I gave it
And this hour 'tis heard on high.

Still, may thy years be many,
Life's conquests rich and bold;
O, may He set the diamond
Of years within thy gold;
And may that gem most sweetly
Drink in His beauty bright,
Imprison it forever,
As it does the morning's light.

Mary Allegra Gallagher,
11 Chelsea St.,
East Boston,
Mass.

He who lives for no purpose, lives for a bad purpose.

He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place.

The honest man, though e'er so poor, is king o' men for a' that.—Burns.

The formation of character ought to be the chief aim of every man.—Goethe.

Nellie's Reformation.

(Written for the Review by John S. Ormsby.)

She was an old woman, poorly but cleanly and neatly dressed. In her face one could read a story of much suffering, but her eyes had that look of fortitude and patience which denotes the thorough Christian. The homely old shawl which covered her scrawny shoulders mutely told a story of olden times, and the oft mended gown she wore, was cut in the style of nearly a decade ago. Altogether she was a veritable "old fashioned mother," living in a big city.

She was coming from her morning devotions at St. Joseph's Cathedral, and close to her side walked a young girl of eighteen, in whose face could be traced the incipient marks of dissipation. They had reached the city hall, and passersby could plainly hear that the two were in a heated argument. The day was rainy and chilly, but the argument alone was sufficient to keep the two women warm. The passersby heeded them not, but one young fellow, who devoted considerable time to the study of human nature, walked in their wake, and unintentionally, overheard their conversation.

"Now that you have made your peace with God," said the old woman, "I hope you will continue to be a good girl. It is all your own fault, just as Father told you."

"Aw don't be always jawin' me. I'll do the best I can, an' I've already promised to stay home from dances, isn't that enough for you?"

"No, it is not enough. You'll have to live up to your promise to his reverence. I don't care how you treat me, treat yourself with becoming decency, and I'll trust to God to do the rest."

"There you go again! Jaw, jaw, all the time, as if I could not take care of myself. For heaven's sake shut up! I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself, so what need you care, anyhow?"

"What need I care?" repeated the old woman with a shudder; "I, the mother that bore you. Oh! would to God your father had not died before you were properly settled. God forgive you, Nellie; if you keep on as you are going, no honest man will have you."

The young girl's eyes flashed angrily. She shot out her arm and gave her mother a violent push. The pavement was slippery and the poor woman fell heavily to the sidewalk, with a cry of pain. The passersby walked hurriedly on, unheeding the incident. What did they care? It was no affair of theirs, and then it was raining and growing colder, and they were in a hurry to reach their homes.

The young man came forward, assisted the old woman to her feet and supported her with his arm. The young girl had started on her way, but walked only a few steps, when she returned. She saw her mother was hurt, and became frightened. The young man, seeing that the injured woman was unable to walk, accordingly called a hack.

"Where is your home?" he asked of the daughter. She did not seem disposed at first to tell, but finally yielded, and the good samaritan accompanied the two to their lowly tenement in a respectable though humble quarter of the city.

The old woman was put to bed, and a physician was called. He said the woman had sustained a slight fracture of the thigh, and linaments were prescribed for her. On questioning his patient he learned that her husband had died several months previous, leaving her to "get on" as best she could. Her daughter had obtained work in a local factory, and was supposed to be attending a school of stenography and typewriting in the evening. The mother worked hard to secure for her child all the advantages of an education that would fit her for routine office work. Everything appeared to go along well until she heard that her child, instead of attending the school of instruction, was spending her time with frivolous companions. Late hours became the order, and on two occasions, the girl appeared at her home seemingly under the in-

fluence of liquor. This was the last straw, and the mother made enquiries only to learn that her daughter had been frequenting questionable resorts. She spoke to the clergy, and, on her knees, importuned her daughter, who had, in the meantime, lost her position in the factory, to mend her ways, until finally she consented to visit the church in company with her mother. She behaved very well and made brave promises, while in the presence of the clergymen, but when she started for home, the spirit of evil again possessed her, with the result shown.

When Nellie saw what her mother was suffering on her account, she became immediately a reformed girl, and has done all in her power to alleviate her parent's pain. The outcome was, the physician and the good samaritan set their influence to work and secured a respectable position for the repentant girl, and to-day she is one of the most devoted of daughters, to a crippled mother. The latter says she does not now regret being a cripple, or the cause of it, as her lameness will ever remind her child of the time when she was so near the total collapse of morality. Nellie is now the respected forewoman of a local industry, and has the good opinion of a sturdy young official in the employment of the city.

J. S. O.

Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the greatest of all the festivals which the Church celebrates in her honor. It is the birthday of her true greatness and glory, and the crowning of all the virtues of her whole life which we admire singly in her other festivals. On this great festival our holy mother, the Church, desires us to commemorate the departure of the Virgin Mary and her glorious assumption into the kingdom of heaven, where she received. from the hands of her Divine Son, that crown of glory which she above all the children of men had merited through all her life.

Of the life of Mary, very little is told us in the Scriptures. We learn a little about her in the Gospels, but after the passion time we are told still less about her. It is certain, though, that she was specially committed to the care of that Apostle whom Jesus loved, St. John, and to whom He recommended her when dying upon the cross. Now it is a fact, proven from incontestable evidence of history, that the labors of St. John were spent in his later days, at Ephesus; that he carried there some memorials of our Blessed Lady is also to be presumed, but that, as some historians hold, the Blessed Virgin also retired to Ephesus and died there also, is not at all certain.

To us, it appears more likely that she breathed her last breath near the spot where her Divine Son died, that is, at Jerusalem. That this is more certain is confirmed by the fact that in the eighth century St. Willibald, having arrived at Jerusalem was shown a tomb which the people believed to have contained for a time the body of Mary. The venerable Bede, and an Irish monk, Adaman, who visited the same sacred places, also speak of her tomb in Jerusalem. Also amongst the Greeks and Armenians, a pious tradition existed which ascribed the burial of Mary to the Holy City.

So much having been said as to the probable place of her death, we will now go on to consider more closely the nature of the mystery which we celebrate each year upon the 15th of this month.

It is a traditionary pious belief amongst all Catholics, that the body of Mary, after death, was not allowed by God to share the lot of all other bodies, that is to crumble into dust, in the grave, but by his special providence, it was raised up soon after death, and assumed into heaven. Of this, we cannot have a reasonable doubt. It was held as true by the earliest Chrians of both Eastern and Western Churches, as evidenced by the writings of St. Gregory

of Tours, and St. Andrew of Coete, and it is only conformable to the opinion of respect and reverence, which we and all Catholics form, of the Blessed Mother of God. Her body was not as ours, tainted by the foul stain of original sin, it was Immaculate. Her body was the fair temple of God, his abode for nine months after his Incarnation. His adorable flesh was received from that body of hers ; her hands nourished and clothed him in his early years, and to her he was devoted as a loving child to a loving mother.

The Solemnity, which we commemorate, is called by early writers, the assumption, passage, or repose of the Blessed Virgin. Whether it was an assumption of her soul alone, or of both body and soul, is disprited, but the more probable opinion is, or at least the one more comfortable to the pious belief of Christians is that both body and soul were assumed, or taken up into heaven. Of course, it does not matter which is true, the object of the present festival is still the same. Just as we honor the departure of other saints out of this world, so we honor the day on which the Queen of Saints passed from earth into the possession of Eternal glory.

Our principal duty upon this great feast day is to praise and thank God, who has bestowed such a privilege upon our Blessed Mother. And as the blessed spirits rejoiced exceedingly at her entrance into heaven, and as God Himself rejoiced, so it is our duty to exult, to glory in her exaltation.

And let us say to her in the words of St. Bernard : "O, blessed finder of grace, mother of life, mother of salvation, may we, through you, have access to your Son, and that He who has given us through thee, may receive us through thee. May your integrity and innocence excuse before Him the stain of our corruption ; may your humility, so agreeable to God, obtain the pardon of our vanity ; may your abundant charity cover the multitude of our sins, and your glorious fruitfulness supply our indigence of merits. Our Lady, our mediatrix, our advocate, reconcile us to your Son, commend us to your Son, present us to your son. By the grace with which you are honored, by the mercy which you have brought forth, obtain that he who through you, put on our weakness, may, through you, make us partakers of His bliss and glory."

BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

Catholic Record.

Cardinal Manning once remarked ; "We do not mean to be negligent, but we are too prone to believe that all good things will take care of themselves, without any effort on our part to make them better." The public morality of our community is something we are more or less concerned in. It is not enough that we go apart and try to save our own souls. We are, to some extent, "our brother's keeper."

If there are good movements afoot, it is a sin of omission on our part that we do not lend a hand. Let us examine our conscience along this line : "What am I doing in aid of good causes ?"

"Do I, by act or word, help those movements which are making for a purer mortal atmosphere in my neighborhood ?"

"Good things" will not take care of themselves. Unless good people are zealous to do their part, good things often fail. Evil things often succeed. We are not a force in the community merely because we are "good." We must be "good for something." Many a time the devil has occasion to be proud of his allies among men ; and at the same time the angels weep over the apathy of "the neutral good."

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment.

Money is a good servant but a dangerous master.

Custom may lead a man into many errors but it justifies none.

The good are better made by ill, as odors crushed are sweeter still.—Rogers.

The great river courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed.—George Eliot.

The greatest heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.—Jean Paul.

"Ecce Agnus Dei!"

What rays of light stream from these inspired words, spoken of old on the banks of Jordan by that "Angel," who went before the face of Christ and echoed thousands of times in the aisles of Holy Church, by His Priests about to administer Holy Communion!

Countless other titles might be used: "Behold the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords," "The Word," etc., but the Holy Spirit directs God's Church, speaks through her voice, and it is "the Lamb" she presents to our faith, hope, desire, adoration and love. To our faith: Jesus is God and man, "Lamb of God," "Light of Light," in His Divine Nature, a victim in His Sacred Humanity, for us men and for our salvation. We behold him, by faith, beneath the Eucharistic veils, before we "see Him as He is," a "King in His beauty." He appeals to our confidence, for He has taken away "the sins of the world," and comes in sweetness and mercy, to "preserve us unto life everlasting," free us more and more from their bondage, renew the memory of His Passion, fill our minds with grace, and, finally, give us a pledge of future glory*. Behold, desire, adore this Divine Lamb! love, thirst for Him, like the royal Psalmist, "from break of day,"** or like "the Angel of the schools and of the altar," for the vision of His face.***

These beautiful words also present Jesus as the archetype of our imitation in all virtues relating to God, our neighbor, and ourselves. What humility, obedience, self-sacrifice in this priestly victim of the Father's glory! And he much desires we should unite ourselves to the dispositions of His Sacred Heart, especially at Holy Mass! "Behold, I come to do Thy will! Not my will but Thine be done! Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" This Adorable Heart is a "golden censer in the hands of the great High Priest." Let us put ourselves like incense into the Altar fire of Divine love and "die daily" for His sake. "Ecce Agnus Dei!" The gentle teacher of fraternal love "Greater love than this no man hath!" We have already alluded to His mercy, taking away sins, for our attention is especially called to this, and oh! how consoling to souls just freed from the enemy and still struggling with their temptations and passions, to look up humbly at the Immaculate Lamb, and remember that, by one word, he can heal them.

To souls advancing in holiness, Jesus whispers, "Learn of me," etc., "Come to me * * * and I will refresh you." "Behold this Heart which has so loved men!" And to those called to a state of perfection, He promises the Virgin's crown. They are to follow him more closely, not only here, but also in His Kingdom, as "the Lamb," and sing of His chaste espousals.

In all that regards ourselves, He is the source, the Exemplar, the means of practising lamb-like docility, for, as a holy writer remarks, "You can lead it by a silken thread."**** Purity, for He is "holy innocent, undefiled"; mortification—This Eucharistic Victim is "as it were slain." Let us then behold the "Lamb of God," and pray that His image may be reflected in our souls, so that when called to the marriage feast, in God's restful Kingdom, illumined by His radiance, we may eternally chant with Angellic choirs, and the multitude of blessed ones who have washed their robes in His Precious Blood. "To the Lamb, benediction, and honor, and glory and power for ever and ever."— Apoc. v. 13.

Enfant de Marie.

O, Sacred Heart! ere fades the eve,
In this sweet month of Thine,
Accept, as mystic coronal,
These living thoughts of mine.

*—"O Sacrum convivium in quo Christus sumitur recolitur memoriae Passionis egas-mens inpletus gratiae, et futurae gloriae, nobis pignas datur."

**—"Deus, Deus meus, at te de luce Vigilo."—Ps. LXII.

***—"Jesu quam Velatum nunc aspicio," etc.—St. Thomas.

****—Rev. M. F. Clarke, S.C.

To thank Thee for this festal month,
Which swiftly fades away,
And pray that we may love Thee still
More tenderly each day.

(Last day of the sweet-rose month of Jesus' Heart.)

Sweet Thoughts of Mary.

"O, it is as if some fragments
Of the golden calms of heaven,
By the mercy of our Father,
Into Mary's hands were given."
—F. Faber.

These beautiful lines of a learned and graceful writer, are, as it were, the prelude to our little tribute of love for Mary, and their key-note echoes in the words of another holy panegyrist of her place in the economy of man's salvation. "But the firm Catholic belief is that, as regards the immediate distribution of grace, it is she who is the agent * * * * If a heart in the morning is lighted up to adore and praise its creator, that grace comes now with an added softness and human feeling, which sweetly enfold in their sweep, not the intelligence only, but all the human powers.

It carries the tender touch of Mary's hands. If the devout soul is moved to offer all its powers and self to God, that grace, coming through Mary, bears along with it to the creature, always in awe of its judge. Some sense of that infinite stooping down of the Most High, which it is Mary's perpetual office to proclaim, and which has made the creature's oblation so full of trustful joy. When we have the grace of thanksgiving, we cannot doubt that that grace comes to us fragrant with that unspeakable association of frank recognition of God's favors with truest humility, which is expressed in the "Magnificat." * * * * He never touches us save with a touch that has Mary's touch on it."

Extract from "The Light of Life"; pages 320—321.—Dr. Hedley.

The learned writer goes on to develop this holy idea with regard to our acts of sorrow, petition, etc., how they resemble her attitude on Calvary, or in quality of mediatry, and so of the rest. He says there is always some "vibration" of Mary.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus is ever thrilling with the celestial melodies of praise, thanksgiving, petition and reparation; these are echoed in her Immaculate Heart, and our acts, in their turn, according to the measure of grace, derive their sweetness from the silvery tones of this mystic harp.

It is to be feared this imperfect exposition of Dr. Hedley's beautiful and eloquent words, will convey but a slight idea to our readers, but we may, perhaps, by the blessing of God, awaken some desire to study for themselves "The Light of Life," and especially the pages entitled "The Ark of the Covenant."

The perusal cannot fail, we are confident, to illumine their minds with soft rays of light to know more intimately the place our Blessed Mother occupies in God's Kingdom of grace. This illumination will enkindle new love, and desire to imitate her in their intercourse with the Divine Heart of Jesus, and, when honoring His Mysteries, to do so in union with her most loving Heart.

The fervent lover, from whom we have quoted so largely says, "We can best love and serve God through Mary, and in Mary."

Let us resolve to do so, and then, indeed, she will, one day be our "Gate of Heaven, and show us, as we daily implore her to do, the unveiled face of Jesus, her Beloved Son.

Enfant de Marie.
St. Clares.

No author is a genius to his publisher.

He hath ill repented whose sins are repeated.

A word from a friend is doubly enjoyable in dark days.—Goethe.

He is happy, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his own home.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Half the ease of life oozes away through the leaks of unpunctuality.

The ideal of friendship is to feel as one while remaining two.—Mme. Swetchine.

Editorial Notes.

Midsummer with all its wealth of pleasant summer days and balmy nights, is the most suitable season for "Our Lady's Day." Her triumphant entry into heaven is commemorated during the month of August. We can only imagine the ecstatic joys of the heavenly hosts as they join us in our greetings to the Queen on the anniversary of her coronation.

* * * *

The concourse of the faithful at the solemn celebration of the feast of Mt. Carmel was unusually large this year at all the Carmelite churches and convent chapels throughout the country. A detailed description of the great pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Niagara Falls will be found on another page. Many priests from various dioceses, accompanied by numbers of their people, came to take part in the celebration.

* * * *

How different this feast of the Coronation of Our Lady in Heaven from the theatrical ceremonies attending the coronation of the King of England. Monarch though he be, of the mightiest empire on earth, how paltry and unreal will be the significance of this earthly celebration. If God spares him, we wish him all the consolation he may derive from the more or less sincere plaudits of his subjects. He deserves the gratitude of the world for the honorable peace with the Boers which he was instrumental in effecting.

* * * *

The feast of St. Albert, which occurs on the 7th of August, will give joy to more Christian hearts in this country than ever. The devotion to this great Carmelite saint is ever on the increase, as his powerful intercession manifests itself more and more. At the annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady at Niagara Falls, on the Feast of the Scapular, the demand for St. Albert's water, water blessed with the relics of St. Albert, was so great that it exhausted the large supply. Many a favor granted through his intercession, when human means seemed inadequate, was told to interested listeners.

The dedication of St. Cyril's College, 6413 Star Ave., Chicago, which was to have taken place on July 13th, had to be postponed on account of the death of Archbishop Feehan, who died on the previous day. The ceremont will very probably be held on the last Sunday of this month, just before the opening of school. The college was built by the Carmelite Fathers, at the request of the late lamented Archbishop, and he had cherished the hope to be able to assist at the opening ceremonies. It is the last monument to his great zeal for Catholic education. His zeal in this direction is so well known, that it has merited him the title of "Defender of the Schools." Today the diocese of Chicago has proportionately more pupils in its Catholic schools than any other diocese in the United States.

* * * *

At the time of this writing, it is very difficult to come to any definite opinion on the results of the negotiations between the United States and the Vatican concerning the Philippine friars. With all due reverence to the published approbation of the administration by the distinguished prelate of St. Paul, who declares Roosevelt, Root and Taft to be all honorable men, we are almost certain that the assertions against the friars are without just foundation. In all countries which the Church has civilized, and especially in those in which it has not been face to face with heresy, secret societies are made use of by the Archenemy of Christ to destroy her work, work usually begun and mainly sustained by the religious orders. The numbers of these secret societies are all recreant and mostly rebellious children of the Church, who have lost their love and reverence for her institutions. We have met so many of them in France, Italy and Spain. As a rule they are full of conceit and intellectual pride, because they have a smattering of worldly knowledge, often obtained at the schools of these very friars, and led away by the atheistic tendencies of modern sciolists, they learn to despise and gradually even

to hate their mother, the mother of all science and art. It is this body of men that furnishes the information to the representatives of the United States in the Philippines. No specific, individual charges are made against any particular friar. They are simply condemned without a hearing. "The people will not be pacified unless the friars are removed." What people? Surely not the millions who throng the churches and the confessionals of the friars. It is the same old story. We have the same thing going on in France, Italy and Spain at this very moment. The people have nothing to say in the matter. A handful of renegade Catholics, with a sprinkling of heretics and Jews, abetting them, do the work of Satan. We doubt not that some of the native clergy, who owe their education, and in many instances, their positions, to religious orders, will be gratified to witness the expulsion of the friars from the Philippines. There is an analogous feeling in our own midst. If this feeling were based solely on the unworthiness of the friars, it would not be so discreditable, but it is based on much less holy and much more selfish motives. We know that God will take care of his own, and the Philippine friars will not be permanently injured by any unjust treatment. Besides the Holy See, with its superhuman wisdom and authority will not allow the machinations of the enemy to prevail. If there is to be injustice in the name of liberty, it will have to show its true colors sooner or later.

Book Review.

Book I.—A new catechism of Christian Doctrine and Practise.

Author—Right Rev. James Bellord, D. D.

Publishers—The "Ave Maria."

We have received for notice this beautiful little book, which hits upon a novel idea in the matter of explaining the Catechism. To all of us, who have had any experience in teaching Catechism, the work of making the little children understand each question and answer sufficiently, is very difficult. The mere routine work of being able to repeat the answers, is not regarded now as being a sufficient knowledge of the Catechism. Now this little book takes up the new idea of explaining in simple words the meaning of each answer, and therefore simplifies the very difficult work of the teacher and pupil. Besides it makes good use of texts of scripture, which bear upon each answer. Another very useful idea, because the children are thus made acquainted at an early age with the Scriptures. We heartily recommend the new Catechism to all Catholic teachers.

* * * *

Book II.—Statistics concerning Education in the Philippine Islands; by Rev. Samuel Hedges.

Publisher—Benziger Bros.

We recommend all readers to procure Samuel Hedges' book on the Philippines. We can vouch for its accuracy. So much has been written about this subject, and so many contradictory reports published, that we are at a loss to procure reliable information, and all who read this little work will become convinced that education was well provided for in the Philippines before the States took possession of the Islands..

* * * *

Book III.—"Rational Physical Culture."

Author—Constance F. McGuire, A.m., M. D.

We thank Dr. McGuire for his treatise on Physical Culture, and we are pleased to find the subject so ably treated. Bodily health is an important factor of our lives, and the old maxim, "A sound mind in a sound body," is still as true now as it was in the days of the ancients. Dr. McGuire gives us the keynote of this little book in a few words, which are found on the last page:—"Stand erect, breathe through the nose, vocalize properly and cultivate repose."

* * * *

Book IV.—"Searchlights through three centuries of Franco-American History."

The subject matter of this book extends from the time when the first Christian missionaries and explorers landed upon the American continent, bringing with them blessings of Christian civilization, down to the present time. In Canada, the Catholic Church has made from

that distant day a rapid progress, and her territories now extend from the banks of the fair St. Lawrence to the wild Pacific. We are pleased with this historical work. It is a grand epitome of the history of the Catholic Church in Canada, and deserves a wide circulation.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at : Falls View—from St. Luke's, Plain, Wis.; St. Dominic's, Parson, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Stephen's Point, Wis.; St. Elizabeth's, Philo, Pa.; St. George's, Louisville, Ky.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Mark's, Inkerman, Pa.; St. Stephen's, Cayuga, Ont.; St. Francis Davier's, Carlsrube, Ont.; Beaver Dam, Wis.; Trinity Bay, Nfld.; Fredericton, N.B.; Sacred Heart Church, Uxbridge, Ont.; Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.; Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.; St. Mauritius' Church, Ashland, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Antigomsh Co., N. S.; Rabdolph, Cedar Co., Neb.; Assumption Church, Swoomville, N. Y.; Thorold, Ont.; Port Credit, Ont.; St. Francis' Convent, Dubuque, Iowa ; St. Francis Haviers, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Joseph's, Toronto, Ont.; Our Lady Help of Christians, Cheektowaga, N.Y.; St. Mary's, Oswego, N. Y.; St. Mary's, Hagertown, Md.; Sacred Heart Church, Chicago, Ill.; Flos, Ont.; Sacred Heart Academy, Madison, Wis.; City Hospital, Ogdenburg, N.Y.; St. John's, Andrian, Ky.; St. Augusta, Minn.; All Saints' Church, Strathroy, Ont.; St. Mary's, Mineral Point, Wis.; Mary's Home, Mo.; St. Mary's, Toronto ; St. Joseph's, Stratford, Ont.; Sacred Heart Church, Port Lambton, Ont.; Oshawa, Ont.; St. Benedict's. Atchison, Kans.; St. Paul's, Toronto, Ont.

At New Baltimore, Pa.—St. Peter's, Louisville, Ky.; St. John, Waunakee, Wis.; Trinity, Avon, Ohio ; St. Maurice, Napoleon, Ind.; Racine, Wis.; Sacred Heart Convent, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Augustine's, St. Louis, Ind.; Holy Cross Hospice, Milwaukee Co., Wis.; St. Patrick's Nicholson, Io.; St. Wendel's, Wis.; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.; East End, Wilksbarre, Pa.; St. Mary's, Larresville, Ind.

At Pittsburg, Pa.—St. John the Baptist, Scranton, Pa.; St. Paul's Church, St. Paul, Mo.; St. John the Baptist, Scottdale, Pa.; St. Alphonsus Church, Wheeling, W. Va.; Holy Trinity, Evansville, Ind.; St. John's, Nokomis, Ill.; St. Mary's, Cleveland, O.; St. Joseph's, Peoria, Ill.; Holy Name, Duquesne, Pa.

At. Scipio, Kans.:—St. Mark, Kans.; St. Joseph, Kans.; St. Peter's Church, Joplin, Mo.; Glencoei McLeod Co., Min.; Zell, Mo.; Andale, Kans.; St. Mary's College, Kans.; Cancardis, Kans.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Carmelite Fathers :

Rev. and Dear Father,—Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass to be said in honor of our Blessed Mother for the poor souls. I obtained my petition. I promised to have it published in your paper.

Now that it has been granted, kindly publish this.

Brooklyn. K. M. B.

* * * *

Independence, Kans.,
July 18, 1902.

Dear Rev. Fathers :

I had a very severe pain in the back of my head ; it would come every two weeks, and seemed almost unbearable. I promised my sweet Mother Mary, if she would take it from me, I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. Please publish it for me.

* * * *

Pittsburg, July 17th, 1902.

Dear Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed please find $1.00 for a Mass to be said in honor of St. Anthony, in thanksgiving for a favor received. In returning from a park one evening last week, we were overtaken by a terrific thunder storm while riding in an electric car. I had just promised a mass in honor of St. Anthony, if he would take us safe home, when the lightning struck a pole near where the car was standing, and knocked the globes off the lights in the car, and all the lights in the car went out leaving us in total darkness, yet not one person on that car received the least shock. Please have this favor published in next month's "Review" ; also

the death of Mrs. Mary Flynn and Mrs. Mary Ryan, of this place, who died yesterday--the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Very Sincerely,
Margaret Woodward.

* * * *

A very contagious disease having broken out in one of our wards, was liable to spread through the entire hospital. We had recourse to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, promising publication in her honor, if she prevented the spread of the contagion. Not another patient contracted the disease, and those who were infected grew rapidly better, thanks to our dear Lady.

Yours in Car.
Sr. M. V.

Obituary.

The Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, died on Saturday, July 12th, at his residence on State street, in the City of Chicago, nearly 73 years of age. By his death the Carmelite Order has lost one of its most devoted friends and members. For some years he had been affiliated to the order by a special diploma of aggregation, issued by the Father General of the Order, at the request of the Provincial Chapter of America. Many years ago, when the Order was still in its infancy in this country, this zealous prelate, being a devout client of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, wished to see a house of the Order established in his diocese. But it was only two years ago that the Carmelite Fathers found themselves in sufficient numbers and in a position to gratify his ardent wish to establish a Classical and Commercial College in the southern portion of Chicago, a district hitherto unprovided with such a home of learning. He took the greatest interest in the purchase of a suitable site, and in the construction of the beautiful and classical building of St. Cyril's College, which is to be opened in September. We therefore recommend our noble departed friend to the prayers and suffrages of all our readers. It is a matter of consolation to us to know that he died on a Saturday. We are mindful of the promise made by Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to those who fulfilled the conditions of the Sabbatine Privilege, that she will deliver their souls from Purgatory on the first Saturday after their death. We have no doubt, on the other hand, that the late Archbishop of saintly memory fulfilled all these conditions to the letter. May he rest in peace, and may the Carmelite College of Chicago be a monument worthy of its illustrious founder and patron. His memory will always be held sacred within its walls and in its sanctuary.

The prayers of our readers are also requested for the repose of the soul of Mrs. John Rourke, who died on Sunday, July 6th, in the 84th year of her age, fortified by all the rites of the Holy Church. Until recently, when her eyesight began to fail, she was a constant reader of the Review.

Also for Mrs. Whalen, who died in Pittsburg, June 25th.

May they rest in peace.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver thread
Of our curious life asunder,
And then Heaven blame for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Habits are first cobwebs, then cables.

He is nearest to God who has fewest wants.

The hardest step is over the threshold.

God often visits us, but most of the time we are not at home.

THE LAST SACRAMENTS.

I find this a very pleasant and enjoyable world—one that has used me kindly. Everything has gone smoothly. I have health and happiness and comforts; I freely relish all the innocent joys about me—reading, study, the arts, plays, society. Though many friends are dropping away, it seems to me that I am to be exempt. Yes, the end seems a long way off yet; not that I am so rash as to assure myself of such a thing, but there is that sort of instinct within. But these things scarcely touch me. There is influenza about, and I hear of those known to be "succumbing," as it is termed. I catch cold myself and stay in for precaution's sake, meaning to "shake it off." It is of a shivering sort; and a smiling doctor comes and says that I "have such a fine constitution we shall do very well;" of which I am more certain than he is, but still it is annoying.

So it goes. Some nights are sleepless and oppressive; the cough, too, does not mend, and I find breathing hard work; almost painful and annoying and tedious, but I am to recover, by and by, of course; that is assured. Suddenly some one comes in softly and even tenderly, and, with many hesitations and apologies, falters something about "would I not like to see Father So-and-So?"— just for my comfort, that's all. That's all! The notion makes me start, gives a sort of chill I have never experienced. Father So-and-So comes in the next moment, and, after a little general talk, glides off to the subject—the last Sacraments. What does this mean? It is such a shock—yes, shock to me. Can there be danger? "No; only precautionary," he says, in a very soothing, yet rather peremptory way, as though time were precious. But now for Confession, and he will be back in a couple of hours to give me the last Sacraments—"God above!" I gasp when he is gone, "this means dying, and naught else!"

Such, like enough, is the common sequence of things in this dread matter. On three-fourths of the world it comes somewhat after this fashion, and with a terrible shock.—Catholic Citizen.

TASSO'S DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The great Italian poet, Tasso, was, like Dante, profoundly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and sang her praises in some of the most beautiful verses ever written. It happened that he was once journeying from Mantua to Rome; and, although weary and without money, he having made a vow to our Lady of Loretto, turned out of his way to visit her shrine. He might have fared badly if it had not been for a friend—one of the princes of Gonzaga—who happened to be visiting Loretto at the same time, and who ministered to the poet's simple wants, and enabled him to fulfil all the duties of his pilgrimage. That done, and body and soul refreshed, Tasso wrote an immortal canticle in honor of Our Lady, and then proceeded on his way to Rome.

When the poet was about to die, he called young Rubens, son of the great painter, to his bedside.

"I once gave your father a silver statue of the Blessed Virgin," he said, with much difficulty.

"And I have it with me now," exclaimed Rubens.

A look of happiness came into the face of the dying man, and he held out his hand, into which the young man reverently placed the precious little statue.

"Take it back when I am dead," whispered Tasso. And then, clasping the sacred image tightly in the hands which were fast growing cold he prayer fervently until the end came. Young Rubens was profoundly affected by the scene, and while the body of his father's friend was being borne to its last resting place, he, instead of occupying an honorable position in the procession of mourners which followed it, was prostrate before an altar of the Blessed Virgin in a quiet corner of St. Peter's at Rome, holding the little silver statue and praying for the soul of Tasso.

He who pleased everybody was dead before he was born.

He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight.

Immaculate Mother Pray for Us.

Carmelite Review

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Mary.

NAME of sweetness and of mercy,
"Oil poured out," and mystic balm!
Name of pure and star-like radiance,
Reflect soft of Christ the Lamb!
Poets oft have sung thy praises,
Maiden-mother "full of grace,"
Artist hands delineated,
Gracefully thy lovely face.
Yet, how many hidden beauties
Shine, unseen, to us, in thee;
May we see them all sweet Mary
In God's bright eternity.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

Aspiration.

O, those gentle eyes of Mary,
Well we know her heart's pure love
Gleams like star light through those glances,
From her radiant throne above.

—E, D. M

Little Christian.

(A Christmas Story.)

Translated from the French by Antoinette LeBlanc.

CHAPTER III.

About six months after this, their wish was granted. George was appointed to the position of surveyor of a large hunting ground near Henneberg, situated in a fertile valley. His life was now peaceful and happy for the work was so much easier than that he had left. Having more spare time, he now devoted a great deal of it to Christian's education, and thus made Agatha's task somewhat lighter. With two such guides, Christian being a naturally intelligent child, made rapid progress in all he undertook to do. George would take him to the Castle park and there give him lessons in Botany; in a short time Christian knew the names of the different trees and plants. Thus he was instructed, and his ideas soon developed. He was passionately fond of reading, and his father could not find books enough to satisfy his craving, but he took care that they would be instructive and beneficial to his soul, as well as his body. He liked to hear about the mysteries and truths of his religion, and had a great devotion to the Divine Infant, whose feast Agatha celebrated with as much fervor as in the days of her childhood.

Christian mixed very little with the village children, and rarely joined in their games; not because he was disagreeable, but he was fond of being at home, and liked nothing better than to go out hunting with the foresters; when not doing this, he would help Agatha in the garden, prepare the ground, gather the fruit, or prune the trees. Thus was he brought up by this humble family, who gained all by the sweat of their brow. He never wanted for anything, and was always dressed with the greatest neatness. The wish to occupy a better position never once entered his mind, and if by chance he showed any signs of being jealous, Agatha would talk to him of our Lord, who, though poor and humble, was deserving of all adoration. One thing, however, made Agatha feel very sad, this was when he expressed a wish to see new places; he preferred books of travel to any others, when he saw that this would make Agatha feel badly, he would say, "See, I am not going away, but, oh! how grand it must be to travel." Often the child felt that he was not in the position God wished him to occupy. Old Ursala's words, though they had filled him with terror, had nevertheless let him see that there was some mystery about his life, which he would like to solve. However, if he asked anything about, it, she would say, "Why do you not believe us, Christian? Have you not all you want; could we have done any more?" "No," Christian would say, and in his heart he would render homage to his dear parents. Each day this wish grew stronger and stronger. At last George said to Sabine, "What will become of our boy; we must try and find an honest trade for him. The other day I asked him what he would like, but he said nothing. I know that he is fond of study, but we have not the means of educating him. I am greatly puzzled about him. We have done all we could do, and will continue to do so." "Father," said Agatha, "time will enlighten us as to what course we had better pursue regarding my brother. As you have just said, you have done all that you could. Let us leave it to God. He in His own good time, will reveal to us what is most useful to Christian."

A year or more had passed over their heads. Still Christian's wish grew stronger, and he felt that he must soon leave the shelter of his home and find some means of educating himself. Often his mother would say, "There is an old proverb which says, 'Remain in thy own country, and content thyself with what thou hast.'" This made such an impression on him, that he at last re-

solved to put aside this cherished wish, and declared that he would be a hunter. This filled his father's heart with joy,for he felt that he should have some one to lean on his old age. Christian would take his place, and he had no need to fear that his family would be without a friend after his death. One beautiful summer morning, Christian had gone into the forest to gather some strawberries for Agatha. He was on his way home filled with joy at the thought of Agatha's pleasure, when, just as he came out onto the road, a beautiful coach came in sight, drawn by four horses. In it were two young men, richly dressed. As soon as he saw them Christian doffed his cap, but instead of returning his salute, they gazed at the berries.

"Look Albert," said one of the young men to the other, "this boy has just arrived in the nick of time. I have been wishing for strawberries ; now we can regale ourselves with these."

They thought, of course, that Christian would be flattered, and tried to take the basket away from him, but he drew it away.

"These belong to my sister, and you cannot have them. Go and gather others."

"We will not give them up ; we are hungry, and these will refresh us."

"If you are hungry, here is half a loaf of bread, and there is a stream a little further on where you may drink."

"We do not want it. Do you think, that like you, we eat bread and drink water. There are wine and provisions in the carriage ; but we have wanted some strawberries for a long time, have we not, Albert," said he, addressing his companion.

"Certainly, and this youth should be pleased to give them to us."

"You would not accept my bread," said Christian, "therefore you shall not have these berries."

"Then one of the young men, taking a shilling from his pocket, threw it to Christian, saying "Give them to us ; we are in a hurry."

"This means that you think me a beggar. Well you are mistaken. I never begged in my life. You are more miserable than I am, for you have begged for these berries."

"I shall soon teach you to be still," said Albert, seizing a silver mounted cane, but Christian quietly took it from him and broke it in pieces, throwing it on the grass.

"There is the cane, had you better not go and get it ; and remember that I do not wish to receive your blows as well as your insults ; had I been asked for the berries in a polite manner, I should have been happy to have gathered you some, or I might even have divided these. But, instead, you insulted me grossly, and then wished to finish up by striking me. I bowed to you with the respect due to your rank. Had I done what you are doing, I should blush with shame as this is an action unworthy of gentlemen."

"It is useless staying here any longer said Albert, "let us leave this young beggar. I shall not even take the trouble to punish him as he deserves ; anyhow, here is our carriage."

They then walked away, after giving Christian a threatening glance, which he met without flinching. He, however, answered Charles, and said :

"Your honor consists in striking and insulting a polite and inoffensive youth."

The young men walked on, pretending they did not hear ; they wished to revenge themselves, but he looked so powerful that though there were two of them, they thought it more prudent to let him alone.

When they were out of sight, Christian turned his steps homeward. For the first time in his life burning tears filled his eyes. The insults heaped on him by the young lords had impressed him deeply. Why had they acted thus ? Simply because they were rich and powerful. It is true, he was only the son of a poor hunter, but not a beggar as they had said he was.

"My God ! cannot I, too, become as great as they ; how often has Agatha read of men who occupied humbler positions than him, and who by their courage and perseverance reached the ranks of the heads of their country. I do not think I am wrong in saying that nobility, which has been acquired by honesty and hard labor, is preferable to that given by birth and fortune. I am fifteen, tall and strongly built. I have some

knowledge of drawing and sculpture and also of horses. I shall, therefore, devote myself to study, and thus try to acquire the manners of a gentleman, and if I ever meet those impertinent young men, I shall say to them, "Here is the one you called a beggar; still he has raised himself; by his courage, he occupies a good position, and is now your equal.

This incident roused his spirit of adventure, and he said: "It is impossible for me to stay here any longer doing nothing. I must go and see other countries, and devote myself to study, so that I may become a useful man."

As soon as he came in, he told Agatha what had happened, how the young lords had insulted him, and he was determined to acquire, by study, a position which would protect him from further insults. Agatha shook her head sadly, and said: "I am afraid your project is a foolish one, and that your anger is a trifle exaggerated. Try and forget this. Remember that our Lord forgave his enemies; why should you not forgive yours?"

"For your sake, I forgive them, Agatha."

"No, no, dear Christian, not for mine, but for our Saviour's sake, and bear this in mind, that you need never blush because you are poor; you have never wanted for anything, and the name you bear is without a stain."

Christian promised her that he would think no more about it, but from this time he was completely changed. No longer gay and full of mischief, but sullen and morose. His parents wondered at the change, and could in no way account for it, but Agatha knew very well what was troubling him, and one evening she said to her parents:

"I can tell you why Christian is so sad. The child wants to travel and devote himself to study. I have done all I could to persuade him to take your place. Several times he has promised to give up thinking about this, but it seems useless. Who knows if it is not God's voice calling him. Anyhow, no matter how you look at it, there is no other way of arranging it. Christian cannot remain with us any longer. Tomorrow I shall go and see Countess Genevive. You know kind she always is to me, and how she admires my fancy work. Well, I have taken more pains with the work she gave me four weeks ago, and as it is just finished, I shall take it to her. This will please her, and at the same time give me a chance to speak to her about Christian. If she really thinks he has any talent for study she will probably lend him the necessary money until he can repay her from his own earnings."

George and Sabine thought she was quite right, though the former felt rather sad at the thought that his family would have no one to care for them when he was gone. Still he said "May God's holy will be done. I do not wish to make him a guard of the hunt, if he does not care for it. Our Divine Lord will, I am sure, give me sufficient strength to carry on my work for some time longer, and I am only sorry that I cannot educate him myself. Go then to the Countess, dear Agatha; she will not be able to resist your eloquent pleading, and if Christian is to become a student, I shall sell my rifle to procure for him the necessary clothing."

"You are right, dear George," said Sabine, "we must make some sacrifice for him. If our Anthony were living, and had expressed a similar wish, we would rather have begged than refuse him anything which would have made him happy."

The next morning Agatha went up to Ortenbourg Castle; here lived the Countess Genevive, a worthy and pious lady, whose charity was known throughout the country. Having been a widow for some years past, she had devoted her life and money to the poor and suffering of the neighborhood. She was particularly kind to Agatha, whose devotedness and love for her family made her beloved by all, and also a model to imitate. Then, of course, she had been with the Ursuline nuns for some years, and had obtained the first prize for manual labor, and also for fancy work. The Countess, therefore, took great pleasure in getting her friends to give her work to Agatha. They paid Agatha so well that she always had something by her, in case her parents needed it. The Countess received Agatha as usual, and when she had examined the work, she

saw at once that it had been more carefully done than usual. She expressed her satisfaction and liberally paid for it. Encouraged by this warm welcome, Agatha exposed the motive of her visit. She spoke of Christian's love for study, and the hope he entertained of becoming useful to society. All this deeply interested the Countess. After Agatha had finished, the Countess told her to return on the morrow and bring her brother with her, that she might judge for herself if he was worthy of her protection. On her return home Agatha made known her success, and on the following day they took their way to the castle. The Countess, as well as the people of the village, was ignorant of the fact that that Christian was a stray waif, who had been found in the forest, and was therefore not a little surprised to see such a finely built fellow, in perfect health, and with a countenance on which was stamped nobility of soul. After a short examination she was convinced that Christian possessed great qualities, and had been endowed with great genius as well as a marvellous judgment. "This child," said she, "has received great gifts from God, and is destined to be something better than a hunter." This noble woman then resolved to take charge of Christian and help him to obtain a position, which, as he had said, would enable him to render society great services.

She then whispered to Agatha, "You were quite right; your brother promises to become a great man. I shall therefore look after him. Come to me in two weeks and in the meantime I shall see what I can do."

When the two weeks were up the brother and sister returned to the castle. The Countess received them with such a bright face that Agatha was at once reassured, and was not surprised when the Countess said to Christian: "I wrote to my son-in-law, who is the ambassador at the electorate of Mayanee at Ratisbonne. I specially recommended you to him, and he and my daughter are willing to receive you and you will live with them at the hotel. You will attend the Lyceum during the hours of study, and my son-in-law will feed and clothe you; all he expects in return is, that you help the secretary of Legation in his office during your free time; this work will only advance your education."

Agatha seized her hands and bathed them in tears. Christian tried to find words to thank her, but they seemed to stick in his throat. The Countess seeing his embarassment, said, "I am already thanked, my dear child, and the best proof you can give me of your gratefulness is by working well and conducting yourself like a gentleman. If you always act thus, I shall always be ready to help you, and when ever you are in need of funds write and let me know. Now, go and prepare for your journey, and try to be ready as soon as possible."

About ten days after this conversation Christian was ready. His parents had done their best to get him the necessary things, and his father had generously added a fine overcoat to his few treasures. When he was dressed up he might easily have been mistaken for a lord's son. But, alas! the day of departure arrived too soon for them; only a few moments remained,and George, drawing his son aside, said to him, in a voice choked with emotion, "May God be with you, dear Christian. Pray well and work well; this is the only advice I can give you. You are laying aside the rifle to take up the pen; try to use it well and usefully. Of course choose the path towards which you feel yourself drawn, but never attempt anything without asking your Divine Lord to inspire and firect you; be not led away by your own passions. I hope these words are sufficient, and when you are far away, you will remember our loving care. If we did not do all we should have done, remember that want of money was the cause. When you are with your kind friends and among your fellow students, should this life not please you, think of your parents who are waiting to receive you then as in the past. You can once again resume your oocupation as a guard."

After he had finished, Dame Sabine knelt with him and prayed the Divine Infant and his Blessed Mother to protect him. She then begged him to keep clear of bad companions. "Take as a model St. Aloysius; frequent the Sacraments as he did, and God will bless you.

Each year, when you get your holidays, come down here. You know how pleased we shall be to see you."

She then bade him farewell, and her eyes were full of tears. Agatha embraced him in silence ; then they all went to the castle that he might bid the Countess good-bye.

When he was down at the gate, Agatha at last summoned up her courage, and said : "Dear Christian, you know how much we love you, and now as you are about to leave us, remember that our happiness is in your hands ; if you always continue to lead a good life, we shall feel well repaid, but if, on the contrary, you forget all that we have tried to teach you, tears shall blind our sight and sorrow will bring us to an early grave."

Christian promised to remember, and said that he hoped one day to be able to repay them for all they had done,and that this day would be the proudest of his life ; he then bid them farewell and went on his way. On his arriving at Ratisbonne, he went immediately to the ambassador's house, and had the good luck of pleasing this noble patron of arts and science. After a short conversation, he was given a list of his new duties, and told to profit well by the time given to study. The ambassador then showed him how his future depended on the manner in which he employed the present. "I will always be ready to protect and direct you, if I see that you really wish to acquire knowledge." He then went up to the ambassador's consort, who received him with the same graciousness and kindness which she inherited from her mother, the Countess Genevieve, and was so anxious for his comfort, that Christian almost believed himself at home. All that was necessary was his college outfit, and his board and clothes were generously given to him. He was immediately placed under the secretary's care, with whom he was to spend the morning and evening, and write at his dictation. In a short time he could speak the French language quite fluently. A Benedictine father, who was a great friend of the family, taught him mathematics, and the ambassador was so pleased at the progress he made, that to reward him he gave him a master for drawing and music.

Thus this studious child was enabled to satisfy his craving for knowledge,and he did not fail to profit by each occasion which presented itself, to learn something new. Thus, day by day his mind was filled and enriched with new thoughts and his ideas more fully developed. Still, in the midst of all this tumult, he kept his heart pure, and love of prayer seemed to have taken root in it. The worthy Benedictine encouraged his dear pupil. Christian assisted daily at Mass, and on Sunday always managed to hear a sermon. He approached the holy table with the same fervor which animated him in the days of his childhood, for, you see, he had not forgotten his parents' last advice, and worked hard, knowing how pleased they would be at his success. Thus the blessings of heaven were showered upon him, and God preserved this child from the many dangers to which his position exposed him.

Three years had now passed since his arrival at Ratisbonne. The ambassador felt quite proud of his protege, and the ambassadress saw that he wanted for nothing. Countess Genevieve also sent him proof of her satisfaction. He ended his college days with brilliant examinations, but all the praise he received, did not please him half so much as his parents joy at seeing him again ; for in these few years, few holidays had been given him, and most of these had been consecrated to study ; so that this time he could well afford to remain with them for a couple of weeks.

When he arrived at home, his father and mother hardly recognized in this young man, their son Christian, and as for Agatha, she felt so intimidated that she could not say a word, and it was only when she saw he had not lost his piety and sweetness, that she spoke to him. Then she soon found out, that though he had acquired a large amount of knowledge, he was still the same. She felt that in a way she had prepared this future for her brother.

Christian again returned to the city, for the time was come when he must choose a profession. He begged to be allowed to study medicine, but his benefactors did not seem to approve of this,

as they said there were so many difficulties, and then the expense was so great. He was obliged to submit, though this had been and would always be the ambition of his life.

The holidays were again at hand. So far the summer had been rainy and disagreeable, but August promised to be an ideal month. The ambassador, who was in deep mourning for the Countess, whose death had occurred quite recently, proposed spending the season on an estate situated on the banks of the Danube, and wished Christian to accompany her. He accepted joyfully, for, although this would be a distraction, still he would have ample time to sketch the beautiful scenes which can be seen from the banks of this beautiful river. There were also in this part of the country a collection of rare plants, and as Christian had a taste for botany, they would be another source of amusement, as well as a good occasion to learn something more, for he remembered this maxim, "Do not try to forget the little, but seize eagerly every occasion to learn something anew." While he was at home he had become quite familiar with the administration of the duties imposed on him by the guards. He thus made friends with the head forester, and went out on different excursions with him. It was the ambassadress' custom to collect her rents when she came each season. This time she confided all her business to Christian, who, as usual, acquitted himself in a very satisfactory manner, and of course his noble benefactress had more leisure, and could see the people who came daily to the castle. Besides there were a number of visitors staying with her, and the best fruits of the hunt she could offer were those brought in by Christian.

One evening as he was on his way home from the forest, he stopped as was his custom, to admire the beautiful reflection of the sunset on the waters of the Danube. On this particular evening he was more impressed than usual by the beauty of all around him. Suddenly he was aroused from his contemplative mood by the appearance of two ladies, who seemed undecided as to the right road. One seemed to be a woman about forty years of age and was evidently of high birth; the other was her maid. The pallor of her face and its sad expression touched the young fellow and he approached, and asked if he could assist them in any way. The lady said, that wishing to enjoy the beauty of the evening, she had dismissed her carriage. intending to walk up to her cousin's, the ambassadress'.

"From what they have told me we cannot be so far from the castle."

"I shall be most happy to conduct you thither," said Christian, "as I am staying there with my noble benefactress."

"I am not surprised," said the lady, "to hear that you are the object of her kindness. In this, as in all else, one sees the goodness of her heart, and yet I am sure that you have more than repaid her for all she has done. Not all who do good can say that of their protegees."

The manner in which she pronounced the last words touched his heart, and he knew that only experience could make her repeat them to him, most likely as a lesson for him not to expect gratitude from others. He turned to look at her, and found her eyes fixed on him. Her features expressed the greatest agitation as if he reminded her of some one. After a pause, she asked Christian where he was born, and who his mother was.

He said the he was born near Otenburg, and that his mother's name was Sabine.

"Is your father alive?" she asked.

On his answering in the affirmative, she said:

"May you be left to them many years, for, oh! my friend, it is sad, very sad! to be alone in one's old age, and more so when you have hoped for a child's love. It is terrible to feel alone in the world, and to have no child of your own to close your eyes in death."

Christian felt that a great sorrow was wearing away this woman's life to whom fortune had given everything. At last she dried her eyes, and turning to her maid, said:

"Let us make haste, I am dying to see my dear cousin."

Her arrival at the castle filled the ambassadress with joy, as this was her favorite cousin. The Baroness of U——— remained five weeks at the castle. Her cousin's pleasant society, as well as the

beauty of the scenery around her, seemed to dispel, at least for the time being, the terrible depression into which she sank at times. She loved going out and rambling around the beautiful park ; she always took Christian with her ; she felt her sympathy and love for him growing day by day. The young fellow also felt a sort of veneration for the baroness. More than any one else in the world she made him feel as if he wished her to know his most secret thoughts, for, of course, she knew his humble origin and his hopes for the future, and always listened to him with the same interest and sweetness which seemed to draw them closer together. Whenever Christian thought of the hour of parting his heart sank within him.

It is necessary here to say that the incident relating to old Ursala had been completely effaced from his memory. One day the ambassadress sent for Christian, and said to him :

"My dear boy, I have a serious proposition to make which will greatly influence your future. You are, I am sure fully able to appreciate my cousin's feeling towards you ; well, she wishes to have you near her, but understand me well, you are, as you know, without a fortune, but because of your love for study, we cannot allow you to become a hunter. My cousin wishes to make you the agent of her estates, as the man she has now, is getting too old, yet is entitled to some reward for serving her so faithfully. She will keep him for a year or more, that he may show you what is to be done. Of course you will live at the chateau with her. Now, this proposition, Christian, from a person who has a deep affection for you, needs more reflection. Though, even if you consent, it will not make any difference, and our love for you will be the same. Still, the baroness would renounce this project, rather than have you consent against your will."

Christian was so astounded that he did not know what to say. What a brilliant future was in store for him,—a poor lad, without a penny, to be chosen by the woman he already loved, that she might surround him with her loving care was incredible. Still he asked the baroness what she thought.

"My advice, dear Christian, would be not to throw away such a brilliant offer ; this is also my husband's advice. It would only be selfishness on our part to keep you back. You are obtaining a position equal to that of administrator of the electorial estates at an age when most young men are only coming out of the universities. You know that the baroness loves you, and will look on you more as a son than as one attached to her service. Still I repeat that we leave it to you to decide. You will always have our love and home to return to. First, ask your father and mother what they wish you to do ; then, if all agree, I would accept the baroness' offer."

George and Sabine were very much pleased at the unexpected happiness which had come to their child. They again warned him to beware of bad company, and always walk in the path of virtue and faithfully fulfill his new duties. Christian then took leave of them and came back to bid the ambassadress farewell. He expressed in touching terms, the love and veneration he had for them ; he then left for Munich with his new benefactress. After spending a few days at her residence, they left for an estate situated outside of Munich. On his arrival, Christian was introduced to the old man, who gave him a warm welcome. He was a worthy old fellow, who had served the family for so many years, but was now getting so old that he was glad of a rest. He soon saw that the young man knew something, and possessed great intelligence which would enable him to perform most of the work. Later on he would be able to depend on him entirely. The baroness, who really wished to have him near her, was greatly pleased when she saw how well the old man received him, and how agreeable Christian made himself to the old man. Of course, the only thing that Christian wished was, that this affection might be lasting, and the baroness on her side proved that he had gained his end.

The baroness had been married three years when a son was born to her. It only lived three months. The circumstances attending its birth were very mysterious, and the baroness herself kept complete silence. Shortly after,

death robbed her of her husband. These trials and the loneliness of her widowhood were borne by this noble woman with Christian resignation, and it was only by the sad expression of her face that one could see the wound that had been left in her heart. Being sole mistress of this immense fortune, she had chosen as her successor the son of a cousin, and had treated this young man with the greatest tenderness, as he must one day take the place of her lost. Still the parents were not satisfied, and said she should have provided for the others as well. What made her feel all this so keenly was the fact that young Albert was so irreligious. All the professors could not instill in his mind the germs of a religion he had never been taught at home. Of course he knew that one day he would be the possessor of these vast lands, and therefore did not trouble his head about his education, or try in any way to be remarked for his piety and goodness. Certain that people would make much of him,on account of his immense fortune. His parents were greatly flattered when they saw how well he appeared in society, and how much he was run after, particularly when he ridiculed religious things, and this always by people like himself. After his studies were over, he had gone to three universities. Then he went travelling through Europe to finish up his course, so he told his parents. He, therefore, lived like a lord, and all the bills were sent in to the countess, who, of course, paid them without a murmur. On his return he came to see her, and thank her for her generosity. His pleasing face and good manners made her give him a warmer welcome than she had intended. She could not refrain from noticing, however, that he looked worn and haggard and had the air of a man who has led a wild life. The hue of health which was so bright on Christian's cheeks, had long since faded from Albert's face, and he had not Christian's distinguished manner, which won all hearts. Still she was pleased to see how well he received her advice, and his words of gratitude and love sounded sweetly in the ears of one so long deprived of real affection. Albert announced his intention of staying some months with her, and she was quite pleased. He conducted himself in such a way that no fault could be found with his conduct. Since his arrival the Baroness had made Christian accompany him on all his excursions, whether they were of a nusiness nature or otherwise. She would sometimes say,"You take Albert around and show him this vast estate that he may know all about it." Her confidence in Christian was unbounded, and she knew that his conduct could not fail to be a source of edification to Albert, and that, though his inferior, he would be his sincere friend. Albert accepted these conditions joyously, as it gave him a chance of putting into execution a plan long meditated upon.

One day when Christian and he were out walking, he said : "If I am not mistaken I have seen you elsewhere."

Christian also thought that the young Lord's face was rather familiar to him, and this was not the first time he had noticed it. All at once Albert said, "I remember now, about five years ago I met you on the borders of the forest near Otenburg. You had a large basket of strawberries for your sister. My brother and I asked you for some, but you did not treat us very well, if you remember."

Christian said that he had not forgotten, but he felt sorry that this should be brought up now.

"Do not feel annoyed over it," said Albert ; "it is long ago forgotten. The baroness wishes us to be happy together. It altogether depends on you that it be so. You know I like to lead a free life, and if at times you notice things that do not please you, say nothing about it, for if you do, I have other means of silencing you. Of course I am often in need of money, and I cannot be always asking her for it, you could easily lend me some, and no one would be the wiser. In a few months you will be sole executor of this enormous estate. Still if the baroness thought I did not want you to have it, she would not give it to you. It is, therefore, in your interest to please me. The baroness cannot live much longer, and I will then become your lord and master, and will then repay you."

As Christian listened to this indepen-

dent young man, he said to himself, all this will end badly for me. How can I serve two masters, and yet not displease one of them. He answered:

"My lord I shall do all I can to please you, for I am sure you will never ask me to do anything I cannot do."

The life at the castle became too monotonous for Albert; the society of his amiable cousin was not sufficient, and, notwithstanding the various amusements, namely, hunting, boating and fishing, he was not pleased. He at last stayed away from the castle on different pretences. He chose the society of the young men of the neighborhood, who led dissipated lives, and with these spent night after night gambling and drinking. Again he would organize a hunt breakfast, and rumors of what went on sometimes reached the baroness' ear. She let it go on for some time, and after exhorting him in vain, she at last threatened to send him away. At last Albert thought he had better submit, and played his role so well, being of course perfectly repentant. Christian's position was becoming unbearable; placed between the baroness and Albert, he could not deceive the one, or become the accuser of the other. All his prayers were in vain. Albert would only say: "Know that I am quite able to take care of myself, and if you wish to preach, go elsewhere."

At last he asked the baroness if she would not dispense him from going with her nephew, and let him begin his work. She would not consent, being firmly convinced that Christian's presence was a sort of check. Through love for his benefactress, he consented. However, his conduct was a reproach to Albert, who frequently insulted Christian grossly. One night he returned from Munch about one o'clock: he sent for Christian and said:

"I want five hundred florins; they will be returned in a few days, and as Christian was about to reply, he said, "I do not want an answer. You have the keys of the safe hurry up."

The look on his face, told Christian more clearly than words, that he had been gambling and had lost heavily. He was of course quite willing to lend him the money, but then he must obtain the baroness' consent. Albert would not hear of this, and employing the most insulting language, asked:

"Who are you that you should refuse to give me such a small sum, who will one day be your master?"

Christian said that obedience to the baroness forbade him to do anything without her permission, and that she herself had given orders that he was to give him no money. The young lord then swore a terrible oath, that if the money was not given him he would have his revenge. Christian was at a loss to know what to do, but he knew that he was in debt already, and therefore remained firm. Albert, becoming a little calmer, begged Christian not to say anything of this to the countess. He promised and retired.

No later than the next day, Albert, who had for some time been planning Christian's ruin, went to his cousin and tried by every means in his power to blacken Christian's character, but it had no effect; he then produced false notes, but she took no notice of them. He had therefore to find some other way of harming him. About three weeks after this event, as Christian was sitting in his office, looking over some bills, which the old executor had sent him, he was greatly surprised when Cunegonde the baroness' maid, came rushing into the room, her face pale with anger. Christian was struck with its expression and said:

"What is the matter, Cunegonde, are you ill?"

"Alas! I wish I were dead. Oh, my poor, dear mistress!"

"Is anything the matter with the baroness?" asked Christian, now thoroughly alarmed.

"You dare to ask," said the old servant, bitterly. "Has not the baroness been a mother to you, and you repay her for all she has done by slandering her. O! Holy Trinity! is it possible that people can be so wicked."

Christian begged her to tell him, who had said that he had slandered the baroness. "Who dared to say that I ever said anything?"

"This is a terrible story for any one to tell; terrible, indeed, are the lies you have told," said Cunegonde, more and

more indignant. "But even if you deny it, the letters are there to prove your guilt."

"What ! letters from me ?" said Christian ; "why, whenever I spoke of 'the baroness, it was with the greatest respect and love, and always to praise her goodness to me." "Then, you must have written others, for the baroness has now in her possession other letters, in which you do not show your gratitude, and which are a series of terrible lies from beginning to end."

"Heaven is my witness, Cunegonde, that I did not write these letters against the baroness."

"Oh, well as you persist in denying it, I will show them to you." She then handed him the letters. If it had not been for the terrible lies in them against a woman, for whom he would have cheerfully lain down his life, he could almost have sworn it was his own handwriting, so much like his was that in the letter. In these letters the baroness was most fearfully abused for all she had done for him, and Albert was painted as a scoundrel and a blackguard of the worst type. When Christian had somewhat conquered his emotion, he said :

"And may I ask who gave these letters to the baroness ?"

"Nobody," said Cunegonde; "they were found among the monthly bills which you yourself gave her."

"And does she believe that I wrote them ?"

"She did not at first, but this is evidence enough. If you could have seen her face when she had read them ; it was so pale that I really thought she was going to faint. Happily my young lord came in at this moment, and between us we got her to the sofa. Of course she had the letter in her hand, and my young lord happened to see his name, so he took it from her. When she recovered herself, she wished to take it from him, but he was so indignant that he read it through. "It is thus you act grateful Christian, thus you prove your fidelity, and it is to this kind of a man you would give the charge of your estates. I have long known what kind of a person he was, and I tried to open your eyes, but you would not listen. Let me dismiss him at once," and if it had not been for the countess he would have done so. She said to him :

"Do you wish to be the cause of my death ? You shall not meet Christian while in such a temper. No blood shall be shed in my house. I will see that he is punished as he deserves."

After a great deal of persuasion, she succeeded in making him promise not to meet you, but fearing that he would not keep his word, she said she would like to see the city doctor, and my lord is gone to fetch him."

"Oh, my God !" cried Christian, "help me ; let my innocence be proved. Cunegonde, take me to my mistress, I wish to prove my innocence."

"I cannot do so ; she will not see you, and besides my lord holds me responsible for any visits she receives. Dr. Nicholas has come and says she needs rest."

"And can she rest without hearing what I have to say. O, Cunegonde, let me go to her. I have had a feeling that something was about to happen, but not in such a terrible way as this. Oh, Albert, Albert, what have you done ?"

Cunegonde interrupted him by saying, "I have something else to say. After Albert had left the room, she sat down in her chair and cried as if her heart would break. I tried to console her, but she said : 'Do you know what makes it harder is that Christian is the only person who has possessed my entire confidence. As you know, my love for him was that of a mother, and there were moments when I let myself believe he was my son. She was interrupted by the entrance of the old executor, whose face was as white as a sheet. "Pardon me, madam," he said, "for intruding,but there have been thieves around. The safe has been opened and five hundred florins have been taken. The lock is not broken, so the thieves must have had a key.

"You are sure that you have been robbed ?" said the baroness.

"Alas, it is too true, madam, for during the forty years that I have lived with you there has never been a cent missing. Only Christian and I have keys, and I have as much confidence in him as your grace has in me. He is loyalty itself, so I believe him to be. I

searched everwhere before I came to tell you," said the agent. "I shall now go and tell Christian, he will help me."

"It is not necessary to continue the search," said the baroness. "You are exempt from all blame; as to telling Christian, do not do so, as I do not wish him to know anything about it. I have my reasons for this; do not tell Albert either."

The agent begged her to give her reasons, but she said:

"I do not feel well enough now, later on I will tell you."

When he had left the room, she said: "Cunegonde, Christian is not guilty. I know that he has more than enough money by him, for all his needs; no it is not he. He is innocent of this. Would that he had not robbed me of something far more precious, namely, the pleasure of keeping him near me. Go to him and tell him of the sorrow I feel at having such letters in my hands; but, oh! say that I forgive him all. Give him these thousand florins, and bid him leave the house at once. No one shall hear of this. You must not speak of it or you shall leave my service. Albert shall also be told about it. May God help him to repair it. Beg of him to leave before Albert's return."

"What care I for Albert; I am not afraid of him, Cunegonde; he is the cause of my ruin. The letter of which they accuse me of having written was sent by him, as he is the only enemy I have in the world. Some day, sooner or later, all this will be made known. Tell my noble mistress that I swear before God that I never wrote that odious letter. Give her back the money, and say that for this and all that she has done I am deeply grateful. Through love for her I shall screen Albert, but from this moment I shall work without ceasing to re-establish my honor. Since I cannot see her, I will write and you must take the letter to her."

"She will not receive it."

Christian then saw how those but a few hours ago had been his friends, were turning against him.

"I will go to Munch, and the lawyers will not refuse to listen to me."

"What are you thinking about," said Cunegonde, "everything is against you; the letters contain family secrets, which, if revealed, would ruin the baroness' reputation."

"Everything seems dark around me, but my sacrifice is made. I shall bear it all for her sake. God sends his children trials, but he never abandons them."

Cunegonde was filled with pity at the sight of so much suffering so heroically born. She told Christian she would take a letter from him to the baroness. He then sat down to write, and then begged Cunegonde to be sure and give her the letter. He then bid her goodbye, but, oh! what agony filled his soul when the doors closed on him forever.

To be continued.

JUBILEE OF POPE'S CONFESSOR.

The Right Rev. William Pifferi, O. S. A., Bishop of Porfireon and confessor of His Holiness, Leo XIII., celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood at the Vatican on Christmas Day. He was the recipient of many testimonials, congratulatory poems, letters, cablegrams and telegrams, including some from Philadelphia.

The Bishop was born May 24, 1819, the same day as Queen Victoria, and spent many years as a professor of theology and philosophy in Rome and for some time in Perugia, of which the Holy Father was formerly Bishop. He has resided in the Vatican for more than fifty years, and as a professor taught the late Cardinals Martinelli and Sepiacci and Cardinal Ciasca, the great linguist. The first named was a brother of the papal Delegate to this country.

The diamond jubilarian has charge of the Papal Treasury and is custodian of the relics and authenticates such as are allowed to be taken from Rome.— The Catholic News.

Few bring back at eve immaculate the manners of the morn. Something we thought is blotted, we resolved is shaken, we renounced returns again.—Young.

Those who prefer elegance of manner in an orator to depth of thought resemble children and fools, who, in place of gathering fruit, harvest leaves of chaff.—Ven. L. de Blois.

Labor.

Labor, in contradistinction to minor employments, which commonly go under the name of recreation, diversions, pastimes and amusements, is, according to Cicero, a serious occupation of man. We distinguish between mental and manual labor. The former is that by which the faculties of the soul are chiefly employed, whilst in the latter the powers of the body are principally used.

As the bird is born to fly, so man is born to labor, and to labor strenuously and perseveringly all the days of his life. Labor is, in itself, not a consequence of sin, nor a curse upon our race, because even before the fall man had been placed in paradise to work and guard it. By the very fact that the Almighty in creating man, endowed him with the noblest faculties of soul and body. He at the same time intended that this highly favored creature of His should faithfully employ them in the furtherance of His honor and glory.

A man, therefore, who does not utilize his powers in the promotion of the Divine honor, or even abuses them by following aims altogether antagonistic to the divine intentions, that man acts in opposition to the divine will and renders himself guilty of the basest ingratitude against his Supreme Benefactor. There is no need of going far afield in quest of ingrates of the latter stamp. They swarm the country and the city. You will find men pursuing a course of living unworthy of a rational creature. All their tendencies aim at pleasures, comforts, ease and diversions. Labor is something distasteful to them, in fact, they are ignorant of its meaning. They live for trifles, like children fond of play. These men encounter the just reproach of a great pagan philosopher, that man is not born to play and jest, but for higher and nobler things. And St. Bernard says: "Man is born to labor, and if he flies from labor, he does not do what he is born for." Labor is necessary, not only for the acquisition of eternal goods, but even for gaining merely temporal riches. Without constant labor, success is an impossibility, because difficulties are to be encountered on all sides, and unless a man is determined never to yield an inch of ground, he will not succeed. Does the soldier win immortal glory in the barracks or out on the bloody battle field, where cannons roar, bullets whizz, and swords clatter? Does the pilot gather glory when the waters of the deep are calm, or when they dash like furies against the vessel, threatening ruin and shipwreck?

"By nature," says a great American writer, "we are inclined to sloth, inactivity and frivolity, and only years of training and application are capable of uprooting that wretched tendency of ours. The sluggishness of our nature must be aroused by promises and threats rewards and punishments."

Labor is honorable in all men, in the king as well as in the plebeian, in the rich as well as the poor, in the young as well as in the old. Alexander the Great the conqueror of the world, was in the habit of saying, that work was something royal, while indulgence in ease and luxury, something servile. King Alphonsus was one day reprehended by a man of great holiness for doing manual labor, when the king said smilingly: "Have God and nature in vain provided kings with hands?" If therefore kings and princes, sages and saints, were not ashamed to work, who will be? And if God himself, the king of kings, spent the greater part of his life in working in a carpenter shop, what Christian will decline labor any longer?

Children could assist their parents by doing some little work for them every day. In this way they would acquire a habit of working, which in a more advanced age will be of the utmost importance to them for the proper fulfillment of graver duties. It is also quite unintelligible how daughters in the bloom of youth, full of life and vigor, can refuse to lend a helping hand to their mothers, who so often stand in need of it. Whilst the mother many a time is compelled to work like a slave, the daughter squanders her time in reading trashy novels, dangerous books, or in dressing the body

and standing before the mirror for hours. At other times, instead of staying at home and doing some housework, she will amuse herself in going to theatres and balls, in dancing and other frivolities.

Young men, instead of yielding to idleness and sloth, should resolve to make the best use of every single moment of time and perform the several duties of their state of life with the greatest exactness and promptitude. By these means they will become men of character, men whose lives will redound to the honor of both church and state. The time of youth is the time to sow the good seed, so that in old age we may gather a rich harvest. "In the morning," says Ecclesiastes, "sow thy seed, and in the evening let not thy hand cease." The sluggard is a curse to humanity. He resembles the bottomless swamp that exhales continually poisonous and noxious vapors. Even brute creation seems to upbraid the sluggard. For this reason Solomon says: "Go to the ant, O sluggard, and consider her ways and learn wisdom, which, although she hath no guide, nor captain, nor master, provideth her meat for herself in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." (Prov. cap. 6, v. 6.) He then goes on describing in garish colors the sluggard's ways by asking, "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou rise out of thy sleep? Thou wilt sleep a little, thou wilt slumber a little, thou wilt fold thy hands a little to sleep. And want shall come upon thee as a traveller and poverty as a man armed." (Prov. chap. 6, v. 9-11.) These words of Solomon need no comment, being sufficiently explicit to all.

The Parthians were accustomed to refuse giving any food to their children before they had exercised themselves in running, wrestling and throwing the javelin. Apelles, a great painter, would never allow a day to pass by without exercising himself in his art. When compelled to apply himself to things outside the sphere of his art, he used to say:—"To-day I made no line."

Inestimable and countless are the advantages that spring from a laborious life. For the industrious man will be blessed not only with temporal prosperity, but he can purchase for himself everlasting glory and supreme happiness in the life to come, provided he work with the intention of thereby pleasing the Most High. St. Bernard said one day to one of his brothers whom he saw working strenuously: "Continue my dear brother, continue in this way, and you will not taste the fires of Purgatory." And our Lord said one day to St. Gertrude: "In the resurrection, when mortality shall put on immortality and incorruption, each member of the human body will receive a reward of its own, for every good work performed in my name and for my sake."

Man ought to employ all his faculties in the service of his Creator, because there is nothing more noble, nothing more elevating, nothing more worthy of human nature, than to work for the Supreme Being, the Lord of Heaven and Earth." "To serve God," says Seneca, "is perfect liberty." The man that has served God faithfully all the days of his life, will enjoy, after death, eternal repose in the realms of bliss. Hence St. Jerome says: "No labor should seem hard, nor any time appear long, in which eternal glory is acquired."

Flavius.

BOOKS.

Books are teachers whose influence is peculiar to themselves. They speak not to you unless you speak to them. You must go to them, or they will not come to you. They teach when other teachers sleep, or travel, or die. In the silence of the midnight hour, or in the seclusion of a mountain or forest retreat, with none but you and your book, there you and it, in stillness and solitude, may converse together. Not one sound shall pass from either to the other, yet you and it shall talk as though you had a veritable living person by your side. In the indelible form of printed words, passing as rapidly as the weaver's shuttle before your eyes, it then holds converse with you in the secret chamber of your mind. Enfolded in those magic syllables and sentences is a voice which none can hear but the invisible ear of your own silent soul.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Year 1254.—Pope Innocent IV died this year. But before his death, in a brief to the bishop of Ely, he took under his special protection the Carmelite Monasteries of Aylesford and London.

The monastery outside of Malines (Belgium) was built this year. But the brothers were not admitted into the city until 1303. King Louis IX of France, returning from the crusade, brought with him, specially, to Paris, six Carmelites from the East, for whom he built a monastery at Paris, and one of whom is said to have been Nicholas, the vicar general of the orient.

A general chapter of the order was held in England (in London) at which Rudolph Fresburn, the first provincial of England resigned, and had for a successor Henry of Hanna. The order bought a house from Richard, Count of Cornwall, at Oxford, in a place called Stockwell, and opened there a monastery. (This monastery is different from the one founded in Oxford in 1309, by Edward II.)

Year 1255.—The monastery at York was founded by the Lords Vescy and Percy, who had also founded Kolne in 1240.

Year 1256.—This year Hilarion, whom our chronicles call Saint and Martyr, and who was the provincial of the holy land, died. Probably he was killed by Turcomen in one of their frequent invasions. His body was brought to Cyprus and buried in a castle, which, after him, was named S. Hilarion.

Year 1258.—This year saw the first monastery of the order in Scotland. It was built in Perth. (Later there were 24 more in this country, amongst them: Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Stirling, Dumblan, Brechin, Lismore, etc.) Also the monastery in Genua was commenced on a spot then called Terici, and later Villiciara. It was enlarged in 1260.

S. Albert, as a young man, joined the order at Drepane. He was born on Mount Drepane.

Year 1259—Pope Alexander IV again defended the Carmelites against molestations and granted them the liberties due to an approved order. In Cambridge the first Carmelite was promoted Doctor of Divinity.

Year 1260.—At this time some famous men came forth from the monastery at Bologna. This monastery in the 15th century was given to the Carmelites of the Mantuan Observance. In Genua, the prior, Stephen de Janua, enlarged the convent.

Year 1263.— The monastery at Hollebeck (commonly called Chuyshoff) was moved this year into the town of Ypean. It was situated in Lonnebech street; was burned by the English in 1383, re-erected and again destroyed in 1578.

The foundation of the monastery at Strassburg is credited to this time.

Year 1264.—About this time the monastery at Brugge, in Belgium, was opened. The monastery was changed in Toulouse, where the fathers had lived outside the walls on a spot subject to inundations. They now settled in the town in the midst of the Jewish quarter, where they obtained the ground on account of the miraculous apparition of the Blessed Virgin to a rich Jew, who,in consequence, not only gave the ground, but also himself and his family were baptised.

Year 1265.—S. Simon Stock, the general of the order, died on May 16th. He had ruled the occidental part of the order, as vicar general, for a good many years, and had been at the head of the order for 20 years. At the time of his death in Bordeaux,he was 100 years old; famous for his virtues, labors and miracles. Also, as a writer, he became known, and he is the author of the antiphon "Ave Stella Matutina," which the Carmelites recite daily in their office.

By a general chapter, convened in Toulouse, a successor was chosen in the person of that Nicholas, who for 15 years had been the vicar general of S. Simon

for the Orient. He was the 7th Latin general.

Year 1266.—The son of the count of Toulouse, who wanted to avail himself of the absence of the fathers of the general chapter of Toulouse and burn down their monastery, was miraculously prevented by having his face suddenly turned backward. On doing penance he was restored and remained afterwards a friend of the Carmelites.

The monastery at Metz in Lorraine was commenced this year. The Archbishop of Bordeau granted S. Simon Stock the honors of a saint.

Year 1267.—A general chapter was held in Messina, under the protection of Charles of Anjou. But the acts have been lost. Edward, later on King of England as Edward I, founded the monastery at Bristol. As the Carmelites in Bridgeport were molested by the local clergy, Pope Clement IV interfered in their behalf.

Year 1268—Sultan Saladin Bondocudar over run Palestine and Syria. He burned the monasteries at Antioch, Mount Neroy, Quarantine and Valijin, and killed the inmates, who died as martyrs for their faith.

In Europe, on the contrary, there were this year founded, the monasteries at Milan, Florence (on another spot from the one formerly occupied by the refugee hermits), Norwich and Brechin (England and Scotland.

Year 1269.—Charles of Anjou donated the Carmelites in Naples a place in the city called Morricine. Constantina, the mother of Conradin, the last Hohenstaufen, got him buried before the high altar of the Carmelite church, which she richly endowed. Out of this convent grew 18 monasteries, either in the city or along the coasts of the gulf of Naples.

The monastery at Asti was transferred to a more convenient spot. New monasteries were founded in England at Lynn and Lincoln.

Year 1270.—Duc John II of Brittany, returning from Syria, brought with him some Carmelites and founded the monastery at Ploermel. In Sicily about this time, monasteries were founded at Calatabillothe, Rapialmatusa and Prizi. The general of the order, Nicholas, undertook a general visitation of all the monasteries,and as he disliked the idea of settling in towns, and would have much preferred hermitages, he wrote a little pamphlet called "The Fiery Arrow," against this practice, but without result. Practical considerations prevailed. Hence he resigned his office and betook himself to the desert. Therefore a general chapter was held in Paris on the feast of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, anh the German Radulph (or Rudolph) was unanimously elected general.

A monastery was opened in Berblic, in England, and also at Newcastle.

At this time Peter Swanington, formerly of England, and now professor at Bordeaux, became famous by undertaking the defence of the Mendicants against the attacks of William, a professor of the Sorbonne.

Year 1271.—This year saw the beginning of three monasteries : Northampton, Erslingen and Cadurcum (?) in Aquitain.

Year 1272.— Probably in this year, on April 2nd, the ex-General Nicholas, passed to his crown and was buried at Arveau.

Year 1273.—The general, Radulphus,resigned his office and retired to the monastery at Holne in Northumberland. In the general chapter held on Epiphany at Bordeaux, Petrus Aemilianus, a Ruthendan was elected as his successor.

The monastery at Glocester in England was founded.

Year 1274.— Gregory X held an occumenic synod at Lyons. In this council the prohibition to found new orders, which had been issued by the Lateran Council under Innocent III,was sustained, and the communities which had been formed were forbidden to admit new members and obliged to join other orders. This was sought by some to apply also to the Carmelites, but the Council expressly exempted the Augustinians and Carmelites from the working of this order,because their institution antedated the Lateran Council.

The ex-General, Radulphus Frasburo, died at Holne, and was buried there.

Year 1275.—The following monasteries were commenced this year: Vercelli in Italy, Augsburg in Germany, Stanford and Vinton in England. Bl. Jacobinus was one of the inmates of Vercelli.

Year 1276.—This year was the opening

of a monastery at Nottingham in England.

In this year the Bishop Rigaud of Rheims, who was a Carmelite, became famous by his edition of the Bible.

A general chapter was held at Monte Persulano. But its acts have been lost.

Year 1278.—King Edward of England endorsed the monasteries at Cambridge, Bristol, Newcastle and Stanford; also the erection of two monasteries, Invernitasis (Inverness?) and Yarmouth, are ascribed to him.

In Catalonia a monastery was commenced at Illerden.

Year 1279.— Two more monasteries arose in England, Chester and Ipswich. Bl. Francus, after years of severe penance, received the habit of a lay brother in the monastery at Siena. The community did not want to receive them,but an angel appeared to them bearing the habit intended for Francus.

At this time William Payham was famous as a professor of the university of Oxford. Later he became provincial of the order in England, and he died as Bishop of Meade in Ireland.

Year 1281.—Most of the monasteries in the Orient were now destroyed and the inmates killed, by the Turks.

In England the monastery of Appelby was founded. In the diocese of Constance the monastery of Rottenburg was commenced. It was the novitiate of the Province of upper Germany and held a prominent rank in the province, but when Duc Frederic Julius of Wurttemberg became Protestant he expelled the religious and secularised the buildings.

On Pentecost of this year was a general chapter held in London.

Year 1682.—A monastery was erected at Vogelsprung, about 20 miles from Wurzburg, which was called "Mountain of God."

Year 1284.—A general chapter was held in Milan. The question of changing the striped cloaks back to white was treated on, though the change was not at once effected.

Year 1285.—The convent at Viterbo in the papal states was opened.

Year 1286.—Honorius IV sanctioned the change in the color of the cloaks. The brothers of Gant obtained territory around their monastery, but the time of their settlement there is not known.

Year 1287.—A general chapter held at Pessulano, at which there were present the provincials of the Holy Land, Sicily, Provence Toscana, France, Germany, Lombardy, Aquitain, England, Spain and Ireland, adopted the resolution to attach a hood to them.

The monastery at Nurnberg in Bavaria wear henceforth again white cloaks and was founded this year.

Year 1288.—Under Pnilip the Fair, a monastery was commenced at Tours, which, afterwards, was completed and richly endowed by Louis XI.

Year 1289.—William de Lannic, a Carmelite religious in Ptolemais, reports, that this year the Turks exterminated the order in Phoenicia and the Holy Land, destroying utterly the monasteries at Tripolis, Fairplace, Tyre, Ptolemais, and Mount Carmel, and putting the monks to the sword. The reporter was the only one who could save himself from the sacking of Ptolemais. Thus, after a continued residence for 2200 years Mount Carmel was lost to the order, at least for a time. But the church of the Bl. Virgin on Mount Carmel is said to have been miraculously saved from the fire. According to the records in the archives of the order, kept in S. Maria Traspontina in Rome, the province of the Holy Land comurised 77 monasteries,of which but five remained on the Isle of Cyprus after this year. A loss never to be repaired was the destruction of the archives and libraries of these monasteries, by which the oldest and most reliable records of the order perished.

Year 1290.—The loss of so many convents in the east was repaired by the founding of monasteries in the west. This year we see the commencement of the monastery at Saragossa in Spain, which was followed by Requene, Gibralcon in Spain and Maure in Portugal, also Kyngestone in England. English Carmelite convents at this time produced many professors for Oxford who were famous for their learning.

Year 1291.—This is the year of the translation of the holy house of Nazareth which was in the custody of the Carmelites in Palestine, and was also given into their custody in Italy. But at present they are no longer in possession. A

monastery was opened in Arlum, Belgium. In Siena Bl. Francus died on Dec. 11th. Great miracles were wrought at his bier.

Year 1292.—In Catalonia a monastery was commenced in Gerunda, in England at Maldon, in Bavaria at Dinkelsbuhl.

Year 1293.—On Oct. 12th the monastery at Barcelona was opened.

Year 1294.—Monasteries were founded in Rapelle, France (afterwards destroyed in 1570 by the Calvinists, who killed all the monks) and in Prati and Monte Catini in Tuscany.

The General Aemilianus, having resigned on account of old age, a general chapter held in Bordeaux elected for his successor Raymond of the Islands, from Toulouse. He was the 10th Latin general. Aemilianus, who had retired to the monastery in Cologne, died soon after, and was buried there. He had ruled for 21 years.

Year 1295.—As the Premonstratensians had protested against the reassumption of the white cloak on the part of the Carmelites, the matter was brought before Pope Boniface VIII, who decided for the order, upholding the decision of Honorius IV.

At Attrebat, Belgium, a monastery was opened, which was burned three times : first in 1370 by the English ; then in 1414 and 1477 by the citizens themselves when the town was beleaguered. In 1478 the monks built it again, but this time inside the town walls.

At Ferraza, Italy, a monastery was commenced by a prior called Pax. (In 1492 this monastery was given to the Mantuan Observance.)

Year 1296.— Boniface VIII gave the Carmelites the church of S. Martino dai Monti in Rome. In Perugia, where some Carmelites had lived for some time, the bishop assisted them in building a church and monastery.

At the general chapter held on Pentecost Sunday in Bruges, the general, Raymond, resigned, and had for a successor Gerard of Bologna, at the time professor at the Sorbonne. For this chapter constitutions of the order were drawn up and eleven provinces were mentioned.

Year 1298.—Monasteries were opened in Cremona and Pavia. One of the Cologne religious became suffragan bishop. In England the religious were much molested, hence Boniface VIII of Cologne, in letters to the bishops of Dimlin, London and Salisbury protected the Carmelites against these persecutions. King Edward of England, carrying on war against Scotland, drove many of the Carmelites out of their Scotch monasteries, and took the most learned ones to Oxford. This happened to four from Aberdeen.

Year 1300.—This year saw the foundation of Malines (Belgium) and a new monastery at Padua. A monastery was opened in Limoges (France), Borbiago, (Venice), Manresa (Spain) and Verona (Italy.)

Year 1301.—A monastery was founded in Boston, Lincolnshire, England. St. Andrew Corsini was born at Florence.

Year 1303.—The monastery at Tours was changed this year in its location, and endowed by Louis II.

A general chapter held in Narbonne, divided the English province of the order in two. As there was a good deal of opposition against this division, the German Gobelon was sent there to compose matters ; he was there in 1305, and was amongst those favoring the division, whilst Godfrey of Cornwall, William Lidlyngton, Robert Walsingham, John Burley and others took the opposite side. But the division made was sustained.

This is the year of the birth of Bl. Peter Thomas.

Year 1306.—At Toulouse a general chapter was convened, principally on account of the favors and indulgences, which Clement V had granted to the Carmelites. A resolution was also passed to henceforth celebrate the feasts of the Conception of the Bl. Virgin and Corpus Christi.

Probably the foundation of the monastery at Geldern (Holland) falls into this year.

Year 1307.—S. Albert of Sicily died, 87 years old. To give his life here is foreign to our purpose. Suffice it to say, that one of the provinces of the order was named after him, and that his name is still revered in Sicily.

Year 1300.—A general chapter was held in the province of Lombardy. William Pagham was elected provincial of Eng-

land, and William Lindlington provincial of the Holy Land and Cyprus.

By order of Clement V the fathers had to leave their monasteries in the Venetian territory and at Civita Castellana, whilst the Venetians were under the excommunication and interdict.

Year 1310.—A monastery was founded in Hyahin in Hertsfordshire, also in Scarborough there was a convent, and in Bains in Narbonne.

Year 1311.—The general, Gerard, took part in the council at Viennes. The monastery of Abbi was commenced.

Year 1312.—A general chapter of the order, held in London, ordered that in future after the "mea culpa" of the Confiteor, the words be added, "Ideo precor," etc. Before this the Confiteor had ended with the words "mea culpa."

Cardinal Beringar, writing of the council at Viennes, speaks in terms of highest praise about the general Gerard, who always had the ear of the pope.

At Sutton in England, and Salipia in Wales, monasteries were opened.

POPE LEO'S LATEST POEM.

The following poem, written by the patriarchal prisoner of the Vatican for Christmas Day, was recently made public :

The annual solemnities that honor Jesus' birth,
The rising day now brings again, for worship, unto earth.
But, glowing news of old-time joy it doth not, now, foreshine ;
And of the welcome boons of peace it bears no happy sign.
On man, alas ! on every side, in crowds the direst woes
Press greviously ; preparing for more grievous e'en than those
Unworthily forgetful of parents and of God,
The growing up shakes off the yoke, bows not beneath the rod.
Strife cleaves in factions, citizens, and sheds a sea of blood,
And savage slaughter burns amain, amid the gory flood.
Laws reverend are lying dead,
And faith and modesty have fled,
Presumes, unchecked, to wrap all things in its unhallowed fire.
Be present with us, Holy Child; sustain the falling world ;
Nor let it be, thou God, sole hope, unto perdition hurled.
May meeker youth beam o'er the earth, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Emerging safe from seas of crime that inundate the land.
May true religion's ancient glow illume with happy light
Their minds and may they be, through Thee restored to spiritual sight ;
Through Thee may zeal for faith be lit, the victor's palms assigned,
And cohort of the enemy be scattered to the wind.
May clouds of errors be dispersed, and threatening passions quenched,
And friendly rest restored to States in seas of trouble drenched,
So may kind peace, desired long, revisit earth again,
And love, in loving brother's league, unite the hearts of men.

This impossibility of being satisfied with our own performances is one of the strongest proofs of our immortality—a proof of that perfection toward which we shall forever tend, but which we shall never attain.—Frederick W. Robertson.

Read all history ; the depotisms of kings, the revels of wealth and luxury wrung from the toil of the poor, can never be glorified. The good, the morally sublime, those who have blessed the world live in the memory and love of mankind.—Rev. H. W. Thomas.

I am heartily sorry for those persons who are constantly talking of the perishable nature of things and the nothingness of human life ; for, for this very end we are here, to stamp the perishable with imperishable worth.—Goethe.

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise itself in others ; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.— Plutarch.

The Nativity of the Blessid Virgin Mary.

We are accustomed to honor in some special manner the anniversaries of the birthdays of our kings and princes, and in our dominions we still respect the memory of that queen who for such a long time directed the destinies of the vast British Empire, and whose reign was marked by peace at home and with foreign nations. No doubt it is our duty to honor and respect our rulers,as all power is of Divine ordination, as St. Paul tells us to honor the King. But if we show respect in this manner to our earthly sovereigns, whose rule is only of short duration, and whose power at most merely extends to our external actions, how much honor do we not owe the name of our Heavenly Queen, whose empire not only extends over our little earthly home, but also over the Kingdom of Heaven ; and whose power is exercised over our hearts, to direct us in all the necessary work of our eternal salvation.

The birthday of the Blessed Virgin announced joy, and the near approach of that long expected and sighed-for Messiah, whose coming was to institute a new order of things, to throw open to fallen man the gates of heaven long closed by the first sin. Therefore it is that Our Holy Mother, the Church, celebrates this festival with special praise and thanksgiving. Mary was born in this world, not like the other children of Adam, stained by the contagion of sin, but pure, holy and beautiful. "As the lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters." Yet for her, who was in the true sense of the word a queen, there was none of that worldly exultation which nowadays announces the birth of a prince or princess of royal blood ; no display of royalty, no flattering praise of courtly dignitaries, none of these attended upon the birth of the Blessed Virgin. Her parents were poor, though of royal descent, her advent into the world was in the poorest circumstances. Just as that of her son, who came amongst men, not as he was expected to come, but surrounded by the direst poverty. Yet there was never such a gift from God to man as that of the Blessed Virgin. If we want to understand this gift, let us consider her great dignity and the singular privileges by which God distinguished her from all other pure creatures. It is very well expressed by St. Matthew in his Gospel, when he says "Of her was born Jesus, who is called the Christ." She is therefore, truly the mother of God. The dignity of being Mother of God is the highest that could be bestowed upon any creature, because it is the closest alliance with the creator of all things. But she is not only a mother, but a spotless virgin also. This is a prerogative of Mary alone which was known to the prophets long before as the mark of the mother of the Messias. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel. The virginity of the Mother of God was denied by many heretics. In the early ages the church was called upon to use her authority and declare these as heretics who denied this article of faith. She declared that Mary was a virgin, before, in and after the birth of our Divine Lord hence she is called "Ever Virgin."

This doctrine is also defended by the fathers of the church, amongst others by St. Jerome, who cites as authorities,St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp, St. Iranaeus, St. Justin. The fathers apply to her many emblems and types of the old law, and the prophets expressive of her Virginity, called her the Eastern Gate of the Sanctuary, through which the Lord passed, the bush which Moses saw burning without being consumed, Gideon's fleece continuing dry whilst the earth all around was wet.

The Blessed Virgin was also the most perfect model of all other virtues. St. Ambrose says : "Let the life and virginity of Mary be set before you as in a looking glass in which is seen the pattern of chastity and virtue."

The humble and perfect virtue of Mary raised in St. Joseph the highest opinion of her sanctity ; as appeared when he saw her with child, St. Joseph thought it more possible that Mary should have

conceived by a miracle without a man, than that she should have sinned, Yet Mary's sanctity consisted principally in her ordinary actions ; she did nothing very extraordinary, but her heart was pure and her actions were performed with fervor. Now the lesson we must learn from this is that our spiritual perfection is to be sought out in our own state, and depends upon the way we do our ordinary actions. Some writer says, "Do your ordinary actions extraordinarily well,"—a very good maxim, but one which has far reaching consequences. True sanctity does not aspire after great things, as all of us are not called upon to become great saints upon this world.

The Church bids us celebrate this feast day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin as our predecessors have celebrated it for now more than a thousand years. Let us rejoice on the birthday af Mary, giving God the best homage of our praise and thanksgiving, for the great mercies He has shown in her. Christ will not reject the prayers and entreaties of His mother, whom he was pleased to obey whilst on earth. Let us, therefore, hasten to her feet and implore her to take us under her protection, on this her great feast day. Let us ask her to bless our little efforts for acquiring salvation, and let us salute her in the beautiful words with which the Church salutes her : "Hail, Holy Queen, our life, our sweetness and our hope," etc.

OH HAPPY THAT WE ARE!

There have been times on earth when we have caught our own hearts loving God, and there was a flash of light, and then a tear, and after that we lay down to rest. Oh, happy that we are! Worlds could not purchase from us even the memory of those moments. And yet when we think ol heaven we may own that we know not yet what manner of thing it is to love the Lord Our God.

We believe that the Divine presence is everywhere, and that in all places the eye of God beholds the good and the bad ; but we are still more firmly convinced of it when we assist the the Divine office.—St. Benedict.

ONE OF SATAN'S SEEDS.

One of the seeds that Satan loves to plant in the soil of our hearts is suspicion. And if it receives ever so little encouragement, immediately it springs up and begins to grow, filling the heart, warping the mind, and making its poisonous influence felt far and wide. But however far its work may spread, however cruelly and unjustly it may sit in judgment on the motives and acts of others, its worst effect is upon the heart of the one who cherishes it. For it is impossible to look at people with anything like a spirit of love, and at the same time be suspicious of their acts, their motives, whatever they do and say, and where the love spirit is not, there is a "legion" of Satan's angels ready to bring bitterness and envy and jealousy into the mind—company with which there can be nothing but unhappiness. If you find the plant of suspicion growing in your heart—if it is easy for you to look with distrust upon others, to impute unworthy motives to them—then beware. Get rid of this plant by cherishing only the kindest of thoughts about all ; look for the best motives, and ascribe them to those whom you were inclined to view with distrust—and you will find yourself in a far happier, as well as far safer, frane of mind.—Denver Catholic.

When we pray to God with entire assurance, it is himself who has given us the spirit of prayer.—St. Cyprian.

The most precious thing we have, next to grace, is time ; and we owe an account of our time, as we owe an account of our grace.

Our whole eternity will hinge on the "little while" of probation here. Only an inch of time to choose between an eternity of glory or the endless woes of hell.

God respects not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are ; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how elegant they are ; nor the music of our prayers, how melodious they are ; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are; but the sincerity of our prayers, how heartsprung they are.

The Unfinished Mass.

In the early years of the last decade of the past century, the Christian missionaries in the vicinity of Tonquin, China, were continually subjected to the rapine and slaughter of the hordes of pirates who infest the shores of 'the gulf of Tonquin, that France, the noble protector of Eastern Catholic missions, was forced to send out her troops to smite, and spare not, these marauding savages, where massacres were day by day becoming so constant and their details so atrocious that the sword of vengeance was forced to be unsheathed in punishment of their crimes.

After the troops disembarked on Franco-Chinese territory, columns were sent out in different directions over those fair fields, which the blood of the martyred missionaries had so frequently saturated and fertilized. One reduced column ascended the river opposite Hanoi in the early morning after their arrival, and during the entire day was occupied exploring every nook, crevice and cranny along its shores, in search of the pirates who infested its banks. When on entering, at the close of the day, a small miserable hamlet, near to Liemchout, Captain Langlois, who was in command,gave the halt. An indifferent dinner, composed of tea biscuit and tinned meat, was quickly demolished, as the sole day's repast. Night was then quickly and rapidly drawing near, as it occurs in tropical climes, and each soldier of the column was preparing to take a rest, so urgently needed after the wearisome march of a sultry day, as best he could. The captain, having arranged the sentinels for the night, and personally made the rounds and organized means for the security of the camp, he then prepared to rest near a fire which lay lighted brightly before the doors of one of those ruined chapels that was nigh burned during the famous retreat from Sien Chaw of General Francais, before the advancing hosts of Chinese soldiery.

After smoking his last little cigar, and observing the unbroken silence of the soldiers and the soundness of their sleep, he too delivered himself to a well merited rest ; throwing around him a blanket, he drew his feet near the fire, as the cold was at that time very sharp, and stretched himself out to sleep on one of the steps of the altar, and quickly sleep overpowered him, and at once he was enveloped in its entrances. After having remained some time buried in its profound calm, he seemed to hear the clock strike twelve, and the unexpected notes occasioned him no small surprise in so solitary a situation ; in a half comotose state, he rubbed his eyes, and with great astonishment he saw to his left, behind him the old dismantled chapel illuminated. He raised himself up and rested on his elbow, to convince himself that he had completely conquered sleep and was thoroughly awake. The captain then fixed his eyes on the altar and saw it was fully prepared, even at that midnight hour, for the celebration of Holy Mass. The candles were lighted, the beautiful white altar linen bordered by the richest lace, covered the marble slab of the altar, the Missal was in its well burnished brass book stand, and nothing was wanting, (the bell and cruets were there), save the Celebrant; he, at the instant alone, was missing, but in another moment the side door opened, and there advanced a priest, scrupulously robed in the sacred vestments ; between his hands he had the Chalace covered by the paten and white silk veil, bordered by the richest golden fringes. His feet seemed to slide over the brick floor without producing any noise, nor awakening an echo on the Nave, everything participated in the universal silence then reigning. Arising the three steps of the altar, he placed the Chalice on the altar, and then the Celebrant, turning round, began to descend with the same steady slowness with which he ascended, placing himself in front of the Tabernacle, he pronounced the usual words of the mene, with which the priest commences Holy Mass, "Introibo ad Altare Dei," as no one was entoning the response, the priest turned towards the chapel door, and saw at once the captain, and with an eye, atten-

tive and anxious, he watched all his movements and at length made a sign to him to come up towards him, but with astonishment he noticed that quite the contrary to what happened with the priest, his steps resounded strongly over the bricks. Arriving at the foot of the altar, the Celebrant of the Mass begged the captain to assist him in serving his Mass. Although Captain Langloise was educated in the Catholic religion, he was not a very practicable Catholic, and consequently he found it somewhat difficult to fulfil the duties assigned him, unless he was somewhat assisted. The priest at once noticed his hesitation, and before the captain could make any remark, he shoved towards him a prayer book that lay on one of the steps of the altar. The captain eagerly catching the book, piously at once threw himself on his knees, and after glancing over its pages, he immediately commenced the responses, "Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam," and guided by the prayer book he followed with the correctness of an old Acolyte. The Mass terminated, the priest descended the steps and again without making the smallest noise passright before the captain and reached the door of the Sacristy. When the holy ornaments of the altar were carefully taken off, with the right hand the priest made a sign to the captain to approach him.

"My son," said the priest, in a sweet voice, full of harmony, "thou hast finished doing me a great service, a service whose value cannot be estimated. Thanks to you, the gates of Paradise have been opened to me, which would have been closed against me for some time,—I cannot say how long."

The acute attention of the captain at once displayed his utter surprise and astonishment, and the priest continued.

"I have been a missionary priest in the province of Tonquin for many years. Providence has crowned my efforts by the number and importance of my conversions,—each day they were increasing, till the repeated incursions of the "Black flags," the Chinese rebel soldiery, the most hardened enemies of our creed,placed in the greatest danger all my precious conquests. In every place along the shores of the gulf of Tonquin the Catachumens were prohibited from listening to the voice of a priest, or frequenting the churches. It was one of these devices of misrepresentation, one of the calumnies of the persecutors, to influence Chinese hatred and to strive to weaken the faith of the Catholic converts, by repeating the odious calumnies and lies of the primitive years of Christianity, that Christians communicated mysteriously each night, and in such out of the way places, where Mass would be said by a proscribed priest. The chapel where we now are, was once surrounded by a forest, and it was therefore selected because it was so secluded, not because any mysterious rite was to be celebrated, but because it was so adapted for the Christian gatherings and reunions, but these reasons did not save it from the calumnies of our enemies. When they saw the middle of the night was the hour fixed for the time to hear the sacred word of God. In spite of all our secrecy that was sought to be observed and the solitude of the situation, the news yet got circulated, and a renegade was found to sell the pass, and it thus reached the ears of the hateful and revengeful Chinese, who profited of the time and occasion to wreak their vengeance on the Christians. I was celebrating Holy Mass. I was elevating towards heaven the sacred Consecrated Host, God Himself, when the discharge of a volley of musketry sowed the fright of death amongst the faithful assembled, and they rushed up towards the altar as a flock of sheep around their shepherd. One of these ruffianly assailants pointed his revolver towards me and struck my head, and immediately pieces of my brain stained the altar cloth. I was dead before the Holy Sacrifice was finished, and the doors of Heaven were for a time closed against me, till the period would come when I might finish it.

From that date till this night, at 12 o'clock (midnight), with the permission of Almighty God, I have returned to this chapel in order to finish the mass commenced and interrupted, and until this night no one has presented himself to assist me in finishing it, and in the impossibility of ending it alone, I had to return to my grave, sadly, at the dawn of day, Thanks to you, at length I

have succeeded to reach the "Ite Missa est," and now the gates of Heaven will be opened to me. In submitting myself to this trial, God has conceded to me a sweet compensation, that of complying with the wish or desire of my liberator. The time is very solemn, meditate well in this concession, reflect very well before you select your choice and mentioning it to me. The captain, weighed down by shrinking awe and by an emotion not easily understood, remained for some time silent. The question so solemnly made by a martyr coming from the grave had the effacious virtue of awakening in him the religious feelings of his youth,—feelings which for years lay dormant in his soul, but were not dead—his burning faith pointed out to him that there was for him a last hour ; so directing himself then to the priest, he said : "Since God, in His Infinite Mercy, has been so pleased to select and make me the humble instrument of your liberation, I beg of you, my Reverend Father, that you advise me three days aforehand, before the day of my death, in order that I may strive to prepare to appear worthily before my Sovereign Judge. On hearing this request, the priest let fall his head and began to sob bitter tears.

"It is not in my power to discuss the folly or wisdom of your selection or to refuse, even when you have centured to seek to anticipate the knowledge of your last end. I will therefore do as you desire. But, oh ! unfortunate son, how much anguish thou hast to go through, in order to avoid to man cruel sufferings. On His meditorial throne in Heaven, God wishes that we should not know the actual moment of our death, nor to deprive you of that celestial gift of hope that would accompany you to the edge of the tomb ; but, oh ! with thy irreflective desire, in thy thoughtless haste, you are just after depriving yourself of this inestimable advantage. Oh ! when the cruel certainty, when the dismal tenor of its actuality, will arise before you, farewell all hope, know then that there is nothing so terrible as your request.. I will pray to God,for His Royal brace that He may sweeten the torments of this certainty, but I can do nothing more for thee, but, nevertheless, before we separate, receive the blessing of an old priest." Very much moved, the captain bent his head and fell on his knees, and received the old priest's benediction. When he arose, the priest had disappeared, the candles were quenched on the altar, solitude reigned, as if it were never broken, and the darkness was complete. Overwhelmed with anguish, he began to grope amongst the stones that lay promiscuously scattered along the ruined walls of the little temple, and returned toward the fireside. All remained in the same position ; the soldier guards were sleeping soundly as if all clouds of war were dispelled, all troubles of his ghostly visitor ended. But the reality was not so, for the war continued with its alterations of victory and defeat. Amidst the fluctuations the captain gained a step, from captain became commander, of this Trenil expeditionary corps, and so brilliant was his bravery, that in one battle he earned the enviable privilege of being decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Envied by the garrison of Sienchow, for his signal success, he determined to add another by marrying a beautiful young Catholic lady whose acquaintance he had made and whose love he had conquered,—and, in the second year and following ones of their married life, he added to his blessings the proud distinction of being the happy father of two lovely children. Both husband and wife adored them, and nothing was wanting to make their happiness complete. One night as he lay stretched in his hammock, the chief of the battalion, as he was now, was sweetly breathing the marine fragrance with which the air was impregnated by the healthy, life giving airs of the Pacific. When behind the spiral columns and little towers of smoke arising from his cigarette, with a peculiar feeling which is not easy to define, he fancied he saw the faint outlines of a strange visitor, who, through the mazy avenues of the beautiful palmery, was advancing towards him. Watching his movements closely, he recognized the aged priest whom he had helped to finish his Mass in the round chapel in the suburbs of Lienchow.

Since that mysterious event, although its details had many times crossed his

mind, even when his earthly happiness was supreme and unclouded, yet he was never saddened by its recollection; he always sought to brush it out of his memory, yet it always drew him, like a loadstone. But now the unexpected arrival brought it back more vividly than ever to his mind, in all its harsh reality, but he was always courageous and had a large supply of natural energy. On seeing that the heavenly messenger detained himself some yards distant and was observing silence, he arose from the hammock and addressed him:

"I recognize you, Reverend Father; I remember well my desire. I am now prepared to hear you.

The priest, as before in the old chapel, advanced without his steps making the smallest noise and drew near to the commander, and with a voice slow and sad, said to him:

"Confirmable with the promise I gave you in the chapel near Lienchew, I beg to bring to you the heavenly message you asked me to give you."

"The announcement of my last hour Didst not thou beg it?

"Without doubt, but I was young. I was not then married. I had not then a wife whom I adored, nor children whom I idolized. The bonds that bound me then to life appeared so slight in comparison to those of to-day, which seem so difficult to sunder,—to bear speaking to sever."

"Your Supreme Creator and Sovereign Judge has pronounced your sentence. Within tnree days you will have to appear before his tribunal,—the request has been your own.."

Commander Langlois during life had given many sterling proofs of his valor, but the clouds of gloom had now begun to encompass him, the idea of leaving his wife a widow, of having to renounce her affection and separate himself from his darling children, who then needed so much his protecting hand, his soul was sorely perplexed; his heart, like wax, was melted and incapable of subjecting his emotion or subduing the travail of his soul, he lowered his head, and through the sinking of his spirit and the enfeebling of his nerve, he began to shed bitter tears.

Lingering near, as he was loath to abandon the commander in his supreme distress, the priest looked on in silence, and when he became more serene, he raised his head, and the tears that inundated the cheeks of the heavenly messenger showed how he too participated in the commander's grief.

"Pardon, Rev. Father, this involuntary weakness, with a hot heart and delighted tear; aid and enable me to strive to utilize the time left me in the best manner possible. During these three days I will do everything as best I can to appear worthy before my Lord and my God. Now, Reverend Father, give me your blessing, which on my knees I beg from you."

The priest stretched over him his hand and blessed him, and in the same way as on his first appearance in the ruined chapel, when the commander raised his head, the priest had disappeared.

Once more the unhappy commander began to think in his accustomed manner gradually reflecting on the incidents so tragic to him,—his approaching earthly separation from his wife, and her dear little children. There was the dilemma; how to make it known to her; the grief and anguish which his unexpected death would inevitably bring with it to overwhelm her. How would she receive the news. This, truly, was the acme of his trials, the bitterest drop of his cup of sorrow. In the midst of sighs and sobs. In clasping his wife into his arms, he covered her with kisses, but he, wishing to subdue and silence his own emotion, said to her: "I beg of you in view of your grief, do not intensify mine. I have necessity for my strength. I will return to meet you in heaven, where I will reunite myself with you. Now, cutting through my natural feelings, as I have a necessity for my strength, seeing that for me the hour of God's judgment draws nigh. "Be you also courageous, since, with His blessing, I will one day meet you in Heaven, where, fervent Catholic as thou art, I will join myself forever with you." Then with the austere and valiant temper of a Christian soldier he blessed his wife from his heart for all the happiness that she had brought him during their married life. "I now confide to you my dear children; make them good and honorable and devout Chris-

tians, as I trust we have been, and afterwards Heaven's rewards will be theirs as well as ours. So much for the present; leave me alone now, so that I may make my preparation to appear before the tribunal of my Creator and my Judge."

On the third day's evening hours the whole family were united on the terrace that overlooks and stretches itself along the bay of Tonquin between New Macao and Lienchow, knowing that the going down of the sun ought to be the sign for the last earthly hours of the commander, since he had prepared for it by making his confession and receiving his dear Lord and God in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist at the Mass of the early morning. As a good use of time and a fit preparation for Eternity, his wife wished then to remain by his side and scatter balm freely in the fulness of her love during this, his last night. With the children seated on his knees, and his bowels yearning for their happiness, he made all the fatherly recommendations regarding their future, pointing out to the mother how they should be educated and how she was to watch over their life.

In tropical latitudes, the opposite to what happens in temperate zones, occurs,—the transition from day to night is effected very suddenly. The rays of the sun light up the horizon, when in other countries we are accustomed to the obscurity of the night.

In the moment then that Commander Langlois was pressing for the last time himself against the heart of his adored wife, and pressing on his children's cheeks his last hot kisses, he seemed to see behind the rays of the rising sun the luminous figure of an angel, who appeared coming as from the east, and made to him a sign to arise towards him.

The punctual preparations he had made —the generous temper with which he accompanied his sacrifice of unconditional surrender which he had offered and the faith he had evinced in the mercy and goodness of his God, made his obedience as acceptable to His Creator as the offering of Isaac by Abraham had been before high Heaven long centuries ago. For the celestial ambassador brings the glad tidings that he indeed meets him on his way with the token of His favor, and so bears up his human faith and confidence. The faith, obedience and natural sorrow of the Patriarchal group then, as now, had drawn our Divine Lord's loving, merciful look with a forbearance of pity and fatherly acceptance towards the earth, and the appearance of His Divine messenger was as assuring and as consoling then to the commander, as the solemn tones from the burning bush were the harbingers of God's pleasure to Abraham and Isaac, showing that under the new dispensation, as in the days of "Genesis" and the Mosaic law, the spirit of the Sacred Heart is unchanged, for it rejoices, and will rejoice over one sinner that reconciles himself with his God more than over ninety-nine just, who need not penance.

How wonderful Thou art;
How unfathomable is Thy love,
For indeed what canst Thou do that
Thou hast not done, O Lord!"

Juan Pedro.

VALUE OF TIME.

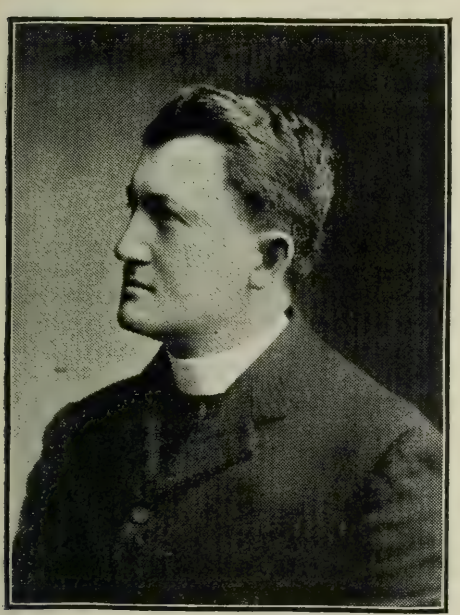
The value of odd minutes is illustrated by a story told in a curious little volume of advice, printed in England. A large firm required a manager for one of its departments and appointed twelve o'clock for arrangement of terms with the selected applicant. He arrived at five minutes past twelve, to find a dozen directors waiting, the chairman watch in hand. The chairman announced that they could not engage a subordinate who had wasted an hour of his employer's time, and on the applicant deprecating such exaggeration, the chairman explained that each director had wasted five minutes and that made an hour in all.

We shall never be sorry afterward for thinking twice before we speak; for counting the cost before entering upon any new course; for sleeping over stings and injuries before saying or doing anything in answer; or for carefully considering any business scheme presented to us before putting money or name into it. It will save us much regret, loss and sorrow always to remember to do nothing rashly.

Dedication of St. Cyril's College.

The new college opened by our Fathers in Chicago was solemnly dedicated on August 10th. The New World gives us some particulars of this happy event :

Amid all the pomp and ritual of the ancient Order of Carmel, the new college of St. Cyril, 64th and Star avenue, was dedicated by Bishop Muldoon last Sunday. The large and beautifully decorated chapel was filled to its greatest capacity by a congregation that was made up of some of the best known people in Chicago. Inside the sanctuary rail were about fifty of the most prominent priests of the city, and set off in picturesque relief were the brown gowned



Rev. C. Kehoe, President of St. Cyril's College.

members of the different Carmelite houses scattered over the country. The Bishop was met at the depot by uniformed brigades of the A.O.H., C.O.F., and the Clan-na-Gael, together with representatives from a number of Polish and French societies. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. P. V. Byrne, C.M. He said in part : "This memorable occasion in the educational history of Chicago fills one with mingled feelings of gratitude and indignation. Gratitude at the addition to our number of Catholic colleges ; indignation at the lack of appreciation even on the part of Catholics of the work done in our colleges. In education there are two great truths ; the truth of fact, namely, that the object of all education is God ; and the truth of right, namely, that the church is the authoritative guide of God. From the earliest times the Carmelites have recognized these truths, and their illustrious history as educators shows the marvellous success they have achieved." Bishop Muldoon also congratulated the Order on its good work, and spoke words of hope that in a short time the college would rank as one of the highest in the country. Under the direction of the Provincial, the Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, the Rev. Father Feehan, a relative of the late Archbishop, founded St. Cyril college two years ago. The able administration of the Rev. Cyril Kehoe, president of the college, soon made the erection of a new and permanent building necessary, and the result was the erection of this new and thoroughly equipped building. Among those present at the dedication were Bishop Muldoon, assisted by Fathers Maloney, Hishen and Morrissey. The master of ceremonies was Father Aylward. The visiting Carmelites were Revs. A. J. Kreidt, Provincial of the Order ; Father Feehan, Superior of the Chicago branch ; A. Bruder, prior of Pittsburg ; T. J. McDonnell, prior of Englewood, N.J.; D. F. Best, prior of Niagara Falls ; F. Ferdinand, prior of Leavenworth, and C. Kehoe, prior of Chicago and president of the college. At the conclusion benediction was sung by a vested choir.

Gleanings From the Life of St. Clare.

Note by "Enfant de Marie," St. Clares.

Kind readers of the Carmelite Review will, I trust, be interested in these "Gleanings," from a life so well known, and so singularly beautiful. And they can readily understand that they are dear to me, not merely for intrinsic beauty, but also from the fact of being gathered by one who, though not in name a child of Dear St. Clare, yet reflects her love for Jesus in His Passion and in the most Holy Sacrament; one, too, who, though far apart in life, is intimately united by prayer, love and Religion.

"Star idiffereth from star in glory, and in the firmament of saintly records, a singular lustre distinguishes the "little plant" of St. Francis.

Humility and Obedience of St. Clare.

A Christian ought to be humble; and if he is truly humble, is also obedient. Humility and obedience distinguished the childhood of Clare, passed in the home of her parents. These shone in her and carried her on to perfection. Obedience induced her to accept the office of Abbess, and to retain it until death; humility made her the least among all her children, thinking to stay with them, to bear unkindness, injuries, contradictions, even to rejoice in them; and never elated by the veneration and esteem which were manifested for her, giving all the glory to God. Obedience rendered her always, and in all things, dependent upon St. Francis, upon the Cardinal Protector of the Order, upon the Bishop; to manifest fully the secrets of her soul, and even that which is more painful to holy souls, to manifest the favors which God bestowed upon her to her confessors. Humility moved her to undertake the lowest and most abject offices in the house; to kiss the hands and feet of her sisters; to serve them at tables and perform the most repugnant offices for the sick; she made herself all to all. Obedience made the Saint moderate the rigour of her austerities, at the command of her superiors, leaving on occasion God for God; better is obedience than sacrifices. And I am so proud as to think that I have a right to the love and esteem of all so full of pride as not to recognize in others the right to command me. Oh! holy humility, holy obedience! when shall I know your price, your necessity, that I may love you and put you in practice?

St. Francis Speaks to St. Clare Before Dying.

Honored by God with the gift of stigmata, oppressed by infirmities which indicated his end as not far off, St. Francis was carried to St. Damian's with the hope of reviving him somewhat. Clare and her daughters tried every effort, every care, to relieve the sufferings in these last days of their Father. One day he called to the side of his miserable pallet Clare, who was also suffering; he spoke at length of the loving care of Jesus, in giving his most faithful ones bitter sufferings and trials, and in a moment, while tasting the food of suffering, he raised his eyes to Heaven and broke forth into the praise of God; then, throwing himself on the ground, remained a long time in extasy. Returning to himself, and being alone with Brother Leo, his companion, he manifested to him that during his extasy, God had given him an assurance of entering Heaven, and enjoying Him after death; then he sang the celebrated "Canticle of the Sun" with which he united the morning star with the lesser planets to return thanks to God.

O, my soul, this is the way that God leads His faithful servants to dispose them to receive the crown of glory which He has destined for them. Because they are acceptable, it is necessary that they should be tried in the fire of tribulation, like gold in a furnace, so that they may be found worthy of Him. Do not, then, lose courage midst the evils and the temptations of life. Know that then the Lord is nearer to you, and guards you more lovingly, to strengthen you and to save you.

St. Clare's Devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist.

The ineffable compendium of all the mercies of Jesus Christ to the children of men, is the Sacrament of the Altar, which is for us a living memorial of His Passion, a perennial and inexhaustible fountain of grace, a loving pledge of life eternal. For this, He multiplies Himself, so to say, though always one, always the same at all hours, in all places on earth hidden in these species. He becomes our prisoner, and coming into us, He desires nothing more than to be blood of our blood, heart of our hearts, as He it our life, our substantial and immortal nourishment. To it were dedicated the daily desires of Clare, who even from the bed of sickness, dedicated her labors and those of her daughters, that poor churches should be more decently adorned. To her sacramental Spouse, she confided all her desires, dedicated her affections; she offered her sufferings, having in those her portion her inheritance, all her riches, and to Him alone is owing that miraculous chain of graces and communications that went from Him to repose in the heart of Clare, that correspondence of sighs, and tears, and loving transports that flew from the heart of Clare to that of her Beloved. Suffice it to say when the Servant of God had flown to Heaven, they did not know better to depict her than with the Sacred Ciborium in her hands; which symbol causes her 'to be recognized among the other saints of the Church. Frequently was she seen by her children with a globe of resplendent light upon her head, partaking of the Eucharistic bread, or in the Host presented to her for communion, they discerned the Divine Infant, who came to find His Spouse. And we, with what gratitude do we repay a God who deigns to remain with us continually, and to do so better, deprives Himself of His eternal glory, acquired by the price of 'His Blood; and he says to us, "Come to me all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you." What perfidy, what insanity, not to correspond with so much love.

St. Clare's Patience.

"Practice patience and you will possess your souls." This golden sentence St. Clare made her own, and she was invincible in patience. Daily were for her the tribulations and trials internal and external which exceeded each other, often tormenting her together. But she was never vanquished by them. Martyred by a fever for twenty-eight years, which then caused her death; tried by her Divine Spouse with wearisome ardity, heaviness, agonizing scruples, fears for her eternal salvation; assailed by the infernal enemy with horrible phantoms, with strange apparitions, with fearful shocks, abandoned by men, and sometimes without sensible aid from God, she never murmured, nor asked for an end of her sufferings; she appeared always joyful to whoever approached her. She was constant and she conquered. Thus God tries His elect, and to us every exercise of patience appears hard in the trials of this life. Why do we not remember, that God has from all eternity fixed His omnipresent eye upon us, and has disposed everything for our good? It was of His goodness, he created and placed us in this world to try our patience; and it was of His mercy that this exercise of patience should form our rcrown.

VALUE OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Perhaps there is nothing else so productive of cheerful, helpful service as the expression of approval or praise of work well done, and yet there is nothing so grudgingly, so meagrely given by employers. Many of them seem to think that commendation is demoralizing, and that the voicing of appreciation will lead to listlessness and the withdrawal of energy and interest. This evinces but a poor knowledge of human nature, which is always hungering for approbation; but how mistaken such views are is shown by the loyal and unstinted service given to those large minded men who treat their employees as members of a family committed to their care.

Neutral men are the devil's allies.

That is the true perfection of man to find out his imperfections.—St. Augustine.

St Albert, Carmelite.

No doubt many lovers of the most Holy Virgin, our Lady of Mt. Carmel, treasure the medal on which she is represented presenting her Holy Scapular to St. Simon Stock. On the reverse side we see St. Albert of Sicily with a lily in his hand, the symbol of his angelic purity. It seems to us a slight sketch of the saintly Carmelites' life will not be unacceptable to readers of the "Review," and may render their treasured medal still more dear, and their devotion to St. Albert more lively.

This fair Italian lily was born in Trepano, Sicily, of noble parents and dedicated by them to our Lady of Mt. Carmel. His early years were angelic in purity, and ere a breath of worldly atmosphere could tarnish the lustre of baptismal beauty, he sought the shade of Carmel, where every virtue expanded to maturity. Holiness, learning, suffering, prepared our Saint for the Priesthood, and in this sublime ministry, his zeal for souls echoed these words of its great prophet-Founder*: "With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of Hosts."

He was favored with the gift of miracles, and truly a "son of the Prophet" in intercessory prayer. Like him, soft breathings of gentle air refreshed St. Albert in solitude and contemplation, and like him also, his mediatorial voice was raised in compassionate sympathy for the needs of others. On one occasion Messina was besieged, and the inhabitants were in great need of provisions. The Saint represented their sufferings to God in prayer, and a voice replied during Holy Mass: "God has heard your prayer." At that moment three ships entered the harbor laden with provisions; from whence they came could not be ascertained. Like SS. Elias and Eliseus he obtained a dry passage across a river swollen by the flood, and performed other marvellous acts, confiding in "the Lord God ol Hosts." Greater by far were the miracles of grace worked in souls by the holy ministry of this glorious saint. Sinners were converted, Jews won to Christianity, souls already serving God animated to a holier life by his words, example and prayers.

Many were the conflicts sustained by this servant of God against the evil one, but our Lord came to his aid and dispelled the dark clouds of sorrow and temptation. He even favored him by appearing as a little child and resting in his arms. Thus he is sometimes represented like another S. Joseph or S. Anthony.

At last the end drew near, and as he knew the night was nearly past, and 'the day at hand,' he desired by prayer and penance, in solitude and silence, to prepare for the Master's coming. O, how welcome it was after eighty years of faithful service, of sublime virtues, of seraphic love! "Well done, good and faithful servant, of Jesus and Mary! Enter into the joy of thy Lord." His soul was seen under the form of a white dove flying away to eternal rest. The bells of the city rang a joyful chime, though untouched by earthly hands, and as the priest was about to commence the Mass "De Requiem," angels appeared and intoned "De Justi," of a confessor not pontiff. Miracles were performed while the holy body remained in the church, and after the lapse of ages, many are cured by the application of water blessed by St. Albert's reliques. In St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi's life, there is a beautiful account of an apparition in which he clothed her with a white robe, and obtained for his holy sister in Carmel perpetual freedom from temptations against the angelic virtue.

Let us earnestly pray to St. Albert for the spirit of prayer and zeal for souls; of love for the Divine Infant and his ever blessed Mother. Let us ask his aid to be "clean of heart," so that, like him, we may at last soar away on dove like wings to the vision of God's face.

Enfant de Marie.

*.—3 Kings xlx, 10.

True humility never makes a show of herself, nor uses many humble words, for she desires not only to conceal all other virtues, but principally herself.—De Sales.

The Federation Convention.

On Tuesday, August 5th, at 9.30 a.m., a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon. The Mass preluded the Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies held at Association Hall, Chicago, August 5th, 6th and 7th. The object of this Federation is the uniting of all Catholic Societies of the United States in the bond of fraternal charity, in the hope that the interchange of friendly offices and ideas may tend to the benefit and increase of each individual society forming a part of the Federation. The object is not political, but Catholic, i.e., the betterment of all particularly concerned and through them the benefitting of their fellow citizens at large.

The Catholic Societies of the United States were well represented, 614 delegates being present. These represented a million of Catholics, and gave proof of their zeal and earnestness in promoting the grand object of their union. It was impressive and inspiring to behold so great an assembly of men of a dozen nationalities all moved by the one aim and spirit and faith. The assembly was, indeed, a miniature of the universal Church which gathers all races and colors on the globe under the one standard of the Cross. The Unity and Catholicity of the Church was visibly pictured forth in the grand gathering of men who endeavored, in their own way, to show to the world what the unswerving oneness and variety of the Church means.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Messmer preached a very eloquent and sententious sermon at the Pontificial High Mass. The Rev. Bishop touched upon some of the most vital subjects in his usual suggestive way. He pointed out to the Cathplic layman the grand capabilities God has given him,—the spreading of the light of the true faith, not by preaching the Gospel, but by acting it in his every-day life. He called attention to the sublime principles which Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, has transmitted to us in those monuments of his reign,—his encyclicals. He drew attention to the power for good that is in Catholic literature, in Catholic Truth Societies and in Catholic Missionary Work. He deplored the general profanation of the sacrament of marriage and warned Catholics against the acceptance of the ultra-principles of Socialism, which tend ultimately to the complete overthrow of Christianity. He told Catholics that politics was an obligatory field for them, in so far as they could thereby uphold sound morality and the grand principles of Christianity. The sermon was well adopted to the occasion and deserves the perusal of every Catholic layman who is keenly alive to the responsibility of his position.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon was chairman of the Convention, and on Tuesday evening delivered a speech which was greatly applauded. The Reverend Bishop spoke earnestly of the necessity of standing up for our rights in every line and said that if we became better Catholics, as the Convention desired, we would also be better citizens.

On the same evening, the Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, delivered an address. The Bishop is an earnest furtherer of the Federation movement and showed it by the enthusiasm of his pointed address.

Besides the three Bishops, several other prominent speakers were present and delivered addresses. Among these were Messrs. Minahan, Girten, Friesi Mooney and Rev. Father Ganss, who sought aid for the Indian schools.

In the closing session of the Federation several resolutions were adopted. Sympathy was extended to the Philippine Friars, in this their hour of trial and the members of the Convention pledged themselves to uphold "the hands of the government in its determination to see that they (the Friars) are treated with that common justice that belongs to all who enjoy the protection of the American flag."

The great river courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed.—George Eliot.

Ad te Suspiramus.

This sighing of "exiled children" seems applicable not merely to their prayerful aspirations, but also to those of artistic longings, seeking to dilineate the idea, of Mary's beauty conceived in various forms. We read of a far-famed sculptor who was commissioned to supply a marble statue worthy to be placed in the grand monastic church of Marienburgh, Prussia. He prepared for this great work of devotion and art by long prayer, until at last, the design was, as it were impressed on his soul. And as he worked for long years, prayer ever accompanied his labor of love so that he unceasingly sang :

"Dearest Virgin, mother mild,
Guide the chisel of thy child !"

Others thought it a marvel of beauty, long before completion,but he exclaimed : "O, if I could but make it the same as the image in my heart !" His biographer tells us that during those long years his soul was prepared to meet God, and see the beautiful original of that masterpiece. And so, when the aged artist had given the finishing strokes to Mary's image, he died at its feet. Of Raphael, it is recorded that he said to the Count of Castiglione : "When painting our Bless. ed Lady, I keep constantly before my mind a certain fixed ideal that exists in the very depths of my soul."

Some of the sweetest strains of earthly music were inspired by this beautifully varied theme. How intimately connected with Mary's festivals are the names of Pergolese, Rossini and many others. In our own dear land, a well-known Poet-Priest* exclaims in the touching epilogue to his "Magnificat" :

"May this weak voice of mine uplifted be
Throughout the silence of eternity,
Upheld by love,—thy love and grace impart."

Poetry is, as it were, the sister of music, and so we have classed this poetic aspiration with those flights of melody soaring away from "the vale of tears" to the far off land of song.

How often have I also desired to praise thee, O, Blessed Mother ! and, how often, too, have I echoed these words of one who did so worthily, yet felt that all praise felt short :

"My song—it but touches the rude shores of speech,
But its music melts back into me."

F. A. Ryan.

Yes'! the sweetest inward chords often "melt back" into the ocean of our own conceptions. "Ad te suspiramus !" It steals through the world of science, and that of art. We hear its vibrations echoed in the aisles of noble structure, where architecture, sculpture, painting, music, etc., combine for Mary's honor. Above all we hear this sighing wafted to and fro in the accents of prayer to the gentle queen above, for, to quote once more our gifted poet-priest, "Heaven holds, earth lacks" the vision of her beauty.

*—Dr. Sheehan.

Aspirations.

O, fain would I praise thy beauties !
That blending of light anh shade,
The hand of a Master-Artist
In wisdom and love portrayed.

Thy beautiful Virgin whiteness,
Like sweet-scented bloom in May ;
The love of thy heart maternal,
That aids us though far away.

O, why are my harp-strings silent
So oft, when I think of thee ?
I long for the Holy Spirit
To waken their melody !

And, gazing in mystic radiance,
O, Mother, in thy dear face,
I murmur low aspirations,
But cannot its tints retrace.

Ah, yes ! of my Lady's beauties,
With holy and ardent love,
I wish that my notes could rival
The songs of the Bless'd above !

At last, what a consolation,
That voices more dear to thee
So sweetly are singing praises
Too high and sublime for me.

Enfant de Marie.

"Diguare me laudare te Virgo Sacrata!"

Editorial Notes.

A few times lately we read in the daily papers an account of the murder of some of our American teachers in the Philippines which surely goes to show that they are not very acceptable to the Filipinos, yet no one speaks of removing them from the Islands. The Friars, it is alleged are not acceptable persons, therefore they must go. But if they would remove all that are not acceptable, we think all the American soldiers and civil officers would be compelled to leave. To all who are not convinced of the justice of the cause of the Friars we would strongly recommend the paper of Father Wynne, S.J., entitled "The Friars Must Stay," in the Sacred Heart Messenger for August, and also published separately in book form.

* * * *

The two appointments recently made by the Holy Father are of great significance to the children of Carmel. Cardinal Gotti, who was appointed Prefect of the Propaganda, and as such has charge of ecclesiastical affairs in our country, is himself a son of Carmel. His father was a poor dock laborer of Genoa. He donned the Carmelite habit when he was yet a boy and benefitted the order by his great learning and piety. Although invested with the purple,he still continues to live the ascetic life of a Friar, as if he were in his cell. Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, who was appointed Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and Regular Discipline, is the Protector of the Carmelite Order and has always shown it much favor and good will. Both of these Cardinals have been spoken of as the probable successors of Leo XIII, but then the choice does not rest with man,and we will only know when the present Pope is no longer, whom Divine Providence has selected for the most important position ever occupied by man.

* * * *

Some persons, even among prominent Catholics, seem to think that the Catholics have no cause of complaint regarding the schools of the Philippines, as most of the teachers employed in the Islands are Catholics. But why are not all Catholic teachers since they are all Catholics. Why is the priest excluded from the school room? It means the establishment of the public schools there, those hot-beds of crime to teach the children atheism and immorality. We have more than sufficient cause in our own country for complaint in the cause of the schools and education. Just the other day the State Superintendent of the schools of New York removed the sisters who were teaching the public school at Lima, N.Y., not because their teaching was deficient, not because they abused the children, not because they were accused of some crime, but simply because they wore a "religious garb," and tried to instil in the minds of the children some idea of religion and morality. And that Catholics, besides paying twenty million dollars for their own schools, should be compelled to support the public schools, is anything but just. We wish there were no cause of complaint for the Catholics at home or in the Philippines, but at present there are too many. And the Catholics will never remove them by keeping silent and trusting in the equity of the American government, but by strenuously defending their rights and demanding their privileges of American citizenship. It was a pleasure to see the Federation of Catholic Societies make a beginning in this line.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

That several men may abstain from intoxicating drinks; for a son addicted to drink and careless in his religious duties; a happy death for one whose mind is deranged; the conversion of a nephew; two temporal favors; three special intentions; that a sick person may recover her health.

When we cease to learn we cease to be interesting.—Bishop Spalding.

Notice to Subscribers.

Persons wishing to have the Review discontinued should notify us to that effect. Sending it back will not enable us to discontinue it, for when there are several numbers sent to the same place, the name of the town or city is not on the label, and then it is next to impossible to find your name. If you do not want the Review any longer let us know, or tell your postmaster to send us a card.

When moving, please give us the old as well as the new address.

A glance at the date on the label of your Review will tell how far your subscription is paid up.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at :

Falls View—from Cape Bald, N.B.; West Union, Minn.; St. Ignatius' church, Phila., Pa.; St. Joseph's church, Acton, Ont.; Staples, Ont.; Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Montpelier, Idaho ; St. Joseph's church, Ashland, Pa.; Nelson, B.C.; St. Bonaventure's college, Allegany, N.Y.; St. Ann's church, Guysboro, N.S.; Villa Angela, Nottingham, O.; Zurich, Ont.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Dundas, Ont.; Church of St. Boniface, New Germany, Ont.; Snyder, Ont.; Galeton, Pa.; Java Centre, N.Y.

Pittsburg — from St. Alphonsus' church, Springdale, Pa.; St. Fidelis' Monastery, Victoria, Kans.; St. Francis' Mission, Rosebud Agency, S.D.; Holy Trinity church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Immaculate Heart church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Stanislaus church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Michael's church, Emlerton, Pa.; St. Louis' church, Caledonia, Wis.; St. Peter's Church, Cleveland, O.; St. Mary's church, New Albany, Ind.

New Baltimore, Pa.—from Fransiscan Monastery, St. Bernard, Neb.; Lake church, Washington Co., Wis.; Nicholson Pa.; Auburn Centre, Pa.; St. John's church, Ongha, Neb.; Holy Cross church, Wis.; St. Patrick's church, Sparta, Wis.

Great souls endure in silence.—Schiller.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the following deceased :

Rev. Theophilas Charaux, S.J., who died at St. Mary's College, Montreal, on Aug. 10th, 1902.

Mrs. John Hackett, who departed this life Aug. 1st, 1902, at London, Ont.

The great doers of history have always been men of faith.—Cgapin.

To rejoice in goodness and be grieved by its opposite is an essential mark of a well ordered mind.—Cicero.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.

Mortification and especially bodily mortification is the shortest way to cheerfulness and supernatural joy—Father Faber.

We are sorry for the poor, but the question is, how much are you sorry ? Whatever it amounts to give it, and show your sympathy.

He who in quest of right, virtue, or duty, sets himself above ridicule, is truly great, and shall laugh in the end with truer mirth than ever he was laughed at.

Are you in unforgiven sin ? If so, you are unhappy ; you are not at peace. You know you are walking along a fearful precipice ; at any moment your heart may fail, the wind, the lightning, the storm, or the unforseen may wrest your poor body from your soul. What then ? You will be instantly fixed for eternity ; no further probation will be before you ; no other trial ; no more mercy from God will be yours ; the time of mercy will have passed ; the time of justice will have come. You will meet not the merciful Jesus, but the just Jesus. The mercy of God is exercised only while life lasts ; His justice sets in when it is over. The most dreadful of all things is to be in mortal sin. In such sin there is no peace, no joy, no security, no merit and no reward, either in time, or after time—in eternity.—Denver Catholic.

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, Pray for Us.

Carmelite Review

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Address communications and make orders payable to **The Carmelite Fathers**, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Queen of the Rosary.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

OCTOBER waits, wrapped in her gleams of light,
In leafy robes of red and shining gold,
Like some high priest with saintly face and old,
To taste his first day-dream, rosy and bright.
Lone-faced September e'en has taken flight
And now October swings his censon. Hold!
A million of glad voices gay unfold
Their hymns of love to heaven's Queen of Might,
While I, a sinner, kneel at Faith's pure shrine,
With beads in hand and sing, lest I forget,
The praises of Dominic Bernadette,
Whose souls were linked by sweetest Rosary thine.
O Mother-Queen, while hope-gleams linger yet,
Come to thy child! O still this heart of mine!

Little Christian.

Translated from the French by Antoinette LeBlanc.

Chapter IV.

On leaving the castle, Christian walked to the neighboring town, about a mile distant, intending to remain there for a few days, thinking the baroness would answer his letter. At last he began to think of some way by which he could get something to do. Suddenly his passion for the study of medicine again took possession of him, but he saw well that this was impossible; then the need he felt of seeing his benefactress nearly drove him wild. The fifth day had nearly come to an end; Christian was sitting under the trees on the roadside; from there he could see the road that led to the castle, and he watched vainly, hoping that he might see one of the servants coming, that he might speak to him. At last he got up, and cast a last glance up to the room, to see if any messenger might be coming. He was about to enter the inn, when he saw a young girl coming by one of the cross roads; her figure seemed familiar to him, and his heart beat quickly. As she came nearer he saw that he had not been mistaken; it must be Agatha. "God be praised," he said, and went forward to meet her. She was greatly surprised to see him, but when she noticed how pale and careworn he looked, and what suffering was written on his face, she was quite anxious and questioned him closely.

"Alas, dear Agatha, the hour of trial has dawned. Yet though they be many and hard to bear, I shall try and be resigned. I have still a pure conscience, and a firm trust in God, therefore dry your tears and come and sit down by me."

Then with his habitual frankness, he related all that had happened, from his entrance to the castle until this day, and Agatha knew well that it was true, as he was incapable of dissimulation. She endeavored to console him, but he was overcome by emotion, and he burst into tears. Agatha tenderly pushed back the hair from his noble and serene forehead, and said:

"You have indeed suffered greatly, but you have still preserved a clear and pure conscience. Do not despair. The baroness will soon find out who the real thief is. Remember that a true Christian glories in being able to suffer, and forgive his enemies."

"Dear Agatha, your words have the same effect upon me now as in the days of childhood. You are right; our Heavenly Father will set all things right in His own good time."

"But," said his sister, "we must make use of the means in our power to justify ourselves. I think it is my duty to go to the baroness, and beg of her to answer your letter."

"It can do no harm," said Christian, "but it is too late to go to-night; better wait until morning, and you can go as early as you like."

Christian described the beauty of the castle grounds, and the sweet little chapel they contained; also the house which he would have occupied, once installed in his new position. When they were about to sit down to supper, he said: "I am sure that you will not be able to see the baroness, for my enemies will take as much interest in keeping you away, as they would if it were myself."

This did not shake her resolution. Early next morning, before Christian was up, she had left, and by the time he was awake, she was far on her way to the castle, for even if the road had been strewn with thorns she would have persevered, knowing her brother's honor was at stake. Christian did not feel at all confident that she would succeed; and yet he prayed that God would give him strength to bear whatever might come. After three hours of the most terrible suspense, he saw her coming

down the road. Alas, he soon saw that she had failed, for her face was very sad.

"Christian, God has another trial in store for you. The baroness refused to see me; she sent me word by her servant Cunegonde, that all was forgiven, but that you must leave the village at once, else she would have to employ other means.

"Dear sister, I have expected this and am prepared for it, and have made my plans."

He then told her of his intention to go to Wurtemberg, and present himself at the school of medicine, and he felt confident that he would succeed, and one day be able to return and practice in his native place. The young girl knew how much good a doctor does, yet she also knew that his parents had not the money to defray the expenses of his profession. Of course the ambassador would not do anything when he received the baroness' report of his conduct. Agatha said that he had better give all this up, and return to his occupation of guard and help to support their father.

"Dear Agatha, I sincerely hope to be a great help to my father later on, but it shall never be in this way. I feel that guard of the forest is not my position. Anyhow I dare not face my parents or the ambassador and his generous wife, until my name is cleared and this stain removed from it. My innocence must sooner or later be brought to light. Until then I wish to face none of my friends but you. This is not pride, but a feeling of honor, which prompts me to act thus. Who knows, perhaps what has befallen me may be for my advancement. Of course, the position offered me, pleased me, because I thought I could thus repay my benefactress, but I must confess, life would not have been very pleasant, seated all day in the office, surrounded by papers. If I have been called to this, God must will it so. When you return to our parents, try and make my suffering appear as light as possible. If you can hide all this do so, if you can not, try and console them, by saying that all will one day come right."

"Do as God inspires you, Christian, we can only pray that the clouds may be dispersed, and brighter days come again".

They went together as far as Munich, then bid each other farewell, with lighter hearts than at the first meeting. The courageous young man had no time to lose, if he wished to reach Wurtemberg before night, and as the autumn was getting on, it was more than time to present himself at the university. He therefore purchased his ticket, and after a pleasant journey arrived at Wurtemberg. Several hours after his arrival, as he was walking down the street, he met a religious of the Order of Mount Carmel, carrying the Holy Viaticum to a poor man; he was followed by a number of people. Christian joined the crowd. When they arrived at the dwelling, all knelt to receive the priest's blessing. A few entered the house, amongst others Christian. He then accompanied the priest as far as the monastery, and after a short time, asked if any person could hear his confession. The religious in question offered to do so. Then with that confidence and humility which characterizes the true Christian, the young man made his confession. When he had finished, he told this sympathetic man the secret which we already know. The priest saw that this was the outpouring of a burdened heart. He also noted that he seemed gifted with many noble qualities. After questioning him closely, he told him to return the next morning, after Mass. Accordingly, after the Mass said in the chapel, Christian waited for the priest. Father Celestin, as we will now call him, immediately brought him to the prior, a venerable old man who knew human nature well. He held quite a conversation with Christian, and soon saw that Father Celestin had spoken the truth, and that this youth was endowed with great genius and could not fail to shine in the profession he wished to take up. So he told him that the fathers had agreed that a certain sum should be given him from the revenues, and that he must not bother his head about restituting it, until his profession should be well on its way. The only proof of gratitude they wished him to give was by devoting himself from this moment solely to the study of medicine. Christian's joy was so great that he could almost believe it to be a dream.

At last the dearest wish of his heart was granted. He wrote at once to his parents, to inform them of his good fortune. It is easily imagined how pleased they were that such happiness and good luck should come to him, when all else had failed. Thus they felt brighter and happier and could face the future more confidently.

Christian at once entered the university, and worked so hard that in a short time he was quite distinguished among his fellow students. His benefactors could well be pleased with him, for each day covered him with new honors. At length he received his degree as doctor; then these good fathers insisted on giving him another sum of money that he might travel and visit the different hospitals and institutions of other countries, as they wished him to become a noted man. Christian was now about twenty-five years of age, of a splendid physique, and the joy and pride of the professors of the university. His virtuous conduct and goodness of heart, made him beloved by all who knew him. However, his only desire was, that he might soon be able to repay his benefactress and help his parents more. He hoped that his innocence would soon be established, and that he might be able to return to the baroness, for whom he still entertained such a great affection. After several months abroad, he went for a short time to Achen, a small village, thus named after the river flowing by it, and which is held in great repute for its baths. The scenery around being very fine, the young doctor enjoyed taking a walk in the evening, and giving himself up to the study of botany. One evening he had gone out as usual, when a fearful storm came on. The rain poured down with such force that he was obliged to seek shelter. He was just going into a house when his attention was suddenly drawn to a carriage, coming down the road, drawn by a magnificent pair of horses. From the rate at which they came, he judged that they were running away. On looking closer, he saw that there were two occupants, a lady and gentleman. The lady was screaming and wringing her hands. The gentleman at last jumped from the carriage, but fell in a dead faint on the road. Christian then cried: "For heaven's sake, madam, stay where you are. I shall see what I can do." He then rushed in front of the horses, and caught hold of the bridle; after being dragged some distance, he succeeded in calming them a little. By this time a crowd had gathered, and it was found that the lady had fainted. They carried her to the inn, and after he had examined her, the young doctor saw that she must be bled. He was about to begin the operation, when he suddenly recognized the baroness of U———. The lance dropped from his hands, and his face became deathly pale; all those near him thought this was due to his extreme sensitiveness. Still he felt that it would be impossible for him to give her the necessary care. Another doctor, who was present, offered to replace him. Christian gladly accepted, knowing that the baroness might easily recognize him, and being in such a precarious condition, it might cause her death. He then went out, intending to return later on. Hurrying out, he went to see what had become of the young man. He found that he had been brought into a house nearby. But, supposing that this should be Albert, the one who had written those letters which had ruined his name, and were the cause of his dismissal from the baroness' service. This thought was terrible, but Christian had long ago learned to pardon his enemies, and felt nothing but pity for them. He hastily entered the house, and was shown to a room where the young man lay. He was still bleeding profusely from a wound on the side of his head. After a short examination, the doctor found that the wound on his head was not serious, and that the hemorrhage had nearly ceased. Christian had been right; this young man was Albert, who had sustained several other injuries; his arm had been broken, and worse again it was found that the muscles of his hand were badly crushed. The arm was soon set, notwithstanding Albert's irritable manner. But after a consultation with the other doctor, it was decided to amputate his hand on the following day. Albert, guessing what they were about, said that he would sooner die a thousand deaths than let them touch it.

Christian felt sorry, and endeavored to console him by saying that he would employ a remedy whose efficaciousness he alone knew. He then and there bandaged up the hand.

"Doctor," said Albert, "if you save my hand, I do not know what I could ever do to repay you." When he had done all he could do, Christian left, telling him to keep perfectly quiet, and he would return on the morrow.

"Thank heaven that he did not know me," said the heroic young man. "I can care for him better thus;" then he added, "My God, I thank Thee for having allowed me to return good for evil." Arriving at the inn, he hurried to the room where lay the only woman he loved and admired, and though she despised him, he had saved her life. The door was suddenly opened by an old woman, who was just coming out. She had no sooner seen him than she cried out, "Oh, Holy Virgin, is this really you, Christian? My noble mistress was not wrong when she assured me that she had seen you, and that she owed her life to you."

"So she recognized me; yes I saved her life, and this thought makes life easier to bear."

He then told Cunegonde all about Albert, and what serious injuries he had sustained, begging her not to let the baroness know anything about his dangerous state.

"Why did she not stay at home," said Cunegonde. "She has only been here a few days, and as it was so fine to-day, she wanted to take a drive, but when she saw the rain, she wished to put it off, but Albert, who never listens to anyone, would not hear of it."

Cunegonde then admired Christian, whose clothes betokened the greatest care. She asked him what he had been doing since his departure from the castle. He promised her that later on she would hear all about it. He then asked how the sleeping draught, he had prepared for the baroness, had affected her.

"Was it you who prepared it for her," said Cunegonde, more and more astonished. Are you a doctor?"

"Yes, my friend, that is why I am here at such an early hour. I wish to do all I can as a reward for her goodness to me."

"Well, she has slept all night without awakening once. That is just what she needs. Probably when she does awake, she will be perfectly calm."

He then followed Cunegonde to the baroness' bedroom. She was sleeping quietly, her breathing being now quite regular. Thus the young doctor could gaze undisturbed on his benefactress' face. He was pleased at seeing her; yet pained on noticing how much older she looked, and what traces of suffering were written there.

Christian sat down by her bedside, and feeling her pulse, found that the fever had left her. The doctor then felt that he could safely leave her. As he was leaving the room, Cunegonde said in a low voice, "When she recovered consciousness, she called me and said, 'Cunegonde, I saw Christian; where is he now? He was in the room a little while ago. I heard him near my bed; go and find him, I beg of you.'"

These words spoken by the servant in what she thought was a low voice, awakened the baroness, who immediately said: "Who is speaking of Christian? Has he come back to me?" Raising herself in the bed, she caught sight of the doctor, who was trying to hide himself. Her look was one of tenderness and love, hope and joy.

"O, how can I thank you, Christian, my saviour. No, my heart could not be mistaken. I knew you when you stopped the horses, and it was at the sight of your face that I fainted."

Drawing him closer to her, she said: "You did not write that letter, Christian; oh, tell me that you did not."

"God, who sees all hearts, knows that I did not write it. This letter was written by some one who was jealous and wished to make me lose your confidence."

"But who could have written it," said she.

"Oh, we can speak of all that later on. Now, you must keep perfectly quiet. You are still too weak to speak so much."

"Albert, oh, where is Albert?" suddenly asked the countess, as if this conversation had brought him back to her.

"I know he threw himself out of the carriage. Where is he now?"

"He was wounded by the fall," answered the doctor, "but his position is not serious. I have just left him."

"You have come from Albert, Christian? O, my boy, you are heaping coals of fire on our heads. I see you are a surgeon, but how did you make your course?"

In a few words Christian had related all that had happened to him since then. The noble woman listened, deeply interested, and when he had finished, she begged him to remain with her, and promised that Albert should make some reparation. Christian said he would and then said she must rest.

The following day, she was allowed to leave her bed, but Albert's condition did not improve; the hand was very much inflamed, and Christian feared that the arm would be poisoned also. Albert was in despair, but Christian re-assured him by saying that though there was a serious inflammation, he did not think amputation was necessary. Albert listened to the doctor's consoling words, and said that he placed himself entirely in his hands, and would abide by his decision. From this moment Christian alone tended him, and he prayed that our Divine Lord would bless his efforts, and at the same time open the guilty one's eyes, that he might see his fault and repent. The baroness and Cunegonde also exhorted him to pray to the Divine Physician, without whose help human science is useless. Time passed and he became more patient and suffered less. Day by day his love and respect for the devoted doctor deepened. Still, though they were on such intimate terms, he never recognized Christian, and the baroness would always call him Dr. Muller, fearing that the excitement might be injurious. From this day, Albert's health improved steadily. The fever had left him, and for some weeks past all fear of amputation had disappeared. Still Christian had a very painful task yet to perform. He must tell Albert that the hand was paralysed. He received the news without a murmur, which surprised them all greatly. At last he was allowed to leave the house; sometimes leaning on his cousin's arm, and other times on that of his devoted friend, the doctor. He would take short walks, and admire the beauty which the scenery around Achen offered. His impetuous and irritable nature had completely disappeared, and was replaced by a docile and melancholy manner, which nothing could dispel. Balls, gambling, theatres, and those amusements, of which he had been so passionately fond, now gave him no pleasure. He would sit alone for hours.

One day as he was sitting under the trees, the baroness came up behind him, and found he was talking to himself; she was struck by these words: "I am justly punished," said he, looking at his poor hand. "This hand has gathered the fruit of theft. I committed forgery, too, with the hope of injuring an innocent man. Oh, why was I not always paralyzed?" The baroness shuddered on hearing this. She had long tried to doubt his guilt, but her suspicions were now confirmed by Albert's words. Albert was now completely cured, as far as the rest of his body was concerned. The doctor still hoped that if he went to some baths, he might improve. His gratefulness to Christian was so great, that he said he could never him. At last he spoke to the baroness, and begged her to advise him as to what he had better do. She answered: "As you know, he is not like other men."

"I know that," answered Albert, "his kindness to me is beyond description. Still I wish to show my gratitude some way. I owe him my life, and any resignation I showed during my illness. He saved my hand. As he is not rich, and we are, it is easily done. Let me offer him a hundred thousand florins at once, and also allow him an annuity of five hundred florins."

"I am happy to see you so grateful to the kind doctor, but I do not think he will accept it."

"Why not?" said Albert.

"You can judge when I tell you who he is. This man who cared for you night and day, and who saved our lives, is no other than Christian."

"Christian-!" said Albert shuddering. He saved me, when I had dishonored him in your eyes. I must now justify

him, and wish to declare that he is innocent of all. I alone am guilty."

"O, Holy Virgin !" cried the baroness, "did you do this, Albert ?"

"Yes, unfortunately, I did," said the miserable youth. "I wrote those letters to revenge myself on Christian, because he would not consent to help me. I wished to have him sent away that his good example might not shame me. I opened the safe with false keys, and without directly accusing Christian, I let him be blamed, knowing that no one would suspect me of doing it."

"Oh, Albert ! you were indeed guilty! How could you allow an innocent man to be sent away from my house ? How could you so deceive me ?"

'lForgive me, dear cousin ; I have been severely punished, for while Christian was working hard and making a name for himself, my heart was torn by remorse. Heaven allowed this to happen, that he might confuse us by his generosity. I am unhappy and despised; this hand which forged the check and opened the safe is now powerless, as if God had cursed it. The loss of my right hand is hard to bear, yet I dare not murmur,for God is justly making me expiate my faults."

"Yes, you are right, Albert, God is just, but all is now forgiven. Conduct yourself from henceforth in such a manner that you may obtain his pardon."

The baroness then asked Christian to come up to her room. When he had done so, she humbly begged his pardon, for having unjustly accused him, and asked him to forgive Albert. Christian had long ago pardoned his enemy, and never thought of it except to thank God for having sustained him in the time of trouble. Albert then came in, and this once haughty youth now implored his victim's forgiveness. Christian saw that he was sincere, and assured him that all was forgotten, and offered his friendship. Albert was by this time in tears, and said : "I accept the friendship so generously given. You shall be my guide, and keep me in the right path." When he looked back on the past, it was only to regret his faults more and more, yet his remorse was less bitter now that he practised his religion, for he now loved prayer and would often accompany the baroness to church. The hand still required care, and the doctor ordered him to go to Switzerland to try another kind of baths. He offered to accompany him, but Albert said he must remain with the baroness during his absence. He appreciated this act of self-denial and Christian was glad to be able to remain near her.

After Albert's departure, they went to Wurtemberg, that she might thank the good fathers for their kindness to Christian. They were warmly welcomed by these noble men who were greatly pleased when they heard that this was the noble lady who had sent him away, and had taken him back again. They rejoiced with him, and thanked God for all His goodness. It was in vain that the baroness wished them to accept a sum of money in return for all they had done. The prior said, that the joy they felt at the results of this charitable act was sufficient. Thus the doctor was freed from all obligation towards them. They then took leave of the prior and went to visit the baroness' estate at Munich, for she had not been there since Christian's departure five years ago. What emotions filled their souls as they came in sight of this noble castle. Most of the old servants were still there, including the old agent, who still occupied his position which he had held for sixty years. They rejoiced at Christian's return, for none had forgotten his kindness. Of course they all knew why he had left, although the baroness had expressly wished Cunegonde to say nothing, the story had leaked out. But when they saw that the baroness placed him in charge of the estate, which position he had occupied before, they felt the same respect for him as before his departure. He at once set to work to get all in order, for the agent was so old that he could not attend to his business at all. The baroness, however, did not wish Christian to be out of her sight; yet did not care to have a stranger about the house. When all had been put in order, Christian told the baroness that he would like to go and see his parents, whom he had not seen for several years. The baroness gladly gave her consent,as she herself would pay her cousin a visit and introduce her dear doctor. After a

pleasant journey, they arrived at the Ambassador's home at Ratisbonne, where they were warmly welcomed by them. They were very much pleased when they found out that Christian was not what they had thought him to be. He then had to tell them all that had happened since he left them, and although they sympathized greatly with him, still they thanked God that he had now attained the end for which he had longed. The Ambassadress said that they could not believe that the child whom they had cared for as their own, should be so ungrateful. They thought that the baroness was quite right in wishing to keep him near her, and thus try and make him forget the past. When he said that he should like his parents to live with him, she consented, on condition that he would take a seat at her table and accept an elegant turnout and the sum of one hundred florins a month. He had the option of practising his profession or not. "As for your kindness to Albert, my dear boy, God alone can repay you."

It was Christmas Eve, they had prolonged their stay as Christian wished to spend the holidays with his parents, and all had been arranged that he might leave next day. The baroness and he went to midnight Mass, and as they were leaving the church, an old woman, very poor yet decently clad asked for an alms, and the baroness, who never refused, gave her a couple of florins.

"Thank your excellency," said the old woman. "You have a kind heart. God bless you, and your dear son, and may He shower his choicest graces on you. I pray that he may be left to you, for it will be a sad day when he leaves you."

"I am afraid you are mistaken, my good woman," said Christian, "I am not this lady's son."

"How is it then, my lord, that you have the same features and the same look in your eyes." Then as if she suddenly remembered, she said: "I know who you are, you are George Rutler's son, are you not?"

"Yes, he is my father, but how comes it that you know him?"

"Indeed, I do," said the old woman; "but I think the the old people's memory is better than that of the younger generation."

"Do you really want to know who I am that speak thus?" Well, I saved your life, by taking you from your dead mother's arms. She had been struck by a bullet. I braved the enemy's fire, and rushed away with you. This was a few miles from Reinchienbach."

"My God! what are you saying?" cried the baroness. "Oh, Christian, is this true. Are you really a lost child, whom George and Sabine adopted? Tell me the truth. And you, my good woman, do not impose on me for you little know what it means to me."

Christian was so astonished that he did not know what to say. The woman said:

"I am telling the truth, madam. I found this child near Reinchienbach, and kept him for three months. I cared for him as if he were my son. Of course, being a poacher's wife it was hard to keep a child, yet I did not abandon it My name is Ursula. Do you not remember how they attacked us on Christmas Eve, and how I met you in the forest with Agatha. You were terribly afraid of me, yet I did not mean to harm you. It is a long time since then. I am now old, and can no longer work, and being alone, have to beg."

"Come with us, dear woman," said the baroness; "if what you say is true, you need not trouble about the future."

Ursula accompanied them to the embassy, and told the same story there as she had related to the baroness. According to the details she gave as to where and when she found him, they hoped that Christian was really the baroness' son, whom she had lost twenty-five years before, and of whose whereabouts she could not hear. The baroness came of an old Bohemian family; she had married a well known lord, who owned large estates in France and Germany. About two years after her marriage, they went to live on one of his estates at Munich. Here her son was born. Shortly after his birth a message was sent to her saying that her mother was very ill and wanted to see her. Thinking of nothing but how soon she could leave and forgetting of the danger which her health started for Bohemia, with her husband,

the baby and its nurse. At this time the surrounding country was devastated by the terrible wars then raging between Austria and Prussia. However, the travellers arrived safely at Reinchienbach, when the child suddenly took ill. The doctor was called in, and he said it could not be moved for some days. Another message had arrived saying that the baroness had better hurry if she wished to see her mother alive. They then agreed that the nurse and baby Charles should remain with the doctor. Shortly after the baroness' departure, a terrible battle took place between the two armies, close to Reinchienbach, and a great portion of the city was set on fire by the enemy. On their return to Bavaria the baron and his wife heard with terror what had passed. Their terror was soon changed to despair, when on their arrival at Reinchienbach, they found that the nurse and child had left. After searching for some time, they were informed that at the moment the battle was declared the nurse had fled with the child in her arms and had not been seen since. Others said she had fled into the country to seek a place of safety and had been struck by a bullet, for they had found her body, but not the child's. The parents sent to Germany, Hungary and even to some other parts of Europe, but no where could they hear any tidings as to the fate of their baby son. They then came to the conclusion that Charles had perished in the flames. The baron never recovered from the shock, and died shortly after, leaving his widow with no other consolation than that of prayer. After twenty-five years was it possible for a mother to fine her son? After twenty-five years was it easy for Christian to throw himself in his mother's arms? This noble woman had gone through so much suffering that she could not believe such happiness was in store for her. The thought of having Christian for a son was sweet to her, as she knew what a noble and generous heart he possessed. Not only the circumstances attending the doctor's childhood left her without doubt as to the realization of her hopes, but that sudden affection which seemed to spring up in her heart, at their first meeting, seemed as a bond between them. Still the thought that all this story might be contradicted by George and Sabine, filled her soul with dread. Christian was not less agitated, the possibility of being the son of this noble woman, of bearing a grand and illustrious name, after thinking himself a poor stray waif, disturbed him. Then the thought of all his adopted parents had done, made him doubt that people to whom he was no kin, in fact a complete stranger, should have cared for him all these years. The incident which had occurred in the forest suddenly came into his mind, and he remembered how old Ursula had frightened him, and the care Agatha had taken that he should not go out alone. All that old Ursula had said seemed true enough. He related what he knew to them, and the ambassador listened with great interest to the touching story of George and Sabine's kindness, and said they sincerely hoped he was the baroness' long lost son. Nevertheless this noble woble woman could not remain any longer in suspense, and begged Christian to go with her to Unbersberg, that the good hunter might enlighten her.

"Patience, my dear cousin," said the ambassadress. "You know we are having a family party to-night. It would be too bad if you were not here."

"Oh! do not keep us here; you do not know how anxious I feel; the happiness of my whole life depends on the truth of this story. I must see George and Sabine. I cannot wait any longer."

"Well, since you are in such a hurry, your wish will soon be granted, for they have been here over an hour."

"Are they really here? Then let me see them now."

"Wait a while," said the ambassadress, "that you may not be cruelly disappointed; we will let Christian see his parents first, and question them himself. But I will explain why they are here. We have long wished to know more about George Rulters and his family, and we thought it would please you, so I sent one of my carriages and a note begging them to spend the holidays with us, and thus have a chance of seeing Christian. As I told you, they arrived

an hour ago, and Agatha is trying to see her brother."

Christian, who had not seen them for three years, could hardly conceal his impatience. At last the ambassadress came to get him and showed him their room. He rushed in and threw himself into their arms. They had felt very sad when they heard of his trouble, but now that his innocence was known they rejoiced with him. Though the doctor had written to them quite often, still they ceased not to question him. He answered them, but remarked that his father seemed very preoccupied. "Why father, what is the matter with you,are you ill?" "No my boy, but I have something to tell you. Twenty-five years ago to-night, as I was coming through the forest, I found you in a basket on the roadside, nearly frozen to death."

"Oh, heavens!" cried Christian, "it is then true; I am not your son."

"Yes, dear boy, you are," said Sabine. "It is true I did not give you birth,but we have always loved and cared for you as if you were our own. Do not forget what a kind sister Agatha has been."

"O, mother, how could I," sobbed Christian. "What would have become of me had you not found me and cared for me as you have done all this time. Tell me one thing, did old Ursula really find me first; she said she did?"

"She was telling you the truth, and we have always blamed ourselves for not telling you, but we thought it would make you sad, and we did not wish the neighbors to take upon themselves the right of judging our actions wrongly, as is always the case in such circumstances. Then we feared that this revelation would lessen our authority over you,and your love for us. But when we saw that you wished to go, we did everything in our power to help you. Still we let you believe that we were your parents, that you might love to think of your home, and one day return to us. Just imagine our joy when we heard that you were once more with the baroness. The ambassador was kind enough to send his carriage, begging us to go and spend a few days with you. I thought it my duty not to leave you in ignorance any longer; though this cannot alter your position much, for you are quite independent, and it is hardly probable that you will find your parents, after twenty-five years. Nevertheless, I have brought you the only proofs we have. These are the cloak and chemise you had on when you came to us. We have kept them carefully all these years and, although we showed them to several people, we could not obtain any information on the subject. Agatha then showed them to Christian. The initials did not interest him much, but when he saw the three stars embroidered on the cloak and knew it was the baroness' crest, he could not doubt any longer, and related to his parents what had passed between the ambassador and himself a few moments before.

"God be eternally praised and glorified," said George. "Truly, His ways are mysterious. He has found your mother. You will be happy, and so will we, for we still love you as our son."

"Yes, I have found a pious and noble mother, who loved and cared for me before she knew I was her son. I love her more than my life, and thank heaven I can now throw myself into her arms and call her mother. You have not lost your son, though, and Agatha still has a brother. Do you think I can ever forget all you have done for me. Are you not really the cause of any happiness that is mine, and if until now I have walked in the path of virtue, it is due to the sentiment which you sowed in my heart, in my childhood. Until now, I was a member of your family, and as such I will always be. I possess a large fortune, which I shall enjoy on one condition, that my mother allows me to share it with you, who shared all you had with me."

"Christian," said George, "I did not expect less from you. You have a noble and generous heart, and well deserve to bear this grand old name. Though we will lead a modest life, still we will be happy to be near you.

While he was speaking the baroness came in with the ambassador and his wife. She had no sooner seen the chemise than she recognized her own work. The initials were those of the nurse, whose name was Anna Tanner. Ursula also knew the chemise and cloak. The

baroness staggered and would have fallen, but the ambassadress saw this and said : "Now, all doubt has ceased. You have found Charles." The baroness held out her arms, and Christian threw himself on her breast and burst into tears. "My God, I thank Thee," said the baroness, "for this moment of happiness, after twenty-five years of sorrow. On this night when a Saviour has been given to the world, my lost son has been restored to me."

The education which Charles received from George inspired him with a love of work. In his childhood he became familiar with all those exercises, which strengthen and develop the body. During the few years he spent with us, how little we knew that he was a near relative. God, in His goodness, allowed him to visit his own estates, that he might learn to govern wisely and well. The hour of trial came, and both suffered, but Christian came out from the combat only to shine by those virtues with which his Creator had endowed him. The different circumstances were the cause of his choosing medicine for a profession, and thus save his benefactress and his unfortunate cousin, from a horrible death. Through his heroic devotion and self denial, he brought Albert back to the path of virtue. The time of sorrow is now past for this noble boy. God has given him back to a mother, who mourned him twenty-five years, without a murmur against Providence."

Christian listened in respectful silence to his noble cousin's word. His mother could not take her eyes off him, and George, Sabine and Agatha were so moved, that they could find no words to express their joy. Suddenly the bell rang out, and the baroness cried, "They are calling ; let us go to church and sing with the angels : Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will. Come, a saviour is given us, let us go and adore him."

The prayers offered by those fervent Christians were among those which the angels carry to the foot of God's throne. A few days after these events, they all left for his estate at Munich. Here they lived as one family united by the strongest ties of affection and gratitude. Old Ursala was with them, and the poor woman, at last sheltered and well cared for, never ceased to bless the day she had found the child, and also to pray that his mother might never lose him more. On their arrival at the castle, the baroness wrote to Albert, to tell him about Charles being her son. She anxiously awaited his answer, but khis letter showed that he was completely changed. He congratulated her on finding her long mourned son. He generously gave up all claim to a fortune, which had been more of a curse than a blessing, and only asked Christian to remain his friend. Charles reassured him on this point. The baths had cured his hand completely, and he bought a commission in the army, and after working nobly for several years, was at last promoted to the rank of colonel. Charles and he remained fast friends, giving to society at large, the former by his devotion, the latter by his self abnigation, a brilliant example of those two great virtues, which religion makes flourish in the heart of man.

Providence had many happy years in store for Charles. His goodness of soul, his untiring charity and colossal fortune enabled him to do a great deal of good. He became the father of his vassals, and loving tenderly the mother heaven had restored to him. He ceased not to surround his adopted parents with respect and love. Agatha was still his good angel, and to her he went for advice in any trouble, and never did a brother aquit himself better of his ddties to his sister.

Charles made generous use of his knowledge. He loved to care for the sick and suffering of his estate ; but his devotion to his fellow creatures did not stop here. More than this he visited people of different classes of society in the various provinces of Germany. On all occasions he was admired for his great charity and wisdom, and the numerous services rendered by him to his country won for him the thanks and approval of his sovereign.

The End.

Devotion to Our Lady.

At no time in the history of the Church have the Shrines or Our Lady been so much frequented and honored as they are to-day. Though Lourdes may be pre-eminent among them for the vast throng of pilgrims who congregate there and for the marvellous evidences of her favor witnessed there almost daily, it should not make us overlook the thousands of shrines and sanctuaries still more venerable and quite as distinguished for manifestations of piety and confidence on the part of her clients.

Intelligent people who know no more than the externals of our religion, all admire, if they do not feel moved to imitate this devotion to the Mother of God. They appreciate the spirit which prompts it, and its influence on our relations to Almighty God. They would blush to repeat the apprehension of an outworn prejudice that this recourse to Our Lady lessens our sense of dependence on God. They have learned to respect the religious celebrations in her honor by immigrants to our shores from sunnier climes, extravagant though they may seem to us. Statues of St. Mary the Virgin and churches erected under her patronage are no longer uncommon, at least among our Episcopalian friends. The madonnas of painters truly Catholic in spirit elicit the greatest admiration in our art galleries and the highest prices in our auction rooms. This change of sentiment cannot all be explained by the enlightment of liberality of the age ; the constancy of Catholic devotion has had much to do with it, but without a doubt Our Lady's own sweet influence has been the chief factor in bringing it about.

Although we do not depend on the attitude of non-Catholics and others towards Our Lady for our own devotion to her, still it should gladden us to witness this gradual but sure conversion of sentiment, and move us to study with renewed interest our reasons for confidence in her intercession. It is unfortunately all too common to hear life long Catholics say, and that without apparent regret, that they do not feel specially drawn towards the Blessed Virgin. Some converts, too, complain of this, but usually, unlike their fellow Catholic defectives in this matter, they complain of it in terms of self reproach. In Catholics from childhood, this lack of devotion might be explained by the readiness with which they take up everything recommended to them as a devotion, and thus distract their minds and dissipate their emotions so as to be able to apply them to objects really worthy of devotion.

Most of them, however, as all the converts who really lack devotion to Our Lady, could account for this by the fact either that they were not trained to cultivate it when young, or that in later life it was recommended to them in a way to repel rather than to attract their interest. Childlike confidence is the chief thing needed for devotion to Our Lady, and this is not easy to acquire in later life without proper diligence, or even in earlier years without a thorough religious training at home and at school. It is not enough to respect Mary as the Mother of Jesus, or to conceive a high regard for her sanctity and prerogatives. Confidence implies trust in another's fidelity, belief in the power and a reliance on the readiness of another to help us by granting or obtaining what we need. Confidence in the Mother of God implies a disposition to make known to her the most secret needs and wishes of our hearts, to invoke her aid, to obtain the favor of her powerful intercession. It is the highest expression of our filial love for her to whom we become sons by our brotherhood with Jesus Christ. She loves us with a tenderness no words can express, with a love that is not less for each one personally because our number is multiplied, and her love is so constant that neither time nor absence, nor our indifference or ingratitude can turn her from us. She is all powerful with God, "full of grace," worthy of every divine favor, and consequently able to prove her love by obtaining for us from Him His choicest gifts. We need but to invoke her aid to obtain what we desire,

and with each new gift a new motive of confidence. We cannot exhaust her generosity. We need this confidence in Our Lady in these days of mutual distrust, as we advance in years and suffer the loss of our earthly mothers who were given to us by God to inspire us with confidence in Him. We need this confidence in hours of desolation and temptation, when disposed to take gloomy or pessimistic views of the world about us. We need to have on our lips the familiar cry of her Litanies : Virgin most Powerful ! Cause of our Joy ! Gate of Heaven ! Help of the Weak ! Consoler of the Afflicted ! and all the tender expressions of love with which, as true children, we can confidently invoke her motherly intercession.—Catholic Mirror.

Ora ! Mater Pro Me !

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

When the dew-drops on the roses
  Are drying one by one,
In the bright light of the morning,
  Warmed by the silver sun ;
When the meadow-lark so gaily
  Sweet sings her matin lay,
A soul from the earth is calling,
  "Ora ! Mater pro me !"

When the angelus is pealing
  It's song into the air,
And the willows on the mountain
  Low bending, tell a prayer ;
When the noon-day gleams are painting
  The green hills far away,
That weary, sad soul still calleth :
  "Ora ! Mater pro me !"

When the purple shades of twilight
  Unfold their sombre wings,
And that love-song from the belfry,
  Vibrating, sweetly rings ;
When the spirits of the night time
  Have hushed the voice of day—
O, Mary ! thy child still calleth :
  "Ora ! Mater pro me !"

Encyclical Letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

To the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and Other Ordinaries in Peace and Communion with the Apostolic See, on the Blessed Eucharist.

(*Authorized Translation.*)

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.—The wonderful zeal for the salvation of men of which Jesus Christ has given us so bright an example, We, in accordance with the sanctity of Our Office, strive to study and imitate unceasingly, and, with His help, We shall continue to follow the same Divine model as long as life remains in Us. As it is Our lot to live in times bitterly hostile to truth and justice, We have endeavored to supply abundantly as far as lay in our power, by teaching, admonishing and working, whatsoever might seem likely to avert the contagion of error in its various forms, or strengthen the energies of Christian life. In this connection there are two things within the memory of the faithful, intimately connecting one with the other, the accomplishment of which fills Us with consolation in the midst of so many sorrows. One is, that We declared it most desirable that the whole human race should be consecrated in a special manner to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer; the other, that We most earnestly exhorted all bearing the Christian name to adhere steadfastly to Him Who by divine authority is for all men the Way, the Truth and the Life.

And now, in truth, watching with vigilance over the fortunes of the Church in these evil days, We are impelled by the same Apostolic love to add something which will crown and finish the project We had in mind; namely, to recommend to the Christian world by a special act of Our authority the Most Holy Eucharist.

The Blessed Eucharist is the most divine gift, given to us clearly from the inmost heart of the Redeemer, with the desire of one desiring this singular union with man and instituted chiefly for the generous disposal of the fruits of His Redemption. In this matter We have hitherto manifested by Our authority and zeal not a little solicitude. And it is pleasant to remember, among other things, that We, by legitimate approval and privileges, largely increased the number of institutes and sodalities devoted to the perpetual adoration of the Divine Host; that We also took care to have Eucharistic Congresses held with suitable splendor and corresponding usefulness, and that We made Patron of those and similar works, the heavenly Paschal Baylon, who stood out in his day as a most devout worshipper for the Eucharistic mystery.

Therefore, Venerable Brethren, it is well to fix our minds on certain features of this mystery in defending and illustrating which the zeal of the Church has constantly been manifested, and not unfrequently crowned by the palm of Martyrdom, whilst the doctrine itself has called forth the learning and eloquence of the greatest men and the most noble masterpieces in various arts. Here it will be Our duty to paint out clearly and expressly the power that is in this mystery to cure the evils and meet the necessities of the present age. And surely, as Christ, at the close of His mortal life, left this Sacrament as the great monument of His love for men, as the greatest support "for the life of the world" (Joann. vi., 52), so We, who are likewise soon to depart, can desire nothing more eagerly than to excite and nourish in the minds of all men feelings of grateful love and religious devotion toward this most wonderful Sacrament, in which, We believe, are to be found the

hope and assurance of salvation and peace.

It may be a cause of surprise to some that we should think this age, so universally disturbed and groaning under so great a burden, should be best aided by such remedies and helps, and persons shall not be wanting, perhaps, who will treat our utterances with fastidious indifference. This comes chiefly from pride ; and pride is a vice which weakens Christian faith and produces such a terrible darkness about divine things that of many it is said : "Whatever things they know not, they blaspheme" (Juhae 10). But so far are We from being averted from the purpose We have in view, that We believe more firmly than ever that it will bring light to those who are well disposed, and obtain, by the brotherly intercession of the devout, pardon from God for those who revile holy things.

To know with full and perfect faith what is the virtue of the most Holy Eucharist, is to know what God, made Man, accomplished for the salvation of the human race in His infinite mercy. For as it is a duty of true faith to proclaim our belief in Christ and worship the Supreme Author of our salvation, Who by His wisdom, laws, example and the shedding of His blood renewed all things, it is a duty of equal obligation to worship Him Who is really present in the Eucharist, that so He may abide among men to the end of the world, and by the perennial communication of Himself make them sharers in the blessings of His Redemption.

Now, he who studiously and religiously considers the blessings flowing from the Holy Eucharist sees at once that in it are contained in the most eminent degree all other blessings of every kind ; for from it that life flows which is truly life : "The bread which I will give is My flesh for the life of the world" (Joann. vi., 52). Not in one way alone is Christ the Life. Christ, Who assigned as the cause of His coming among men that He might bring them a sure fullness of life that was more than human : "I am come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly" (Joann. x., 10). For, as soon as "the goodness and compassion of God our Saviour" (Tit. iii., 4) appeared upon earth, a power at once came forth that almost created a new order of things and influenced every department of civil and domestic society. Thence new relations between man and man ; new rights, public and private ; new duties ; a new direction given to institutions, laws, arts, and sciences. The thoughts and studies of men were drawn toward the truth of religion and the sanctity, or morals ; and hence a life given to men truly heavenly and divine. All this is frequently commemorated in the sacred writings : the tree of life, the word of life, the book of life, the crown of life, and expressly, the bread of life.

But this life about which we are speaking bears an express resemblance to the natural life of man, and so, just as the one is nourished by food, and grows strong, so does the other likewise require to be supported and strengthened by food. And here it is well to recall the time and manner in which Christ moved the minds of men and excited them to receive suitably and righteously the living Bread which he was about to give them. For where the fame had spread abroad of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves which he had wrought on the shore of Tiberias, many people followed him, so that their hunger too, might be appeased. Then Jesus, seizing the opportunity, just as when he infused into the Samaritan woman at the well a thirst for the water "springing up into life everlasting" (Joann. iv., 14) similarly disposes of the minds of the eager multitude to desire more eagerly another bread, the bread "which endureth unto life everlasting" (Joann.vi.,27). But this bread, as Jesus continues to show, is not that heavenly manna given to their fathers wandering through the desert ; nor is it that which they themselves had lately received from Him in astonishment ; but He Himself is the true bread which He gives : "I am the bread of life" (Joann. vi., 48). He inculcates still further this same lesson both by council and precept : "If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever ; and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world" (Joann vi., 52). And the gravity of the command He thus shows clearly : "Amen, amen, I say unto you : Except

you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you" (Joann. vi., 54). Away, therefore, with that common and most pernicious error of those who believe that the Holy Eucharist is only for those who, free from business and troubled in mind, resolve to seek repose in some design of a more religious life. For the Holy Eucharist, than which there is nothing more excellent or salutary, is for all, whatsoever their employment or dignity, who wish (and there is no one who should not wish) to nourish in themselves the life of Divine Grace, of which the ultimate end is the attainment of life eternal.

Would that those whose genius or industry or authority could do so much to guide the men of affairs of the age, would think rightly of eternal life, and impart the knowledge of it to others. But alas, We see with regret that most of these arrogantly believe that they have given to the world a life prosperous and almost new, because they urge it forward to strive in its excited course for utilitarian objects and the mere gratification of cusiosity. Look where you will, human society, alien though it is from God, far from enjoying that tranquility of affairs which it seeks, labors in great anguish and trepidation like one tossing in a fever; it strives vainly to obtain that prosperity in which alone it puts its trust, ever vainly pursuing it and clinging desperately to what is slipping from its grasp. For men and states come necessarily from God, and, therefore, in no other can they live or move or do good but in God through Jesus Christ, from Whom men have received, and still receive, the best and choicest gifts. But the chief source and fountain-head of all these gifts is the Holy Eucharist, which, while it nourishes and supports that life for which we strive so ardently, exalts in the highest degree that dignity of human nature which seems to be so highly valued in these days. For what can be greater or more desirable than to be made as far as possible participators and partners in the Divine nature? But this is what Christ does in the Eucharist, raising man up to divine things by the aid of grace, and uniting Himself to him by bonds so close. For there is this difference between the food of the body and the food of the soul, that the former is converted into us, but the latter converts us into itself; and it is to this that Augustine refers when he puts the words into the mouth of Christ—"You shall not change me into Thee as food of thy flesh but thou shalt be changed into Me." (Conf. I., vii., cx.)

But this most excellent Sacrament which renders men participators of the Divine nature, also enables the soul of man to advance in every class of the higher virtues. And first in faith. At all times faith has had its assailants; for although it exalts the minds of men with knowledge of the most lofty things, yet, while it has revealed that there exists things above nature, it conceals their precise character, and so seems to depress the human mind. Formerly only this or that article of faith was attacked; afterward war was waged much more widely, until it finally came to be affirmed that there was nothing at all above nature. Now, for renewing in the mind the vigor and fervor of faith there is nothing more suitable than the mystery of the Eucharist, which is properly called the mystery of faith; for, truly, in this one mystery, by reason of its wonderful abundance and variety of miracles is contained the whole supernatural order. "He has made a remembrance of His wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord, He hath given food to them that fear him" (Ps. cx., 4-5). For if God acknowledged that He wrought above nature as due to the Incarnation of the World, through Whom the salvation of the human race was restored, according to that word of the Apostle: "He hath purposed * * * to re-establish all things in Christ, that are in heaven and on earth, in Him" (Eph. i., 9, 10); the Eucharist, according to the testimony of the Holy Fathers, is a continuation and an expansion of the Incarnation. For by it the substance of the Incarnate Word is united to men; and the supreme sacrifice of Calvary is renewed in a manner that is full of mystery. This the prophet Malachy signified in the words: "In every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation" (Eph. i., ii).

And this miracle, the greatest of all, is accompanied by innumerable others, for here all the laws of nature are suspended ; the whole substance of the bread and wine is changed into the Body and Blood of Christ ; the species of bread and wine are sustained without a subject by Divine power ; the body of Christ dwells at the same time in as many places as the Sacrament is consecrated. But human reason is enabled the better to reverence so great a mystery by the prodigies which have been performed in its glory in past ages and in our own days, of which, indeed, there still exist renowned and public proofs, and that not in one place merely. We see, therefore, that by this Sacrament faith is fostered, the soul nourished ; the falsehoods of rationalists dissipated, and the whole order of the supernatural made clear to our eyes.

But it is not pride alone, but depravity of mind as well, that makes faith in Divine things grow weak. For, if it happens that the better the morals the clearer the intelligence ; if even the prudence of the Gentiles perceived that the mind is blunted by the pleasures of the body, as Divine wisdom has already borne testimony (Sap. i., 4); then so much more in Divine things do the pleasures of the body obscure the light of faith, and even extinguish it altogether in God's just punishment. And for these pleasures there is burning in those days an insatiable cupidity, a cupidity which, like the contagion of disease, widely infects all, even from their first tender years. There is a remedy for this terrible evil in the Divine Eucharist. For, first of all, by increasing charity, it checks voluptuous desire ; as Augustine says : "The nourishment (of charity) is the lessening of lust ; perfection, no lust" (De diversis quaestionibus, lxxxiii., quest. xxxvi.). Besides, the most chaste flesh of Jesus restrains the luxury of our flesh, as Cyril of Alexandria has said —"For [Christ existing in us calms ' the law of the flesh raging in our members" (Lib. iv., c. 2, in Joann. vi., 57). But even more the peculiar and most precious fruit of the Eucharist is that signified in the saying of the prophet—"What is the good thing of Him (Christ), and what is His beautiful thing but the corn of the elect, and wine springing forth virgins?" (Zach. ix., 17)—namely the strong and constant resolve of sacred virginity, which, while the age lisps away in pleasures, flourishes in the Catholic Church more widely and more fruitfully from day to day, and, indeed, what a great advantage and ornament that is everywhere to religion and even to ordinary human intercourse is well known. Moreover, this Sacrament strengthens beyond conception the hope of immortal blessings and the confidence of Divine aid. For the desire of happiness, which is in the minds of all, is more and more sharpened and strengthened by the emptiness of all earthly goods, by the unjust violence of wicked men, and by all the other troubles of mind and body.

Now the august Sacrament of the Eucharist is at once the cause and pledge of happiness and glory not only for the soul, but also for the body. For while it enriches the soul with an abundance of heavenly gifts, it also fills it with joys so sweet that they far surpass every thought and hope of man ; in adversity it sustains ; in the strife of virtue it confirms ; it leads to everlasting life as by an open pathway. But to the frail and perishable body that Divine Host gives a future resurrection, for the immortal Body of Christ implants the seed of immortality which is some time to bud forth. This advantage, both to soul and body, the Church has at all times taught,following Christ who said,— "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life ; and I will raise him up on the last day" (Joann. vi., 55). And here it is of great importance to consider that the Eucharist, being instituted by Christ as a "perennial memorial of His passion" (St. Thombs Aquin., opusc., lxii : Offic. de festo Corp. Christi), declares to all Christian men the necessity of mortifying themselves. For Jesus said to His first priests—"Do this for a commemoration of Me" (Luc. xxii., 19), that is, do this to commemorate My sorrows, griefs,tortures, and death on the cross. Hence this Sacrament, which is also a sacrifice, is a ceaseless exhortation for all time to penance and every spiritual effort ; it is also a solemn and severe reproof of those pleasures which shameless men praise and exalt so highly : "As often as ye

shall eat this bread, and drink this chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come." I Cor. xi., 26.

Moreover, if you diligently examine into the causes of the present evils, you will find that they arise from the fact that the charity of men toward one another has grown faint according as the love of God has grown cold. They have forgotten that they are sons of God and brothers in Jesus Christ; they think of nothing but themselves; the rights of others they not only disregard, but attack and invade. Hence the frequent quarrels and contentions among the various classes of citizens; the arrogance harshness, dishonesty, among the more powerful; the misery, envy and spirit of revolt among the weaker. For these evils it is vain to seek a remedy for the enactments of law, the fear of punishment, or the plans of human prudence. What must be aimed at, as We Ourselves have more than once recommended, is to reconcile the various orders of citizens by a mutual union of duties, a union which would come from God and give birth to works stamped with the true spirit and charity of Christ. This union Christ brought upon earth; by it He wished all things to be inspired, as being the one thing that could bring some happiness, even in the present, not only to the soul, but also to the body, restraining as it does man's immoderate love of himself, and repressing the passion for riches, which is "the root of all evils." (Tim. vi., 10.)

But although it is necessary that all just rights should be well protected, it is nevertheless lawful to establish and preserve in society that salutary "equality" (2 Cor., viii., 14) which St. Paul recommended. This, therefore, is what Christ wished in instituting this august Sacrament—to excite toward God and to foster charity among men. For the one flows, as is evident, of its very nature and almost spontaneously, from the other; nor can men live without it at all, nay, it must even burn and flourish in their hearts, if they consider the charity of Christ toward them in this Sacrament, in which He has maintained His marvellous power and wisdom, and also "poured forth the riches of His divine love for men." (Cone. Trid.Sess. xiii., De Euchar. c. 5.) And as Christ has given us such an example of love, how we should love and help each other, bound together as we are still more closed by the needs of our common brotherhood! Moreover, the outward symbols of this Sacrament are in a special manner calculated to excite us to union. For St. Cyprian says—"The very sacrifices of redemption themselves proclaim the necessity of Christian concord in the firm and inseparable bonds of charity. For when the Lord calls His body bread which is made up of the union of many grains He indicates the union of that people whose sins He bore; and when He calls His blood wine which is drawn from many ripe grapes, again He signifies a flock made one by the union of the multitude." (Ep. 69, ad Magnum n. 5 al. 6.) Similarly the Angelic Doctor following St. Augustine says—"Our Lord commended His body and blood in those things which are moulded in unity; for the first, the bread, namely, is made from many grains, and the other the wine, also becomes one from many grapes, and therefore Augustine elsewhere says—"O Sacrament of piety, O sign of unity, O bond of charity." (Summa Theol. iii., p. q. lxxix., a. 1).

All this is confirmed by the declaration of the Council of Trent, that Christ left the Eucharist to the Church "as a symbol of that union and love with which He wished all Christians to be bound together—a symbol of that body of which He is head, and to which He wished us to be united as members by the most firm bonds of faith and hope and charity" (Sess. xiii., De Euchar., ch.II.) And this St. Paul himself has declared: "For we, being many, are one bread, one body, all that partake of one bread" (1 Cor. x. 17). Yes, truly, here is a most beautiful example of Christian brotherhood and of social equality, that all should approach the same altars without discretion; the nobility and the people, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, are equally sharers in the same heavenly banquet. And if it has been the glory of the Church that, in the first ages, "the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul" (Act. iv., 32), it cannot be doubted that such a wonderful blessing was due to the

custom of approaching the Holy Table; for of them we find it recorded— "And they were persevering in the doctrine of the Apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread" (Act. ii., 42). Moreover, the grace of mutual charity among the living, so much strengthened and increased as it is by the Sacrament of the Eucharist, flows out unto all who are in the communion of Saints, particularly through the power of the Holy Sacrifice. For the communion of Saints, as all know, is nothing else than the mutual communication of aid, expiation, prayer and benefits among the faithful, whether in heaven or enduring the expiatory fires of purgatory, or still abiding upon earth, but all forming one state, whose head is Christ, and whose life-giving principle is love. It is also a matter of faith that while to God alone the Holy Sacrifice may be offered, yet it can only be celebrated in honor of Saints reigning in heaven with God "who crowned them," to obtain their patronage and protection, and also to blot out the stains of the brethren who had died in the Lord, but who had not yet made full atonement. That true charity, therefore, which is wont to do and endure all things for the salvation and utility of all, leaps and burns into life from the Most Holy Eucharist, in which Christ is really present, in which He gives way to His love for us in the highest form, and, under the impulse of His divine love, perpetually renews His sacrifice. It is from this that the arduous labors of Apostolic men ,as well as the various institutions that have had their origin among Catholics and deserve so well of the human race, derive their influence, strength, constancy and successful results.

These few things written by Us on a great subject, will, we doubt not, produce much fruit if you, venerable brethren, seasonably expound and commend them to the faithful.

At the same time this Sacrament is so great and so abounding in virtue that no one has ever yet adequately praised it by his eloquence or worshipped it by his adoration. Whether you meditate upon it or rightly worship it, or better still, purely and worthily receive it, it is to be regarded as the great centre round which turns the whole Christian life; to it all other forms of piety lead; in it they end. In the self-same mystery that gracious invitation and still more gracious promise of Christ: "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you" (Matth. xi., 28), are renewed an astly, it is, as it were the soul of the Church, toward which is directed the fulness of sacerdotal grace through the various grades of orders. From the very same source does the Church draw all her power and glory, all the ornaments of her divine ritual, and all the efficacy of her blessings. Therefore, she takes the greatest care to instruct the faithful and lead them to this intimate union with Christ by the Sacrament of His Body and Blood; and for the same reason she adorns it and makes it more worthy of reverence by means of the most sacred ceremonies. The constant care of our holy mother, the Church, in this matter is summed up in the exhortation of the Council of Trent; an exhortation breathing forth wonderful charity and piety, and worthy of being entirely recalled again by Us to the Christian world: "With paternal affection the Holy Synod admonishes, exhorts, demands, and by the bowels of God's mercy, entreats all, without exception, who are called Christians; to sometimes meet and find peace in this sign of unity,in this bond of charity, in this symbol of concord; to be mindful of that immense majesty and of that wonderful love Jesus Christ, our Lord, Who gave His life as price of our salvation, and His flesh to be our food; to believe and venerate those sacred mysteries of His Body and Blood with such constancy and firmness of faith, such devotion of mind and piety and zeal, that they may be able to receive that supersubstantial bread, so that he may be truly to them the life of their soul and the perpetual health of their mind; and thus,that strengthened by its vigor they may be able, after the journey of this miserable exile, to reach their heavenly country and eat without any veil upon their eyes, the very same bread of angels which they now eat concealed under the sacred species."—(Sess. xiii., de Euchar., ch. viii.).

Now history bears witness that Chris-

tian life flourished better in the times when the reception of the Blessed Eucharist was more frequent. On the other hand it is not less certain that when men began to neglect and almost despise this heavenly bread the vigor of the Christian profession sensibly diminished. Lest it should some time pass away altogether, Innocent III., in the Council at Lateran, imposed the most solemn precept that, at the very least, no Christian should abstain at Paschal time from receiving the Body of the Lord. This precept, however, was imposed with reluctance, and, it is clear, only as the last remedy ; for it has been always the wish of the Church that the faithful should approach the holy table at every sacrifice. "The most holy Synod would wish the faithful attending each Mass to communicate not even spiritually but even sacramentally, so that they might receive more abundantly the fruits of the Sacrifice.—(1 Con. Trid. Sess. xxii., c., vi.)

And this most sacred mystery contains as a sacrifice, the plentitude of salvation not only for individuals but for all men ; hence the Church is accustomed to offer it unceasingly "for the salvation of the whole world." It is fitting,therefore, that by the common zeal of the devout there should be greater love and esteem for this sacrifice ; in this age particularly there is no more pressing necessity. Accordingly, We desire that its efficacy and power should be remembered more widely and even more diligently proclaimed. Principles evident from the very light of reason tell us that God, the Creator and preserver of all things, has a supreme and absolute dominion over all men, both privately and publicly ; that all that we have and are in every sphere has come from His bounty ; Him the highest reverence as our master and that We, in turn, are bound to give and the greatest gratitude as our most generous benefactor. And yet how few are there to-day who fulfil those duties with suitable piety !

This age, if any, surely manifests the spirit of rebellion against God ; in it that impious cry against Christ again grows strong : "We will not have this man to reign over us"—(Luc. xix., 14) —and that impious resolve, "Let us cut Him off"—(Jer. xi., 19)— nor, indeed,is anything urged more vehemently by very many that this, that they should banish and separate God from all intercourse with men. This criminal madness is not universal, We joyously admit ; yet it is lamentable how many have forgotten the divine Majesty and His benefits, and the salvation that was obtained chiefly through Christ. Now, this wickedness and folly must be resisted by an increase of general devotion and zeal in the worship of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Nothing could of itself be more full of sweetness and consolation in the Christian soul. For the Victim that is immolated is Divine, and ,accordingly, the honor that we render through it to the Holy Trinity is in proportion to its infinite dignity ; we offer also to the Father His only-begotten Son—an offering that is infinite in value and infinitely acceptable ; hence it is that we not only give Him thanks for His goodness, but even make Him a return. There is also another twofold and wonderful fruit which may and ought to be derived from this great sacrifice. The mind grows sad when it reflects on the fearful multitude of crimes which abound on all sides, God, as We have said, being neglected and the divine Majesty despised. The human race, in great part, seems to call upon the divine anger ; although, indeed, that harvest of evil which has been reaped contains in itself the ripeness of a just punishment. The zeal of the faithful, therefore, should be aroused to appease God, the avenging judge of crime, and obtain from him the reform of a sinful age. This is to be done chiefly by the aid of this Holy Sacrifice. For it is by virtue alone of Christ's death that men can fully satisfy the demands of divine justice, and abundantly obtain pardon and mercy. But this power of expiation or of entreaty Christ wished to remain wholly in the Eucharist, which is not a mere commemoration of His death, but a real and wonderful, although unbloody and mystic, renewal of it.

At the same time let us confess We have not a little joy in knowing that in these last years the minds of the faithful seem to have been renewed in love and reverence for the Sacrament of the Eucharist ; and this gives us a better

hope for the future. For, as We said in the beginning, ingenious piety has done much in this direction, especially in sodalities, either by increasing the splendor of the Eucharistic rites, or worshipping the Holy Sacrament constantly by day and night, and making atonement for the insults and injuries it receives. But, Venerable Brethren, it is not lawful for us or for you to stop here ; for yet many more things remain to be done or undertaken, so that this, the most divine work of all, may be put in a clear light and held in greater honor among those who practice the duties of the Christian religion, that so great a mystery may be honored in a manner worthy of its greatness. Hence the works that have been undertaken are to be urged on more vigorously from day to day ; old institutions where they have disappeared are to be renewed, as for example, the Sodalities of the Eucharist, the supplications poured forth to the Holy Sacrament exposed for adoration, all the solemnity of pomp with which it was surrounded, the pious salutations before the tabernacles, and other holy and most profitable practices of the same nature ; in fine, everything is to be done that prudence and piety could dictate. But, above all, endeavor should be made to revive widely again among Catholic nations the frequent use of the Holy Eucharist. To this the example of the early Church, the decrees of Councils, the authority of the Fathers and of the holy men of every age exhort us ; for as the body needs its own food, so does the soul, and the most life giving nourishment is given by the Holy Eucharist. Therefore, condemn beforehand the opinions of those who oppose such frequent communions. Banish the idle fears of many and the specious excuses or reasons for abstaining from the Body of the Lord ; for nothing could be more effective in rescuing the world from its anxiety about perishable things and in bringing back and perpetually preserving the Christian spirit. Here the exhortations and examples of the higher orders; and still more the zeal and industry of the clergy, will be of greater value. For priests to whom Christ, the Redeemer, has given the office of consecrating and administering the mysteries of His Body and Blood, can surely make no greater return for the high honor they have received than to do all in their power to promote His glory in the Eucharist, and by following the desire of His most Sacred Heart to invite and draw the souls of all to the saving fountains of so great a sacrament and Sacrifice.

Thus may the surpassing fruits of the Eucharist become, as We ardently desire more fruitful from day to day, with abundant growth, also, in faith, hope, charity and in every virtue ; may this revival of piety tend to the peace and advantage of the State, and may the designs of God's most provident love in instituting such a perpetual mystery for the life of the world be made manifest to all men.

Buoyed up with such a hope, Venerable Brethren,, and as a pledge of divine gifts, as well as of our affection, We lovingly impart to each one of you and to your clergy and people, our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, on this 22rd day of May, on the approach of the solemnity of Corpus Christi, in the year 1902, the twenty-fifth of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.

Nova et Vetera.

I.

"I cannot sing the old songs,"
This sweet, familiar strain
Is wafting through remembrance,
In minor tones of pain.
"I cannot sing the old songs !"
My Mother—Queen of thee,
And each low inspiration
Seems "Vesperal" to me.

II.

A sigh of exile—longing
For home and peaceful rest ;
A wistfulness of pleading,
For Jesus' vision blest.
"I cannot sing the old songs !"
In land of light above ;
O, may I sing for ever
"New songs" of Virgin-love !

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Year 1314.—James, Cardinal Ossa, who afterwards became Pope John XXII, grieving at the schism within the Church, put his whole confidence in the Bl. Virgin. Then the Bl. Virgin appeared to him at night, clad in the Carmelite habit, and said to him "I shall take thee out of the hands of thy adversaries and make thee pope and vicar of my Son. Therefore see that you confirm my order, commenced by Elias and Eliseus on Mount Carmel, and ordered by my servant, the patriarch Albert. And as Honorius and Innocent, my sons, and your predecessors, have enjoined this rule into the remission of sins, so in my name and the name of my Son, thou shalt give my order this privilege, that whosoever enters it, devoutly obeying it, shall be saved and freed from punishment and guilt, etc."

Year 1315.—At Cologne a general chapter was held, which ordered a new and corrected edition of the liturgical books of the order, in order to establish uniformity.

Rutger, the provincial of Germany, died, and was succeeded by John of Sublobe. A monastery was founded in Scherramer, England. The General met at Lyonsat Lyons, the archdeacon, Ferdinand Valasquez, who later founded the monastery of Morgleza in Spain.

Year 1316.—In August, James Ossa was elected Pope, who acted according to the instructions of the Bl. Virgin, given above. S. Andrew Corsini joined the order. A monastery was commenced at Maldeburg (Marlborough).

Year 1317.—Capua had had a monastery in a suburb; now a new monastery was erected in the town. The General, Gerard, died in Avignon, and was buried there. He had ruled the order for 22 years.

Year 1318.—At the general chapter assembled in Bordeaux, Guido, a Spaniard from Perpignaso, was elected successor to Gerard. There were 35 electors, and Guido obtained 26 votes. The rest made the choice unanimous by acclamation. In this chapter Germany was divided into two provinces, upper and lower Germany, and three other provinces were erected: Narbonne, Appulia and Scotland. (The latter seems to have been a vicariate only). A monastery was erected at Lucca, in Tuscany. A new monastery was planted from Ploermel to Nannate.

Also at Orleans, a convent was founded about this time. It first stood outside the town on the banks of the Loire, but later on was transferred into the town.

Year 1319.—The monastery was completed at Scarborough. At Mantua a new establishment was inaugurated.

Year 1321.—John XXII appointed the general, Guido, bishop of Majorca (one of the Balearis islands). Hence a general chapter was convoked at Monte Pessulano and elected John Alere, a monk of Toulouse, as the 13th Latin general. In this chapter a resolution was passed, that the Vicar of Scotland had to take the oath of fealty to the King of England, the order, and the province of England.

As houses of studies, the chapter selected Bologna, Cologne and London and the provinces had the right to send their students to either of their houses.

In Majorca, a monastery was opened, and in Snyrterleye in England (also called Blackney in Norfolk.)

Year 1324.—A general chapter congregated in Barcelona, at which 15 provinces were represented, and also the Priors of Paris and Rome. At this occasion the recitation of the Salve Regina at the end of each canonical hour, the suffrages for the dead, and Masses of Rorate in Advent were introduced.

Year 1325.—A monastery at Weissenburg in Germany was opened. Also in the diocese of Tarracona in the regions of Valleys a convent was built.

Year 1327.—The general chapter gathered in Albi. The two provinces of Germany were again consolidated.

Year 1329.—John Baccon, Doctor re-

solutus, as he was called, was elected Provincial in England. He was famous as a professor and preacher, and selected by the Pope to defend the papal side in the struggle with Louis the Bavarian.

Year 1330.—During the general chapter assembled at Valence, the general, Alex, resigned, and in his place Peter de Caesis of Lomoge was elected. He had been provincial of Aquitain, during the last three years. As procurator general, a certain Rodulphus, was appointed, who in 1342 became Archbishop of Cashel in Ireland.

Alex retired to his monastery at Toulouse, where he died two years later.

Monasteries were erected in Vicinovo in Savoy, Schoonhoven in Belgium and Stamford in Lincolnshire.

Year 1331.—About this time the provincial of Germany, Sibert de Beck,died. He had been provincial for 13 years and became well known through his works. Also the revision of our liturgical works was confided to him.

In Aquitain, a monastery was opened in Rochfoucauld. In 1560 the Calumists destroyed the church, expelled the monks and changed the monastery into a Calvinist seminary. But in 1600 the Carmelites recovered possession. Also in Mortui Mari (?) in Aquitain there was a convent.

Year 1332.—Two monasteries were opened : Platia in Sicily and Coventry in England.

Year 1333.—A general chapter held at Nemours in Narbonne, divided the province of Tuscany into Tuscany and Rome and the province of Lombardy into Lombardy and Bologna ; therefore, 16 provinces were represented. There were Priors of Rome and Paris appointed, but the selection of the Procurator general was committed to the general.

In Stamford, John Burley, Carmelite and professor at Oxford, died and was buried in the convent.

Year 1334.—A monastery was commenced at Iuliodun in France (Autun ?). It was destroyed by the Calvinists in 1568, but rebuilt in the years 1605—1615.

Year 1335.—This is the year of the election of Pope Benedict XII, who was a Carmelite, but afterwards joined the Cistercians. The monastery at Piacenza was opened.

Year 1336.—At Brussels a general chapter was assembled, at which there were represented the provinces of : 1 the holy land, 2 Sicily, 3 England, 4 Narbonne, 5 the Vicariate of Perpignan, 6 Rome, 7 France, 8 Germany, 9 Lombardy, 10 Aquitain, 11 Vicariate of Toulouse, 12 Arragonia, 13 Ireland, 14 Provence, 15 Scotland, 16 Tuscany,17 Bologna. Apulia is wanting. As provincial of England in place of John Baccon, we find the name of John Polestead, doctor of Oxford.

Year 1338.—In the fight between Pope Benedict XII and Louis the Bavarian, the Archbishop of Montz, Henry von Friberg, a follower of the Emperor, expelled the Carmelites within his jurisdiction from their monasteries, because they sided with the Pope.

Year 1339.—A general chapter was convoked at Limoges, which appointed the provincials, the priors of the Roman Curia and Paris, and the procurator general. The vicariate of Porpignan is mentioned as the vicariate of Popignan and Balearics. The procurator was Ralph Kelly, who later on (in 1342) became archbishop of Cashel.

Year 1340.—Three Carmelite bishops in Great Britain are mentioned : Richard Northal, archbishop of Dublin ; Richard Quay, bishop of Cologne ; and Stephen Brown, bishop of Rochester.

In England a new monastery was commenced at Ludlow, and finished in 1349. The provincial, John Polestead, in England, died after ruling fifteen years. He was from Suffolk, and Doctor of Oxford.

Year 1342.— A general chapter was held in Lyons, at which Peter Raymond de Grassa, of the Narbonne province, was elected general. Toulouse and the Belearics were erected from Vicariates into provinces.

The new general revised and unified the constitutions of the order. The Ex-general Guido, bishop of the Balearics and Elne, died. Stamford in Lincolnshire, was endowed.

The ex-General Petude Caesis was raised to the patriarchal chair of Jerusalem.

Year 1343.—The Carmelites obtained possession of the monastery of S. Mary

of the Woods in the parish of Galgalando, not far from Florence.

Year 1344.—A monastery was opened at Chelsey in England.

Year 1345.—A general chapter assembled at Milan, at which 17 provinces were represented. The principal matter was the appointment of preachers of the Crusade, ordered by Pope Clement. At this chapter, S. Andrew Corsini and S. Peter Thomas were present. From England complaints came of persecutions from the bishops and priests. Probably in this year John of Tublobe, the provincial of Germany, died.

Year 1346.—Andrew Corsini for a time took the place of Peter Thomas as procurator general at the papal court in Avignon. John Baccon died about this time.

Year 1347.—Monasteries were opened at Devaul and Brixen. The same year Emperor Charles IV, one day after his coronation as King of Bohemia, laid the cornerstone of a Carmelite monastery outside the walls of Prague.

Year 1348.—This year the pest swept over all Europe, denuding also the monasteries, the inmates of which in assisting the sick, etc., were carried off by hundreds. At the same time vocations were getting few. From this year dates the relaxation of discipline and spiritual terror, especially amongst the mendicants.

At the general chapter, convened in Metz, S. Andrew Casini was appointed provincial of Tuscany, and Germany was again divided into two provinces—of lower and upper Germany. The provincial of England was John Falsham, of Norwich, and professor at Cambridge.

Year 1349.—S. Andrew Corsini was created bishop of Fiesole (a few miles from Florence). Bl. Peter Thomas was professor of Exegesis in Paris. A monastery was erected in Lintern in the diocese of Salzburg. In Holland a monastery was commenced at Alsten. It had before this been located at a place called Termuylen.

Year 1350.— Among the Carmelites famous in England we find mentioned, Walter Heston, from Lincoln, lecturer at Cambridge; John Repingale, of Lincoln, professor of Cambridge; Adam Laxlinghan, of Norwich; John of S. Edmund, of Ipswich, and John of Avon. At Duncastle a monastery was opened.

Year 1351.—A monastery was built at Tachau in Bohemia. The general chapter was assembled at Toulouse, at which 18 provinces were represented.

Year 1352.—The order for some time had had a home outside the town of Anjoux. This year a monastery was built in the town. Also a convent was opened at Aulor, and another in Newstadt on the Seale. Pope Clement II died this year and Bl. Peter Thomas preached the funeral sermon on the occasion.

Year 1354.—A general chapter was celebrated at Perpignan; 18 provinces were represented. A new division was made in Spain: Pampelona and Sangosa were joined to Aquilain; 9 monasteries belonged to the province of Catalonia, and 8 formed the province of Spain.

Year 1355.— A monastery was opened at Streckau in Silesia, and another at Ravensburg in Wurttemberg, which suffered much in the 30 years' war from the Swedish general, Horn. The Lutherans occupied the church for 80 years, leaving to the Carmelites only the chancel, but at last they recovered their church.

Year 1356.—S Peter Thomas was sent by the Pope as his legate to different monarchs of the east and west, and exhibited fearless bravery and the greatest skill in solving the difficulties to be overcome.

In Catalonia a monastery was opened at a place called Campo Rotundo.

Year 1357.—In the general chapter held in Feracura, 18 provinces were represented. The most prominent man present was Henry Bolendory, the provincial of lower Germany, and the author of a Moral Philosophy. The general, Peter Raymond de Grassa, after ruling the order for nearly 16 years, died and was buried at Monte Pessulano.

A monastery of whose foundation there is no certain knowledge, existed at Mozic in Apalia.

Year 1358.—S. Peter Thomas visited the holy sepulchre, and returning staid for a short time in Famagusta, Cyprus. On account of the death of the general, a new general chapter was held in Bordeaux, and John Balistaz of Majorca, was elected general. In this chapter

we hear for the first time of a province of Gascogm, which had 17 convents, of which all but four fell later into the hands of the heretics, who destroyed them utterly. We give the names in Latin, as given in the official report. They were the convents Burdegalensis, Aginnensis, Baionensis, Condomiensis, Lestorensis, Bergeracansis, Torniensis, Aquensis, Lingeniensis, Pastillionsis, Acalei, Triae, Conensiorum, Pauiae, Rapistani, Salvaterrae et Ionzaci.

Richard, the Archbishop of Armagh, raised a persecution against the mendicant orders. Innocent VI protected and defended them, and the storm settled with the death of the Archbishop.

Year 1362.—A general chapter convened at Trives ; 19 provinces are represented. In the person of Bernard Olier, prior of Toulouse, a socius was appointed for the general. Additions were made to the constitutions drawn up by the former general, Raymond, and their interpretation was left to the general.

Mention is made of a monastery in Aversa, near Naples.

Years 1363-64.—S. Peter Thomas was created Archbishop of Creta,whilst he remained papal legate for the Orient. Soon after he was nominated patriarch of Constantinople. On the occasion of a visit to upper Italy he founded the college of S. Martin at Bologna, which was in the hands of the Mantuan congregation.

In Pavia the site of the monastery was changed and transferred to the church of S. Fawtin and Jovita. In Brittany a monastery was opened at Paulopolis, and in Catalonia at Tarraga.

Year 1366.—Bl. Peter Thomas died on the feast of the Epiphany, and was buried on the isle of Creta.

A general chapter was congregated in Albano ; 19 provinces were represented.

Year 1367.—The provincial of England, Walter Rellay, died in Alverton, where Edward III had founded a monastery. Mantua obtained a monastery through the munificence of Duc Louis Gonzaga. The first place was the church of S.Mary of Charity, then the church of the Saviour, and finally, after two years, the church of the Annunciation. Also in Schweinfurt a monastery was built, which, in the time of the reformation was destroyed by the Markgrave of Brandenburg ; its revenues were divided between the convents of Wuzzburg, Bamberg and Newstadt.

About this time a monastery was opened at Poitiers, and one at Castres in Aquitain.

Year 1368.—At Straubing, Bavaria, a monastery was opened. (It is now the seat of the provincial of Bavaria.) S. Andrew Corsini, by order of the Pope, established peace between the emperor and Florence, and also prevailed upon the factions in Bologna to keep the peace in the city. The general, John Balistar introduced the election of definitors for the general chapters, whilst until now the provincials had been the definitors.

...Year 1364.—At Monte Pessulano the general chapter was convened ; 19 provinces were represented and 18 definitors were present. The general was empowered to recover, if possible, the body of the prophet Eliseus at the expense of the order. (His head is said to be in the church of S. Apallinaris in Ravenna.) Bartholomew Peioro was made procurator general. The provincial of Cyprus Stephen Corteph related how by touching the grave of Bl. Peter Thomas he had been cured of disease.

Year 1370.—A convent was established at Mazario in Sicily. The bishop,James of Croatia, a member of the monastery at Malines, died.

Year 1371.—The Pope appointed a Visitator apostolic to restore the relaxed religious life in Sicily. John Swaffam of Cambridge, a Carmelite, was made bishop of Bangor. Simon, an inmate of the monastery at Craymond in Scotland was appointed patriarch of Antioch. A monastery was opened in Dijon, France.

Year 1362.—At Buda in Hungary a monastery was commenced ; also in Vicenza, Italy. A general chapter celebrated in Aquae or "Deadwaters," and was attended by 19 provincials and 15 definitors, gave permission to sell the duplicate books of the libraries, and forbade all moveable or immoveable private property.

At Thenesi, Belgium, a monastery was established.

Year 1373.—This is the year of the death of S. Andrew Corsini.

Year 1374.—A dispute arose between

a Dominican, John Stokes, and a Carmelite, John Horbeb, both professors at Cambridge, about the antiquity of the Carmelite order. The university, after examining all the records in regard to the question, declared by solemn decree, that the Carmelites had revived their claim to be the imitators and successors of the prophets Elias and Eliseus.

A record exists this year of our monastery at Notabile, Malta. The monastery at Bourges was founded. The general of the order, John Baloter, died after ruling the order for 16 years. (There is a heretic of the same name on the lists of the index, but it is not the same man.).

Year 1375.—A general chapter convoked at Puy in France, elected the general Bernard Olen from Minorca; 19 provinces were represented by their provincials and definitors (except the holy land.) The monasteries of Sangosse and Pampillion in Navara were raised to Vicariates. The appointment of the Vicars was left to the general. The order taxed itself for the expenses of the canonization of S. Albert and Peter Thomas.

Year 1377.—Urban VI allowed the opening of a monastery at Basignano in the diocese of Pavia. The monastery at Avila in Castilia (the place where S. Teresa died) was founded this year.

Year 1379.—Urban VI granted to all, who called the Carmelites Brothers of the Bl. Virgin of Mount Carmel, an indulgence of three years and three quarantines, whenever they do so.

On May 29, the general chapter was congregated at Brouges in Flanders. The province of Naples was established and obtained six monasteries from the Roman province. The monasteries in Flanders were erected into a Vicariate under the immediate jurisdiction of the general. Pampillion and Sangossa were reunited to the province of Spain. Valence and Prague were made houses of study.

Urban VI deposed the general Bernard Oler, because the latter acknowledged the anti-Pope Clement IV. This caused a split in the order, as Spain, France and Catalonia continued to recognize Bernard. (This was the time of the lamentable western schism, when hardly any one knew whom to acknowledge as true Pope. Also S. Vincent Ferrier followed the anti-Pope at least for a time, because he considered him the true one.) In his place under the name of a vicar general there was elected Michael of Bologna.

Year 1380.—Bl. Avertanus died in Lucca of the pest, and eight days after also his companion Romaeus (or Henry Romaeus). The monastery in Lucca, until now outside the town, was moved into the town. Randazzi in Sicily and Barletta in Apedia saw monasteries in their towns.

Year 1381.—A general chapter was convened at Verona. Michael of Bologna was elected general. Provincials were elected for all the provinces, also the schismatic ones, but were allowed to remain in their own monasteries until it became possible to get to their provinces. All had to swear fealty to Urban VI. The definitors appointed by the Pope were declared eligible for the next general chapter. The Cardinal Protector, at that time Bartholomew Mezavaca, bishop of Reute, was to be called Reverendissimus Dominus noster.

Instead of the seals which the ex-general had, new ones were ordered to be made.

At Noerdlingen in Bavaria a convent was built on a spot rendered famous by a miraculous preservation of the eucharistic host in a fire. This convent was later on occupied by the Lutherans, after the Carmelites had been expelled.

Year 1383.—Bernard Oler resigned his office as general. The monastery at Pontabat in France was opened.

Year 1384.—The portion under Bernard Oler had a chapter at Avignon and elected for his successor Raymond Bacquerius. The general Michael undertook the visitation of the monasteries of England and Germany.

A monastery was established in Regio.

Year 1385.—A general chapter was held in Bamberg. Only 9 definitors were present, of Sicily, England, Rome, lower Germany, Lombardy, Tuscany, Bologna, upper Germany and Gassogne. Provincials were, however, elected for all provinces, but they might remain in their respective monasteries until an opportunity presented itself to take possession of their provinces. The convent at Vienne was declared a house of studies for

upper Germany, with all the privileges of the Parisian monastery. The religious were bound to make a visit to the Bl. Sacrament after dinner.

Year 1386.—Urban VI deposed the general, for what reason is not known, and appointed the Vicar General John of Rando in Lombardy. Also the cardinal of S. Marseilles was deprived of the protectorate of the order and Cardinal Carracoids, of S. Cyriacus, acted as vice-protector until 1384.

By command of this cardinal, John of Rande cited some religious who were faithful adherers of Michael, the ex-general, took their depositions before a notary and imprisoned them.

Year 1387.—Owing to the change of generals a general chapter was convoked at Brixen, where definitors were present of 19 provinces and a vicariate. John de Rande was elected unanimously and provincials appointed. Bartholomew de Sacca was appointed postulator for the canonization of S. Albert.

A monastery was opened at Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. The general of the part adhering to Clement VII was Raymond Aquerius. Very little is known of him or his works.

Year 1390.—Boniface IX, the successor of Urban VI, appointed Richard Northal, a Carmelite, archbishop of Dublin. Raymond Aquerius died. Hence the part under Clement had a chapter at Perpignan, and elected for their general John Grossi. A monastery was opened at Modica in Sicily.

Year 1392.—The monastery at Abensberg in Bavaria was opened. In 1614-15 it was restored, but suffered greatly in the thirty years' war.

Year 1393.— A general chapter was held at Frankfort; 8 definitors only were counted and 10 provincials only were elected. Of the other provinces not even mention was made. Monasteries were founded at Hennebonte in Brittany, at Besancon in Burgundy and at Marignano in Italy.

Year 1394.—Monasteries were opened at Cracow, Poland, and at Vienne in the Dauphine.

Year 1395.—A monastery was founded at Vorthag in Syria, diocese of Seckon. During the thirty years' war it entertained many refugee Carmelites from Bavaria.

Year 1396.—A general chapter assembled at Piacenza in Lombardy, John Rande was re-elected. Eight provinces only were represented and eight provincials appointed. Until the time of Eugene IV the order abstained from flesh meat altogether, but Boniface IX allowed the English Carmelites to eat meat on days not otherwise forbidden by law or special vows.

Year 1398.—The convent of Budgeste in Poland was founded. Richard II of England made the Carmelite Thomas Peverell bishop of Ossary in Ireland.

Year 1399.—At the convent of the Woods in Tuscany the general chapter gathered at which 8 provinces were represented. Different feasts were ordered to be observed. It was forbidden to go to the Roman Curia, unless authorized by the provincial. Monasteries were erected at Figiasum (?) in Aquitain, in Posen and in Denbigh, in England. Thomas Peverell was transferred to Land, and Thomas Colby was made bishop of Lismore and Waterford.

Year 1400.—The ex-general, Michael Anguan of Bologna, died. Monasteries were erected at Vivon near Poitiers in France, Bituntio in Apulia, Synagra, Nisi, Coniglime in Sicily and Tossignani in Romandiola.

Year 1404.—The general, John Rande (or von Gho) died, probably in September, and the month following Mathew of Bologna was appointed vicar general. A monastery was erected at Salgar in Catalonia.

Year 1405.—A convent was opened at Dole in Brittany, and authorized by the anti-Pope Benedict XIII. In Antwerp a kind of hospice was opened for the monks of Malines, when they came to Antwerp to preach, etc. But a regular monastery was not founded in Antwerp until 1493.

A general chapter in Bologna elected the vicar into a general and having 16 definitors, they appointed provincials and made regulations about the studies. The provincials appointed for provinces in schismatic countries retained their active and passive voice, even when they could not rule their provinces.

Year 1408.—The monastery at Raven-

na was exstructed. In Neti in Sicily our brothers built a monastery outside the walls, which in 1586 was transferred into the town.

Year 1409.—This year the Cardinals of the obedience of Gregory and of Benedict XIII invited in the so-called council of Pisa, deposed both Popes and elected Alexander V. Their sessions took place in the Carmelite monastery at Pisa,and Thomas Walden, an English Carmelite took part in them.

Year 1410.—Alexander V died in Bologna, and had for his successor John XXIII (Balthasar Cossa.) In Prague, Jerome of Prague, who during the council of Constance was condemned, together with Huss, broke into the Carmelite monastery at Prague, destroyed the relics, incarcerated two of the monks and treated most barbarously a certain Nicholas.

Year 1411.—John XXIII invited the two rival generals of the Carmelite Order to the general chapter at Bologna. There both resigned and John Grossi was unanimously elected general for all the provinces. Thus the breach was healed. Two new provinces were formed, Tours and Bohemia, to which latter belonged all the monasteries in Bohemia, Poland, Prussia, Hungary, Saxony and Thuringin. The order now counted 21 provinces. Bordeaux, Baionnc, Aix and Salvateria were re-united into the province of Gascogne. The provincials were bound to undertake the visitations of their monasteries in person. It was also ordered that in case of a general council, two of our doctors of divinity should attend from France (langued oui) and two from Langaed, two English, two Germans and two Italians.

Year 1413.—The general, John Grond, obtained in France no less than 10 monasteries, and in order to restore the relaxed discipline, he reformed the Convent of the Woods in Tuscany. This reformation gave the impetus to the later foundation of the Mantuan congregation.

A monastery existed in Runzwach,diocese of Maintz, the prior of which was Michael Kembrant from Duren.

Year 1414.—At the council of Constance there were two theologians, each of the provinces of the order provided by the last general chapter. Also the Bishop of Hereford, Robert Marshall,and the royal commissary, Thomas Walden, were Carmelites. Stephen Pattington, the former provincial of England became bishop of Chichester. In Vich a monastery was opened.

Year 1416.—The general chapter at Aix (France) was attended by the definitors of 22 provinces. Grosso was re-elected. The province of Spain was divided into two : Castilia and Aragonia. By decree of the chapter every priest of the order was henceforth bound to say every year 9 masses : 3 for the souls in purgatory, 1 of the Holy Ghost, 1 de Beata, and 1 of the holy angel for the benefactors of the order, and 1 de Beata for the Cardinal Protector, 1 of the Holy Ghost and 1 for the dead for his deceased parents. Also once a year a mass in honor of the Bl. Trinity for all the civil and ecclesiastical rulers.

A Bunch of Red Roses.

BY ANITA G. HENRY.

Close by the glowing fountain,
  Where incensed waters flow,
And sweet voiced birds sing their song
  Of the days of long ago.
And through the purple shadows
  Of one fair summer noon,
A bunch of roses blooming red,
  Sent forth their sweet perfume.

Round two hearts they twined a wreath,
  Around two hearts they spread,
Votive garlands of a love,
  Alas, that now is dead.
And o'er each petal swells the strain,
  That chants with feeble breath,
Of sorrowed hearts and bitter pain,
  The rose wreath's dirge of death.

Close by a lowly altar
  There knelt two hearts at pray'r,
One with years upon her brow,
  The other, young and fair.
Round these hearts God twined a wreath
  Of His immortal love,
To ever bloom amid the joys
  Of Heavenly courts above.

Politeness is the flower of humanity.

Obituary.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the following lately deceased :

Joanna Shanahan, who passed into eternity on August the 11th, fortified by the last rites of the church. It was her proud privilege, they write, to have been a subscriber to the Carmelite Review, since its initial issue.

Miss Sarah Doyle, of Alliston, Ont.

Mr. A. H. Harters, who died on the vigil of the Assumption at Tiffen, O., leaving behind him a devoted wife and several boys.

May they rest in peace.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

That a young man may obtain a good position ; that a person may hear from a dear friend not heard from for a long time ; that a young woman may be cured of inward trouble without an operation ; that a religious may be cured of cancer ; grace of temperance for many ; that three brothers may reform and get good positions ; for the reformation of many ; for the conversion of sinners ; that God will protect and keep from harm several young men and young women and make them good Christians ; three special favors ; many other spiritual and temporal favors.

PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

In a musical instrument when we observe divers strings meet in harmony, we conclude that some skilful musician tuned them. When we see thousands of men in a field, marshalled under several colors, all yielding exact obedience, we infer that there is a general whose commands they are all subject to. In a watch, when we take notice ol great and small wheels, all so fitted as to concur to an orderly motion, we acknowledge the skill of an artificer. When we come into a printing house, and see a great number of different letters so ordered as to make a book, the consideration hereof maketh it evident that there is a compositor, by whose art they were brought into such a frame. When we behold a fair building, we conclude it had an architect ; a stately ship, well rigged and safely conducted to the port, that it hath a pilot. So here : the visible world is such an instrument, army, watch, book, building, ship, as undeniably argueth a God, who was and is the tuner, general, and artificer, the compositor, architect, and pilot of it.

And so, when we survey the bare outworks of this our globe ; when we see so vast a body accoutred with so noble a furniture of air, light and gravity ; with everything, in short, that is necessary to the preservation and security of the globe itself, or that conduceth to the life, health and happiness, to the propagation and increase of all the prodigious variety of creatures the globe is stocked with ; when we see nothing wanting, nothing redundant or frivolous, nothing botching or ill made, but that everything, even in the very appendages alone exactly answereth all its ends and occasions—what else can be concluded but that all was made with manifest design, and that all the whole structure is the work of some intelligent Being, some Artist of power and skill equivalent to such a work ?

When Napoleon was returning to France from the expedition to Egypt, a group of French officers one evening entered into a discussion concerning the existence of God. They were on the deck of the vessel that bore them over the Mediterranean Sea. Thoroughly imbued with the infidel and atheistic spirit of the times, they were unanimous in their denial of this truth. It was at length proposed to ask the opinion of Napoleon on the subject, who was standing alone, wrapt in silent thought. On hearing the question, "Is there a God?" he raised his hand and pointed to the starry firmament simply responding :— "Gentlemen, who made all that ?"—Catholic T. A. News.

The honest man, though e'er so poor, is king o' men for a' that.—Burns.

HE BELIEVED.

Striking Story Told of the Remarkable Conversion of an Atheist.

A strong presentation was made a few evenings ago in a public lecture delivered at Grand Rapids, Mich., by Father Schrembs. Said the lecturer :

Father Athanasius Kirscher, who lived in the seventeenth century, is recognized as one of the greatest scientists of his day. He was in turn professor af philosophy, Oriental languages, mathematics, Egyptiology, physical sciences. He was a voluminous writer on mathematics and physical sciences and his famous work. "Mundus Subterraneus," was a real cyclopedia, comprising all the geological knowledge of the day. At Rome he collected an enormous museum of scientific instruments, natural objects, models and antiquities, and himself constructed many wonderful instruments. Father Kirscher was the possessor of a magnificent globe representing our planetary system. By means of a secret spring the whole could be set in motion, reproducing in imitation the movements of the earth and the other planets around the sun.

A young friend of the great scientist called one day just as the priest was about to attend a dying woman. Kindly the priest invited the young man to his study, there to await his return. Quite naturally the young man's attention was soon drawn to the splendid globe, and as he was passing his hand over the instrument he accidentally touched the secret spring, starting the whole mechanism in motion. Lost in admiration of this wonderful imitation of the universe, the priest found him on his return. The first question the young man, who by the way, was an avowed infidel, asked was :

Father, who is the genius that has made this wonderful instrument ?

Why, answered the priest, nobody made it, it made itself.

Father, said the young man,you are trifling with me ; it is against reason, it is an utter impossibility that this splendid and wonderful imitation of our universe should have made itself or be the work of chance.

What ! answered the priest, you admit that a genius was necessary to make this poor, insignificant miniature of the vast universe, and yet affirm that the great universe of which a single blade of living grass contains more wonders than this paltry globe had no maker ?

For a moment the young man reflected, then dropping on his knees, he uttered his first profession of faith : "My God, I believe !"—(Church Progress.)

PARENTS AND HOME EDUCATION.

No matter how good the school may be,home education should supplement its work. Children are not given by God to parents, not as a present which they can dispose of at pleasure, but as a trust for which a very exact account must be given to God. St. Paul strongly rebukes those parents who neglect the careful education of their children. "If any man," says he, "have not care of his own, and especially of those of his house, he hath denied the faith,and is worse than an infidel." Some parents foolishly imagine that they do their duty towards their children if they provide for their temporal wants, and settle them down comfortably in this world. But this is a great mistake, for it is not for this alone that children are given by God to parents, but for a higher object, far ; they are given in order to be trained up in the fear and love of God. Upon the due fulfillment of this duty,then, depends in a large measure, the eternal as well as the temporal welfare of both parents and children.—American Herald.

A great advantage of friendship is the opportunity of receiving good advice. It is dangerous relying always on your own opinion. Miserable is his case who,when he needs, has no one to admonish him.

I know of but one elevation of a human being, and that is the elevation of soul. Without this it matters not where a man stands or what he possesses ; and with it he towers, he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale.

Editorial Notes.

During this month we should recite the beautiful prayer to St. Joseph for the Church. It is persecuted on all sides, and the Holy Father detained in prison is hindered in the necessary exercise of his authority. Let us therefore pray fervently to the Patron of the Universal Church, that through his intercession, God may grant freedom and prosperity to our Holy Church.

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This month we print the encyclical of the Holy Father on the Most Holy Eucharist. As the intention of the League of the Sacred Heart, recommended by His Holiness for this month, is Devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, this letter, although a little late, will not be out of place. Like all the other letters of the Holy Father, it is written in his admirable style and cannot help but inspire all who read it attentively with a new reverence and devotion towards the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

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The Protestant missionaries seem to consider it their bounden duty to snatch the Philippines from the darkness of ignorance and superstition, in which they are grovelling to bring them to the true light of modern civilization. But to all appearances their means and services are required more at home here than in the Southern countries of Europe and the distant Philippines. Moreover, charity, at least, ought to prompt them to begin at home, and thus much time and money would be saved. The other day down in Wayne Co., North Carolina, the coroner's jury, which passed upon the lynching of a negro, reported that the deed was done "obviously by an outraged public, acting in defence of their homes, wives, daughters and children. In view of the enormity of the crime we think they would have been recreant to their duty as citizens had they acted otherwise." That a jury, after mature deliberation, should not only give its sanction to wilful murder, but even declare it unlawful to act otherwise, is a matter worthy of serious consideration for those missionaries who have set their minds on the conversion of the Philippines.

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October is the month of the Holy Rosary. Of all the prayers which we can offer to the Mother God, none is more acceptable, none more efficacious than the Holy Rosary. The Apostles, tradition tells us, composed the Creed by which we begin it. The Our Father came first from the divine lips of our Blessed Saviour. Of the Hail Mary, the first part was pronounced first by the Archangel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth, the remaining part, Holy Mary, the Glory be to the Father, etc., was composed by the Church. In the rosary all these beautiful prayers are united and entwined into a wreath which we offer to the Queen of Heaven. Then, in the meditation of the mysteries of the Life of our Divine Saviour and His Blessed Mother, which contain, at least implicitly, all the truths which we are bound to believe, we can learn many lessons of virtue. Who, after seriously reflecting on the obedience shown by the Divine Child Jesus to His Mother and foster-father, will dare rebel against the rightfully constituted authority, much less raise his hand against its representatives? Who, after meditating on the unspeakable sufferings of the God-man, will complain of the few trials and sufferings which he might have to undergo? Who finally, when contemplating the reward of the sufferings of Christ and His Blessed Mother, will not turn his gaze upon the fleeting pleasures and possessions of this life to the happy abode that is awaiting us beyond the grave? Thus we see the Holy Rosary, besides being an excellent form of prayer, contains many important lessons for us to learn. During this month every Catholic should recite it daily. Try, if possible, to go to Mass every day and unite your prayers with those of the Holy Church. If you cannot do that, parents and guardians should see that it is said at home in the family. Surely God will bless the family where the Rosary is re-

cited in common every day, for our Lord says: "Where there are two or three gathered in my name, I will be in their midst."

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We can see already how much better it is to defend our own rights as catholic citizens than being silent trust in the equity of others to acknowledge them of their own accord. Some time ago Appleton & Co., of New York, published an encyclopedia in which the Catholic Church and its doctrines were grossly misrepresented. A vigorous protest from the Catholic press caused very many to discontinue their subscription to the work and brought from Appleton & Co., the following to Father Wynne, editor of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart:

New York, Aug. 28,1902.

Rev. Father John J. Wynne.

Dear Father Wynne:—In reference to the Catholic articles complained of in Appleton's Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas, concerning which we have seen you here this afternoon, we beg herewith to submit a statement concerning the criticisms made by you of that work, and the action already taken by this house in reference to them.

One of the methods used in the conduct of our business is to hold weekly meetings of a Literary Committee, the membership of which consists of the President of D. Appleton & Company, the Vice-President, the Literary Adviser, the Editor of the Cyclopaedia, the Art Manager, and the Educational Editor. Here are discussed all matters pertaining to new books and old ones, new editions, revisions, complaints, and other matters affecting the text of any of our publications. In the regular course of this work, on the twelfth of June, the first meeting held subsequent to May 22nd, owing to the absence of the President in Europe, the Catholic criticisms of the Universal Cyclopaedia were taken up, and it was directed that the Secretary should prepare a letter in response to complaints received setting forth the plan on which the Cyclopaedia had been prepared with respect to controverted subjects.

On July 10th, it was directed that a resolution should be prepared setting forth the decision of the Committee that the Catholic articles should be submitted to Archbishop John C. Keane, who, under contract with his house, had had charge of their preparation, and that Archbishop Keane should be requested to make the revision himself, should it be found necessary to do so, or designate some person or persons whom we could employ for that purpose. In due course of time Archbishop Keane made reply to our communication and designated Professor Grannan, Professor Pace and Professor Shahan, of the Catholic University of Washington, as such persons. A letter was at once addressed to Professor Grannan asking him to undertake this work. As yet we have received no reply from him. We now learn from you that Father Grannan is in Europe, which, of course, accounts for the delay.

You will observe from the foregoing statements that a disposition to revise the Catholic articles was shown by this house at a regular official meeting of its officers and heads of departments almost immediately upon receiving complaints. The minutes of this committee also show that the complaints made by you have been constantly under consideration, and that the matter was referred by us to Archbishop Keane, a distinguished member of your own communion, under whose supervision the articles were first prepared.

In reference to the contract with Archbishop Keane referred to above, you will please let us remind you that he had full authority to prepare and assign these articles as seemed best to him, and that at any time, since the first publication of the articles, had it been necessary, any corrections might have been made by him. It is not the policy of this house to ignore complaints that may be made to it affecting the accuracy of statements made in its works of reference. We regret that through no fault of yours or ours the representations you have made did not lead to an earlier meeting between yourself and D. Appleton & Company.

Very truly yours,
D. Appleton & Company,
Wm. W. Appleton,
President.

We hope the Catholic Press will continue in this noble work until it inspires the enemies of our Holy Church with a salutary fear of misrepresenting it or its doctrine.

Book Review.

The American Herald comes out in a new and improved form. The subscription is also reduced to $1.00 per year.

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We have received at our office a little brochure, by Rev. C. Coppins, S.J. inscribed "The Living Church of the Living God." It's purpose is not of a controversial nature, but rather to show the prerogatives of Christ's Holy Church, so as to make it better known, as the author remarks, and better loved.

Published by Benziger Bros.

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We are also in receipt of a copy of the calendar of the university of the St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S.

The calendar is prefaced by a short historical sketch of the institution. A glance at the names composing the faculty and at the curriculum marked out for the different years and various degrees will show the high standard of this famous institution of learning.

* * * *

"The Silver Legend," by L. A. Taylor, is a collection of thirty-eight legendary stories, from the lives of the Saints.

This book will afford delightful and good reading to our young folks especially, for whom the narration of the wonderful has a strong attraction, and certainly the beautiful example of God's chosen followers cannot remain without beneficial effect on the pious admirer.

Publisher—B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price, net, $1.00.

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"Catholic Home Annual" for 1902. Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 25c.

This beautiful almanac besides the calendar with the feasts of the year, contains several interesting stories by the foremost among Catholic writers, e.g., Father Finn, S.J., Maurice Francis Egan, and Anna T. Sadlier. There are a few other instructive articles in it, with a brief review ol the principal events of the past year, and many beautiful illustrations adorn the pages. We hope every Catholic family will procure a copy.

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The first volume of a work entitled, "First Lessons in the Science of the Saints," by R. J. Meyer, S.J., has recently appeared among the publications of B. Herder.

It is a treatise on the inferior life. Man, the world, God—these are the three great subjects of this sublime and most necessary of all sciences. Knowledge of self forms the first part. The author treats his subject thoroughly and with scholarly precision and profundity. His diction is not dry and cold, as is often the case with such writers, but rather interesting and attractive. We are glad that the public is in possession of this work, by the distinguished author. Price, net, $1.15.

* * * *

"The Old Religion," by Rev. Vincent Hornyold, S. J. Under this title Father Hornyold answers the principal objections found by Protestants in the Catholic Church. It is written, as he himself says in the opening chapter, for minds seeking for truth, and in it he proves to them that the religion of the people of England from the first introduction of Christianity into their country, was Catholic, and continued so till Henry VIII, by an act of Parliament, established the Protestant church, and declared himself head thereof. The author concludes by answering the questions pertaining to the Church that generally puzzle the Protestants in seeking the truth.

Published also by the Catholic Truth Society; for sale also at Benziger's, N. Y. Price, one penny.

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"The Faith of Old England," by the Rev. Vincent Hornyold, S. J. This book, although intended principally for those wandering in doubt outside of the true fold, will be very useful also to Catholics. Very often we meet Catho-

lics, who, when asked to solve a difficulty or objection concerning their religion, are unable to do so. The "Faith of Old England" will serve admirably for this purpose. In the first part, the author, in a popular way, both from a doctrinal and historical standpoint,with arguments from Scripture, the Councils of the Church and the teaching of the early Christian writers, defends the principal dogmas and practices of the Church, consequently overthrowing the doctrines of the English church. He shows the true rule of faith and proves that the Pope's authority was recognized in England long before the English Church came into existence, thus destroying the Continuity theory; then he goes on to prove that the head of the English church is the King, and concludes by showing that not only are the Anglican bishops and priests not validly consecrated and ordained, but that the Church of England does not even recognize them as such. In the second part he explains some of the principal Catholic doctrines and practices, which are generally attacked by the Protestants, as Purgatory, Indulgences, etc. After a careful perusal of this little volume,any Catholic will be able to respond to the claims so often advanced by Protestants.

Published by the Catholic Truth Society, of London; sold also by Benziger Bros, N.Y. Price, 6d.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

I enclose an offering for a favor granted through the intercession of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. I was very sick and promised, if I recovered, that I would donate the above sum to the building fund of the shrine. I am very happy to write that she has heard and granted my request, and I am very thankful to her for this. I promised her to have it published in the Carmelite Review. Please publish it.

F. C.

* * * *

Dear Rev. Fathers :—

Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass in honor of St. Anthony for the relief of the souls in Purgatory, in thanksgiving for a favor received. I am much troubled with nervousness, and sometimes feel as if I would lose my reason. Having had a bad attack one night, and not being able to sleep, I had recourse to St. Anthony and promised a Mass for the intention above, bathed my head with holy water and pinned a badge of the Sacred Heart on, and in a short time I fell asleep and in the morning felt a great deal better. But I am still troubled with it. Dear Fathers, would you be so kind as to remember me in your prayers. Also please publish this favor in next month's Review.

M. W.

Our Lady's Own.

Scapular names have been received at: Falls View, from St. Joseph's College, St. Joseph, N.B.; Owen Sound; Glenroberton; Trinity, Nfld.; Fredericton, N.B.; St. Michael's College, Toronto; Casco, Wis.; St. Basil's Novitiate, Toronto, Ont.; Church of Atonement, Cincinnati, O.; St. Joseph's Church, South Bend, Ind.; Granville, Iowa; St. Andrew's, Antigonish, N.S.; Redwood, Cal.; Belle River, Minn.; St. Philomena's Rudolph, Wis.; Holy Family Church,New Hamburg, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Oswego, N.Y.; Ireland, Ind.; Syracuse, N. Y.; St. Bernard's Church, Saranac Lake, N.Y.; Hackensack, N.J.; St. Patrick's Church, Halifax, N.S.; Bathurst, N.B.; Trinity, Nfld.; St. Peter's Church, Toronto, Ont.

Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Mary's, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Mary's Mission, Alma, Wash.; St. Joseph's, Independence,Iowa; Rosalia Asylum, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Martin's, Charlestown; Holy Trinity, Pittsburg, Pa.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, and innumerable to the vain.

The hell of these days is the infinite terror of not getting on, especially of not making money.—Carlyle.

The greatest heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.—Jean Paul.

"Regina Coeli"

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Immortal Rome.

(Reminiscence of Ordination)
in St. John Lateran's.

IMMORTAL Rome! how far-famed
Thy classic ruins old!
What memories historic
Thy seven hills enfold!
Yet brighter still the lustre
By Christ around thee cast;
More beautiful thy records
Of martyrs in the past.

Through catacombs and churches
Their sainted names resound,
Their blood, "the seed of Christians,"
Has sanctified the ground.
The scientist, the artist,
And tourists far from home,
Oft visit shores Italian,
To see "Immortal Rome."

What bands of holy Priesthood
Our Holy Father greet,
And seek a benediction
When kneeling at his feet!
But there is one remembrance
More sweet than all to me;
Thy name, "San Giovanni,"
Now steals melodiously.

That seal of holy pilgrims
Which ne'er shall pass away;
These words "In es Sacerdos," *
"Thou art a Priest for aye."
The Sacred Host and Chalice,
The mystic oil of grace,
All these our loving Saviour
Imparted in this place.

Immortal Rome! around thee
My best affections twine,
Like flow'rets round the Altar
Where rests His Heart Divine.
And this, my peaceful Carmel,
From thee so far away
Is e'er embalmed with odor
Of "Roma" day by day.

*Ps. CLX, 5.

—ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

Chapter I.

"Oh, mother, such good luck! I've got the two new pupils I was hoping for, aren't you glad?"

The speaker was a fair haired, blue-eyed girl of perhaps seventeen summers, slenderly proportioned, and with a delicate spirituelle face, whose every varying expression bespoke the beautiful pure soul within..

Her words were addressed to a woman who might still be counted young, was it not that mental and bodily suffering had traced heavy lines across her brow, robbing it of its one time youth and beauty and turning the golden lustre of her hair to almost white.

A wonderful smile of love at sight of the fair lovely face in the doorway parted her thin lips, and she beckoned it's owner to a seat beside her on the old couch.

"Glad!" she echoed softly, and kissing the warn rosebud lips. "For your own sake, I am more than glad, Rosamond; your hardworking efforts deserve to be rewarded. So Mrs. Quinn has been pleased to give you her other two children?"

"Yes, mother, she is so satisfied with Nellie's progress, under both you and I, she thinks I will do well by Annie and Emma. Surely these additions to my little class will enable us to have more comforts now, and perhaps later we will be able to move to a nicer place, though we are comfortable enough here, and it is so quiet." She opened her beautiful eyes widely, and took a quick glance around the attic room, which, with its unpainted walls, and uncovered floor, constituted their present home.

Everything in it, from the well scrubbed window sills to the bed curtained off at the end of the humble abode, was scrupuloksly clean and neat, but strangely out of place, indeed, both mother and daughter seemed, in its poor surroundings. Who this woman, calling hersel and her daughter by the names of Raymond was, and from where she had come ten years before, were questions that constantly harassed the curious minds of the comfortable neighbors on Bartley Square. In a vague undefined manner, it was felt amongst them that the two were vastly superior to themselves. Something there was about the proud and gentle dignity of the mother, that told she might have seen better days; something there was about the rare beauty of her child, that told of good blood being in their veins. Something there was about the persons of both which showed they did not belong to the ordinary class of people who surrounded them.

Mrs. Curran, most astute woman, had more than once hinted to her gossiping friends that she believed her upstairs tenant to belong to "quality folks" come down in the world, and was hiding with her child and her poverty, in their quiet neighborhood. The two kept entirely aloof from any one. They had no friends, nor appeared desirous of making any, and a visitor crossed their threshhold never. Mrs. Curran was the only one they made any freedom with, but, slight as the intercourse was, it flattered the landlady, not a little.

For the past nine years that they had been on the Square, Mrs. Raymond taught music to children of parents in the ordinary walks of life, and sold needle work to a dealer in such, by name James Holland. But when an gttack of acute rheumatism laid her low for many weeks, she was forced to transmit her work into her daughter's youthful hands, and depend solely on her for her daily maintenance. Of a gentle, retiring disposition and perfectly ignorant of the ways of the great seething world, it would seem that the young girl must shrink from coming in contact with it, but she did not. On the contrary, she entered it bravely and uncomplainingly, and took upon her willing shoulders the burden of earning a living. To her loving, dutiful heart, it was such an easy task, to work for the mother she idoliz-

ed, and when she had grown better and stronger again, and desired to take back her duties, Rosamond would not hear of it. Her pupils were few and her task arduous, but she never complained, and it was with delighted pleasure she had hastened home to-day to tell her mother of this late addition to the limited class.

Mrs. Raymond's eyes followed the glance of the soft blue ones, in the survey of the room.

"Yes,dearie, the seclusion we enjoy here, could scareely be found elsewhere ; no one interferes with us, and we are, as I wish to be, unknown and unsought, but perhaps it is selfish of me to expect you to lead such a life,—a desolate one perhaps !"

The white arms were thrown up, and placed about her neck. "How could my life be desolate, when I have God and you, mother ; Him to believe and try to serve in it, and you to love and obey in it ?"

Mrs. Raymond was surprised. The unexpected answer was so childlike, so full of trusting simplicity.

"But you have so little variation in your days, so few enjoyments, dear, like other young girls, that sometimes I reproach myself for not having done better and placed you in different circumstances."

"Hush, mother, don't say it ; you could not have done more for your little Rosamond, than you have done, and she can never repay all she owes you."

"If your father had lived, I know it would have been different for you and for me, yet since it was God's will to call him to Himself,we must be resigned and who knows but that brighter days may yet dawn for us."

Had not her words the spirit of prophecy in them ? Had the veil of the future been lifted, and she permitted to look into its depths, and there see the wonderful change that was to come, at least into her child's life ; but, only after suffering had crossed that beloved child's path, even as in the long ago it had crossed her own.

"It is a long time since father died ; too long for me to remember !"

"How could you when you were only two years of age, darling ? Ah ! that was a sad day for me, when my earthly support and loving adviser was taken from me, and had I not the comforts of our holy Father, I should have lost my reason, for years previous to that I had been the victim of much sorrow. Then when your three beautiful brothers followed father into the Blessed Land, very shortly afterwards, I was like one bereft,but you,my sweet comforter, were still left to me, and by degrees your baby prattle and childish affection drew me out of the gloom into which the deaths of my beloved ones had plunged me, and my burden ceased to be so heavy. We had never been rich in this world's goods, even when your father lived, but our little home in Georgia had all the comforts we wished. When we went away I was obliged to sell it for the sake of needed money, and I turned my back on the South, and the three graves that represented so much to me, and came here with you to New York, and to this very attic room."

Rosamond was deeply interested. She looked attentively into the patient face beside her, and some hidden power impelled her to ask :

"But what do you mean by having suffered even before the time of father's death, mother ?"

A shadowy smile curved her lips, and she put her hands for a minute across her eyes, as if shutting out the memories of a painful past.

"You must not ask, Rosamond, for that epoch in my life is buried, buried far down in the tomb built for it, by a merciful oblivion, though at times its bitter sweet memories come crowding back to me as if it happened only yesterday. But, enough ! I must not further excite your curiosity on matters which I can never explain to you, and you must promise me never to return to this subject unless I do."

The young girl looked up wonderingly. Never had she heard such strange words from her mother's lips before, and the desire to understand them further showed undeniably in her eyes and face. But accustomed to obey at all times, and in all things, she did not persist in seeking an explanation. "As, you will mother. You must have good reasons for being silent on a subject you never once hinted

to me before, and I am sorry if my question hurt you."

The mother placed her hand on the golden head. "It was only a natural one, darling, under the circumstances, and has done no harm, and may God bless you for your filial, unquestioning obedience. Tell me more of your new pupils. Have they ever learned music before ?"

"No, mother; they are just little tots, but I'm sure they're going to be smart; they are nice children."

"Well brought up too, dearie. I always liked Nellie. You have four in your class, now ?"

"Yes, mother. Our rent will be easier to pay, won't it. That was an answer to my prayer, surely; I feel quite elated.

"I do not blame you, dearie, and I hope more good luck will follow in the train of to-day's."

Chapter II.

There may be riches in the world to satisfy every desire of ambitious men. There are precious stones to dazzle the eye by their rare and prismatic beauty, and there exists countless other treasures that men love to possess. But which of them has the lasting beauty, the weight and the worth of that rarest of gems, contentment ? It was well for Rosamond Raymond that she had been endowed with its possession. As we may well be sure she had many difficulties to surmount, many obstacles to overcome, in the work she had taken from her mother's hands, and constant poverty to battle with. But she was perfectly contented and happy, and forgot, in her anxiety and ambition to give her mother material comforts, that such unpleasant ogres, as sometimes slowly forthcoming wages, or, more frequently, dull, uncomprehending pupils, existed in her life at all. Time there had been when Mrs. Raymond could not have believed that the day would dawn when the child she had nurtured so carefully would have to earn her bread. But as we already known, an overruling Providence had seen fit to prostrate her plans of always keeping her daughter from knowing of the vicissitudes of the outside world, and cause that to happen which she did not wish. She bore the act bravely, and submitted with that admirable fortitude that had ever distinguished her long suffering mind, and said only: "Thou knowest best." She had one consolation, Rosamond did not appear to have as much uphill work as she had first feared and expected she would; or could it be that the girl's natural sweetness showed her only the bright side of things ? Not once did she make a complaint, or speak of her work as hard, but went out to its fulfilment, and returned from it, with the same smiling countenance. Often in the night, when the fair face laid on the pillow in the repose of peaceful slumber, the mother was awake, studying its delicate features, and wondering if it was ever destined to show the lines of care that her's did. To-day, as she watched the slender form passing down the square in the direction of town, the thought of each night reverted to her, and she turned imploringly toward the Ecce Homo, hanging on the wall.

"By Thy gracious mercy, oh, Holy Redeemer, by Thy great goodness in drawing thy servant Millicent to Thy Holy Faith, in the long ago, permit that her child will not know much sorrow in her life as Thy servant has; nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt."

Mark how swift, how sudden the change ! The first part of her prayer was human, merely human, in which she begged the removal of any waiting sorrow from the path of her offspring, but how different it's ending ! She crushes all rebellious feelings, as it were, and bows her own will to the will of the Most High. She wished her child's road to be a thornless one, and yet if He, who rules all things, ordained it to be otherwise, in this, as in other matters, she was resigned. Then she reproached herself, that perhaps after all she was fearful when there was no necessity. Why should she dread her child's future ? Could not faith support her in any and all trials that might be sent to her, as it had herself, in the well remembered past ? Assuredly so, and resolving to hope for the best, she turned from the picture reconciled and comforted, and busied herself about the room.

Besides having to give two music lessons, Rosamond had some business to transact for her mother, with Mr. Hol-

land. She decided it was advisable to hasten there first, and have that part of the morning's work over.

As she went along the crowded thoroughfares, she was thinking deeply.

What had been the inexplicable meaning of the words her mother had spoken to her in the beginning of the week? What had been the epoch that had marked her early life, and which would not bear a verbal repetition now? It was true that her mother had always closely guarded the history of her former life. How it had been spent, or in what circumstances, keeping even her name. Until now the young girl had not noticed this, and she wondered that she had a single instant did she doubt that the pages of her parent's life were not all clear, all spotless, but there must be some great reason, that made her wish to keep them closed. Had her's been a mind fond of romancing, she would probably have imagined her mother to be same ruined heriess or dethroned princess, and believing this, been fit for nothing else than to dwell delightedly on a faded glory, but, fortunately, Rosamond was not of this stamp. She did not think her mother as being either one or the other. but only as one who had a sorrow marked past, and for whom she must have unbounded sympathy. Try as she might she could not solve the problem, so she would try to obliterate it from her mind and cling to the faint hope that in years to came, it would be unravelled.

The establishment of Mr. James Holland was a small dingy place, within a stone's throw of busy throbbing Broadway, and contrasted very oddly to the large, up-to-date establishments around it. This did not affect the owner in the least, nor cause him to improve it's appearance, for year in and year out he allowed it to remain the same. But despite its uninviting aspect, the proprietor did a good trade in it, and counted some of the best families amongst his steady line of customers. Always well stocked with various kinds and devices in fancy goods, and all necessaries for needle work, and its finish or development, his store proved an acceptable market to fashionable woman constantly looking for new embroideries or designs for their own hand work. Mr. Holland purchased his goods without exception from wholesale houses, but for several years back he had been accepting Mrs. Raymond's hand work, generally offering her a good price for it. He had easily perceived, upon her first application to him, that she was a woman of much refinement, and being a kind, philanthropic man, conceded that to patronize her would be a charity well bestowed, and the articles made by her hands always sold well and found favor in the eyes of his critical purchasers. At all times deferential to the mother, when she had ceased coming, he remained the same towards the daughter she sent in her stead and enjoined upon his limited number of clerks to do likewise. As he saw her appearing at the opposite counter, he immediately made his way towards her.

"Good morning, Miss Rosamond. Ah, yes, here is the centre piece, very pretty, very pretty! I'll give you two dollars for it. Just sit down a minute," and the fussy little merchant moved her a bench, and then went towards the till a few paces lower down.

In the interval that passed before he returned with the amount, Rosamond became conscious of being closely observed. She turned her eyes to the seat near her, and there encountered the half wondering, half admiring gaze of a dark luscious pair of eyes, belonging to a queenly girl a few years older than herself, and elegantly attired. Rosamond felt uncomfortable under the penetrating glance, and she was relieved when Mr. Holland had paid her her due, and she was once more out on the street. Was it an overhanging Fate who had arranged this meeting of the two, who were later to be drawn into her silken meshes, and made like playthings in her rude hands,—the one to gain, the other to lose?

Outside waited a luxurious carriage, with a pompous liveried coach and footman, both sitting stiffly erect as if there importance was unquestioned, and which Rosamond concluded belonged to the last arrival in her patron's shop, and who must be a lady of means. She hastened away without further thought of either, to the homes of her pupils, and when she reached home at noon, she sank grate-

fully into the old couch and folded her small hands with a sigh of satisfaction. "Some more good luck to-day mother. Mr. Howland paid cash for your centre-piece, instead of keeping us waiting as he sometimes does.

"He must be sure of disposing of it pretty quick, but he is very kind. Were there many people in besides you, dear?"

"A few, good mother ; there was one young lady there and she stared at me as if I was some being from another land."

Who could but help to look at that bewitching face, so fair and flower-like, and to whose delicate cheeks the cool November air had given the faintest tinge of color, making them resemble the glow of pale pink coral.

So thought the mother to herself, as she watched it proudly and listened to the remarks with an amused smile.

"The lady may have thought she had seen you before, and was trying to place you in her mind, dearie."

"That could not be, mother ; she is some rich man's daughter by the way in which she was dressed and the carriage she came in. I guess she must have been comparing my clothes with her own, but I don't mind ; they are neat and becoming to my purse strings, so miss rich lady was welcome to inspect them," and a silvery laugh burst from her lips.

Her mother laughed, too.

"What a funny little seventeen-year-old you are, to be sure, but quite right in dressing according to our means, and fine clothes do not always make the lady, no more than they do the gentleman. Are you tired ?"

"Tired ? No, mother, but just pleased to be back with you, though I was only away a few hours," and the blue eyes were lifted trustingly to the tender ones above them.

Chapter III.

Brought up without companions of her own age or friends of any kind, Rosamond was of a deep studious nature. She had never gone to school, her mother teaching her lessons and music at home, and for this last accomplishment the child had shown remarkable talent. She loved it devoutly, and the old, time-worn piano that stood in one corner of the attic room daily yielded to her light touch in two or three hours of careful practice. To some, the art that has nothing material in its wonderful conception is useful, to others, pleasure merely ; but to this gentle girl, it was both. She earned her bread through its means, thereby gaining a meagre support for herself and her mother, and she found infinite pleasure in it, and often, while her mother sewed at night, she would draw from the yellow keys made so by age, some old sweet song, or one of Sullivan's favorite compositions. Of books, she was passionately fond, and read over and over the few of which her mother was possessor and which comprised good religious reading, some delightful fiction by well known authors, and a couple of volumes of poetry. Her's was a rare mind, and good literature developed it, as a shower of rain expands the waters of the ocean, giving it more strength, and possibly newer beauty. What undeniable truth there is in what the great transcendentalist, William Channing said of books ? " Books are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them,—the society, the spiritual presence of the best and the greatest of our race." No companionship is equal to the intellectual one, and from her earliest years, following the sound teaching of her mother, Rosamond had recognized it, until now she counted them as friends who would ever be true to her. "Whatever would we do without books, mother ?" she asked, looking up from the pages of Whittier's Snow Bound, over which she had been attentivsly pouring since tea time."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what you would do, dearie, aside from all others, and I am glad you find your recreation in it. Good reading uplifts the soul, refines the mind, and it is for the poor as well as the rich. Do you like the Quaker poet ?"

"Do I, mother ; how els? could I do ? he writes so happily, and then I like him because he knew what poverty was, as we do."

"So you think that makes a bond of sympathy between us," and Mrs. Raymond looked smilingly up from her knitting, at the lovely face seated opposite her.

"Yes, mother, he belongs to us. My! how cold it is here. I must put some more fire on ; we are like Whittier when he was snow bound, and a rippling laugh burst from her lips.

"Would it not be nice, mother, if we had a large pretty room, and I had lots of music and more time to practice ?" and Rosamond turned from her contemplation of the brightly burning coals,she had just put ion and laid a caressing hand on her beloved piano.

"Yes, dearie, we would be fortunate, did we own such, but you are not dissatisfied with our little best ?" Her voice and manner at once betrayed her anxiety, lest the young girl was at last becoming discontented with the attic, and its inartistic environments.

"No, mother, that would be impossible, while you are here, but I only made the remark ; I was supposing, you know ?"

"I see, you are happy here but if we could have better you would not mind. But would you really like to be rich, dearie ?"

"No, mother, perhaps I might be proud and vain, riches do not always make happiness."

"No, indeed, my child, sometimes quite the contrary. I once knew a lady of wealth who failed to find happiness, and she got it only when she had relinquished worldly honors for Faith and the sweet joys of a life of labor."

"She must have been good. I wonder if the young lgdy I saw in Mr. Holland's shop was an heiress ?"

"Probably so, dear. You seem very interested in that class of people."

"Yes, mother, I have read several stories lately and they were very much of it. I am not in their world and they are not in mine. They may be happy, and I am happy."

"The sensible conclusion of a most sensible little brain. Now help me finish my knitting and you will have a warm pair of stockings before bed-time."

Next afternoon Rosamond persuaded her mother to go for an outing, and once alone she became very busy. Generally at the end of the week Mrs. Raymond gave what she called "a general tidy up" to her room seldom allowing her daughtes to assist for fear of hardening her hands, or roughening them by the work. Rosamond always protested, but without avail, but this time, seeing that her mother was not well, she was determined not to be outwitted, so she arranged the outing, with that sweet persuasion which Mrs. Raymond could not resist.

The floor Rosamond scrubbed to almost milky whiteness. Dusted th? few pictures on the wall and the odd pieces of furniture, and put a fresh drapery on the mantel that held the brass clock and one or two nicnacks. And when her mother returned she had just finished, and was sitting to wait for her.

"What good fairy has been here in my absence, and did this ?" Mrs. Raymond enquired, looking around with beaming eyes.

"A very every day fairy, mother, but have I made things look like you make them ?"

"You have, you naughty girl ; this was your eagerness to get me out for a walk this afternoon, but I am afraid you have ruined your hands ; scrubbing is not good for tender palms."

"It cannot hurt me any more than it does you, mother. I'm glad things please you."

"Very creditable, dearie ; you are becoming a famous housekeeper, and I shall be able to give you good recommendations."

"Will you, mother ? How kind !" and she smiled happily, and began to play an old air on the piano.

In the evening Mrs. Raymond went down to pay Mrs. Curran her monthly rent.

Mrs. Curran was a plump thrifty little woman, fond of her home and her only child, and a favorite in the neighborhood. Her husband travelled in the interests of a city hardware firm, making a comfortable living, but with none to spare. Besides the house she shared with her tenants, Mrs. Curran owned two smaller properties on the square, and whose rents she always banked as soon as she received them, so as to be in reserve, in case of a "rainy day," which showed her thrift and economy.

"I was a-listening, ma'am to Miss Rosamond playing this afternoon, and it sounded like an angel's touch; where did she get all her smartness ?" and with a

respectful throwing back of the door, as if her visitor had been some lady of renown and fortune, Mrs. Curran invited her into her cosy little parlor, where her son and heir lay tossing on the mat, with a toy lamb.

"From her father, who was very musical, and who died eight years ago," Mrs. Raymond replied briefly, and then centreing her attention on Master Charlie, who had stopped his play and stood regarding her pale thin face and kind eyes in open mouthed astonishment.

"Shake hands with the lady, Charlie," promptly commanded his mother.

Six year old Charlie was not partial to visitors as a rule, but from his boyhood he had loved both Mrs. Raymond and her daughter.

"Spects I'll s'ake," he said, coming slowly towards her, and holding out his chubby hand. "I like you; you got a pretty face; does you like little boys?"

"Yes, I love them, my little man. I had three like you one time, but they are in heaven now."

"Are they? That's where dood peoples go, mum says. Where's the big girl what has gold hair. Don't she live with you any more?"

"You must say Miss Rosamand, Charlie," corrected his mother severely; "not the big girl; that's rude."

"He is all right now Mrs. Curran; he speaks just as a boy would. Yes, Charlie, the big girl lives with me yet, but you have not seen her, because you have been sick. Are you better now?"

"Say, 'yes, thank you,' Charlie. Indeed, ma'am, the croup hasn't all left him yet, and I'm going to keep him in the house till it does."

"Yes, do, you cannot be too careful; send i him up sometimes; Rosamond is very fond of him, and will be pleased to have him come."

The landlady was much flattered to think that her child should be so much noticed by "quality," and thanked Mrs. Raymond with all the warmth of her good nature.

Chapter IV.

Time might have hung heavily on Mrs. Raymond's hands, for the duties of her one room did not occupy much space, had she chosen to allow it. But long age she had learned to fear the awfulness of minutes lost, and to know the sweet satisfaction of moments well spent. Never weary were her fingers of work, never tired of her needle or knitting, and she rested only when night came to close her labors, or in the hour she devoted to the close perusal of that book of books, the Imitation. From its inspired ipages she gleaned the comfort the solace and the interior peace that filled her patient, resigned soul, and healed the wounds with which her heart had once been torn by the sharp sword of sorrow.

Her child was her one earthly treasure and she centred on her that love and affection that is so beautiful in a mother, because it is so pure and holy. And when it unites the spiritual with the human, it approaches nigh to the sublime. Beautiful, unselfish and devoted, Rosamond,, even as a little child, had never given her any anxiety,nor trouble, but seemed to be naturally endowed with unquestioning obedience and a strong sense of duty. Her mother's word was law with her; she knew no other will and at seventeen she was just as docile, just as obedient.

"Here is the bread, mother; now I will get some milk, and we can have our dinner," and the young girl set her purchase down on the table, and picking up a small granite jug returned to the shop a few doors away, from which the two bought their amount of groceries. Mrs. Raymond, while she waited for Rosamond's reappearance, carelessly took off the newspaper wrapping of the bread, and began to scan, indifferently, the many columns it contained. An item in the personal notes caught her attention, and with burning eyes she read: "Judge and Mrs. Staunton, of "Staunton House," have returned from their six months' trip to Europe, and their many friends are pleased to see the Judge so much improved in health, and to welcome back in their midst his charming wife. Miss Staunton arrived home from Washington on Wednesday, in time for her parents' coming."

A low cry escaped her, and she threw the paper from her. "There is no hope for me then; I am altogether supplanted; strangers have taken my place;

oh, father, father!" Hearing Rosamond's light feet returning up the stairs, she had only time to wipe away the tears, and to destroy the source of this sudden grief, when the sweet smiling face again appeared in the doorway, and without noticing that anything unusual had occurred to mar her mother's serenity, Rosamond set the milk down and prepared to do the waiting on the little table, covered with its snowy white cloth, and its blue and gold dishes, and as neatly set as if guests were expected.

All during the meal Mrs. Raymond was thoughtful and preoccupied, and her daughter seeing it, became alarmed for fear her parent was ill.

"What is the matter, mother?" she asked anxiously; "don't you think we had better send for Dr. Brantford. I'm afraid you are sick."

"No, dearie; not at all. I've got a slight headache only. I 'will go to bed early and sleep will cure it."

"But you look so pale, mother?"

"Do I dearie; more so than usual? why do you look so at me; do not be afraid, there is nothing serious the matter with me.-'

"Are you sure, mother; it came on so suddenly?"

"Yes, very sure. Loving little heart must not worry so."

And she patted lovingly the tender cheek.

"I'm going to act doctor, and I'm going to prescribe for you mother. I will first bathe your head with some ammonia you have there, and you've got to put this shawl around your shoulders and sit by the fire till bed-time, because I think you are catching a cold. No use to object; I'm doctor now," and she shook her head in such a decided way as to make her mother laugh outright.

"Well, Doctor Raymond, since there is no alternative, I must submit, but really your prescription is unnecessary."

Rosamond pretended not to hear, but hurried about, and taking a small bottle of ammonia off the shelf applied it to her mother's head, and wrapped her in a black knitted shawl. "It is so comforting to have soft hands touching and doing for you. I wonder what I'd do without my Rosamond."

"And what would I do without you, mother? I told Mrs. Curran to send Charlie up this evening, but perhaps she had better not now."

"Why not. He will not make my head any worse, if that is what you are considering. Let the little fellow come. That is him now, I expect," as a slight tapping sounded on the door.

Rosamond opened it, and there stood Master, Charlie attired in Sunday clothes with his dark curls neatly brushed, and holding in his hands what looked very much like a big orange.

"For you, pity girl; I'se mean Miss Rosamond," he said, placing it in her hands, as she caught him and drew him into the room. "It's an orange, I buyed you."

"What a kind boy you are. I will just put it here, and by and by we will enjoy it togetner. See mother is wanting to shake hands with you; sit down and talk to her till I wash my dishes, then I will see what Charlie and I can find to do."

Mrs. Raymond clasped the fat little hands, and caressed the plump round cheeks.

He reminded her so forcibly of the little Charles she had buried, and who slept his last long sleep in a Virginian graveyard. It was little marvel that he endeared himself to her.

"Did Charlie find his way up in the dark?"

"Yes, muzer held the light to I got up, but I wasn't frightened. Does you like my new suit?" and he stood up and proudly stroked his velvet coat and trousers of blue corduroy.

"It is a very pretty suit. What a good mamma you have. Ask Rosamond how she likes it."

Rosamond passed her favorable opinion, and well pleased the youngster seated himself with the remark:

"That was my birf day present. I was five last Monday,—I mean six; play Charlie a song Rosamond."

The young girl sided her dishes away, and sang and played for her visitor, until further orders. He stood beside her all the time watching very interestedly the movements of the white fingers over

the yellow keyboard, and not knowing exactly what to make of it.

"I like that, but what makes that sound?" he asked curiously, when Rosamond had finished.

"Those keys that I strike. See?"

"Oh, yes! I hears you down in our place sometimes."

"Do you? Come, we will play some games, and have some of the nice orange you brought me."

"And give the lady a piece. Muzzer said I weren't to take any, 'cause I buyed it for you.'j

"Oh, but I could not eat a great orange like this all by myself; that would never never do."

Rosamond divided the fruit and soon she and Charlie were engaged in a game of parchesi. A pretty picture they made —the fair girl and the dark eyed boy. So, at least, Mrs. Raymond thought, as she followed every movement of both, and listened to the rippling laughter that Charlie's droll sayings frequently drew from her daughter's lips, and which promised to seriously retard the progress of the game.

When Charlie's bed hour arrived and his mother came up for him, he was loathe to depart.

"I 'joyed myself so much, mum," he said on the way down, "an' did you see how the lady kissed me good night?"

"Yes, and I hope you were nice to the lady and Miss Rosamond, and didn't call me mum, when you mentioned my name?

"No, I called you muzzer, 'pon me word, 'and Rosamond, I mean Miss Rosamond, said I were a polite boy, and for me to come soon again."

"That is a dear child, Rosamond," Mrs. Raymond said when they were left alone again.

"Yes, mother, so nicely taught. He is very cute, but not the least bit spoiled, and I love to hear him talk, he has such a lisp. I must shake your pillows up, you know what you said about going to bed early. Is your head better? Charlie talked so much, he must have tired you."

"Helped me, rather, for, in seeing you enjoy yourselves, I forgot my pain, and it is all but gone. You come to rest too, because you are tired, and to-morrow brings its own work."

To be continued.

A November Thought.

J. William Fisgher.

How sad the peal, that rings high o'er the trees
And bids our thoughts be still! How sad the toll
That from yon belfry steals! Some weary soul
Is gone to rest, and, soft, the morning breeze
Sighs deeply 'neath the mournful sounds, that steal
And fill our hearts with sorrow's note so sad.
We muse and dream and happy thoughts so glad
From us have flown and deep our hearts now feel,
That some day, too, yon tolling bell will ring
Alas! for us; e'en now its throbbing breath
Doth fill our weary souls—yet doth it bring
With it remorse—for though we sleep in death
Not it, the end of all, O soul! Be brave!
Thy trust in God! There's life beyond the grave.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Year 1418.—A monastery was erected at Culmbach in Bavgria. It was destroyed during the reformation.

Year 1419.—The Carmelite library in London is said to have been the best in the city this year.

A general chapter was held in Monte Pessulano (Montpellier) in Narbonne. This chapter ordained that in future the provincial chapters shall assemble every second year. James Mogonde of Barcelona, who had obtained the title of doctor of divinity in a surreptitious way was declared deprived of all the honors and privileges of the title, until he had humbled himself to his legitimate superior.

Year 1421.— Martin V sanctioned the erection of a monastery in Gavi, given by the bishop of Genua. Mention is also made of a convent in Asaro in the diocese of Catanea in Sicily.

Year 1422.—Archbishop Corsini of Florence consecrated this year the new Carmelite church of that city, Apr. 19.

Year 1423.—About this time monasteries were reported in Salemis in Sicily, and in Castro Vaterans and in Partano, all in Sicily.

A convent was constructed in Anghien in Belgium. The Carmelite, William Quaplad, was bishop of Kildare.

Year 1424.—A convent was opened at a place called "Fair Gift" in the province of Tours.

Year 1425.—In the general chapter at "Appaniac," in the province of Toulouse, there were present 17 definitors. Portugal was cut from Catalonia and established a separate province. 23 provincials were appointed. It was forbidden to go from convent to convent or change the province without the permission of the provincial.

The Mantuan reform took in also the convent at Gerunda, and on Augdst 18, with the permission of the general, they had a chapter, in which Francis Thomas was elected president. (But the Mantuan congregation was not canonically established until 1442.)

Year 1426.—In Hungary there were the monasteries of Praebidu, Buda, Epperi and Funfkircher. In Syracuse a hospice was opened, which in 1543 was transformed into a monastery.

Year 1427.—Bl. Francis of Amboise was born this year as the daughter of the Duke of Brittany.

Year 1428.—In Regio, Bl. Joan was born, a Carmelite nun.

Year 1430.—Thomas Walden died. He was a prolific writer, and took an important and active part in the extinction of the Western schism. To make up for his loss Thomas Scropus, an ex-benedictine, joined the Carmelite Order.

At the general chapter at Nante in the province of Tours, John Grossi resigned his office on account of age and infirmity and had for a successor Bartholomew de Roqualo, who had been the provincial of Toulouse. The chapter left it to appoint his successor until the next general chapter.

A monastery at Calatafine in Sicily is ascribed to this year; also at Castelmuous, on the same island.

Year 1431.—Bartholomew de Rolaqui was general but for a very short time, when Eugene IV appointed him bishop of Marseilles, and nominated John Faci as general vicar. In Germany at that time a Simon Riser is mentioned as V. general, because of the schism between the Pope and the council of Basle. But three years after the matter was settled again.

Year 1432.—Pope Eugene IV, in February, 1432, by a bull, mitigated the rule of the order regarding the eating of flesh meat, fasting and the staying in the cells. The original rigor deterred the young men from entering the order, hence it was to provide for its continuity that the mitigation was made.

Year 1433.—The church of the Carmelites at Cologne was consecrated. The

most famous religious of this convent at the time was Conrad ot Arasberg.

Year 1434.—John Lanbton, doctor of Oxford, died in Basle during the council. By the general chapter held at Ravensburg, John Faci was elected general, although the council ol Basle had appointed another one in opposition to the Pope. 18 definitors were counted and 21 provincials appointed. The appointment of the provincial of Provence was left to the general. To the theologians present at the council, was left the selection of a Cardinal Protector. The doctors of divinity, who had been regularly promoted, were given an active and passive voice in the provincial chapters. Those not regularly promoted, were deprived of all privileges. A monastery was erected at Clairveaux.

Year 1435.—On April 2nd, the generals of the four mendicant orders under the advice of many provincials, addressed a general letter to their subjects, the tenor of which is to promote peace and friendship amongst them. Any odious comparisons between the saints and doctors of the orders are strictly forbidden. Tenets of the schools may be refuted objectively without personal allusions ; no mendicant monastery can be built nearer than 140 cubits from the nearest mendicant convent, unless with its special permission ; no one shall be persuaded to leave one and join the other order ; disputes must be settled within three months by the respective superiors, or in the case of their disagreement, by 3 appointed referees.

Year 1436.—Eugene IV gave to the Carmelites the monastery of S. Lucia in Bologna, but they declined it. In Prague the religious had been driven out by the Hussites. After the victory of King Sigismund they returned thither.

A convent was erected at Astigi.

Year 1437.—A monastery was instituted at Castrobarco in Lombardy ; another one at Jaslen in Poland ; a third one in Ploch in Poland, and one at Roverdo in Tyrol. About this time John Grossi, the ex-general, died.

Year 1438.—The ex-general Bartholomew Roquali, bishop of Marseilles, died.

Year 1440.—The city of Florence, having gained a victory by the intercession of S. Andrew Corsini, pledged itself to an annual procession to the Carmelite Church, and an offer of wax candles there as an act of thanksgiving.

The general chapter convened at Asti in Lombardy ; 20 definitors were present. The province of Bohemia was divided into Bohemia and Saxony. The convents in Hungary and Poland were added to the upper German province. The province of Bohemia (under this name) became extinct. 23 provincials were appointed. Rules were made regarding the noviciates. A monastery was opened at Desenzano (under Mantuan observance.)

Year 1442.—The general, John Faci, was called to Florence by Eugene IV to consult with him about the establishment of the Mantuan congregation. The Mantuans had introduced a stricter observance in three monasteries, and in order to prevent the disturbance caused by the accession of men, who were hostile to this severity, or the migration of others to other convents, the Pope, with the consent of the general of the order, who ruled them through a vicar appointed. This was the beginning of the Mantuan observance, now extinct by a reunion with the general order.

A monastery was founded in Poland at Lemberg (Galicia).

Year 1443.—The convents composing the Mantuan observance, elected at Gerunda, the Frenchman Peter Stephen, as prior of the convents of the woods, and in the provincial chapter at Monta Catini as vicar general. As the general refused to sanction this election, the Pope sanctioned it and declared that in future any vicar elected by a two thirds majority had full power, ipso facto, without the approbation of any one.

Year 1444.—The general chapter at Chalon was attended by 15 definitors. Provincials were appointed for 24 provinces. The election of a provincial for Portugal was left to the convents there. The monasteries in Poland and Bohemia were attached to the Saxon province. The provincial of Bologna was charged with the revision of the constitutions till the next general chapter. Cologne, like Paris and Rome, was subjected to the general directly.

Year 1445.—The Mantuans elected in the Convent of the Woods Anthony de

Fonte as vicar for two years. Their vicars could be re-elected. The Convent of Cologne rebelled against the discriminating sentence of the general chapter, which, in the next general chapter, was cancelled.

Year 1446.—The monastery church at Padua was consecrated on the feast of S. Peter.

Year 1447.—A general chapter was held in the palace of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome. 17 provinces were represented. 21 provincials were appointed. The question was discussed about giving up or retaining the convent of San Martino de Monti, but it was retained. Catania (Sicily) was made an house of studies.

The Mantuans the same year elected in Mantua for vicar the father John Huss.

Year 1448.—Bl. Baptist of Mantua, the future general of the order, was born

There was a monastery at Heilbronn, Germany, which was ruined by the heretics of the next century.

Rhedon in France also saw a convent.

Year 1449.—In Gerunda, the Mantuans elected for their vicar William de Fonte. Thomas Scroppus, who had been made bishop of Dremore in Ireland, resigned his charge and another Carmelite, Richard Messin, was made bishop.

Year 1450.—The general, John Faci, was made bishop of Requim in France, but seems to have acted as general of the order till the next general chapter. A convent of nuns was founded in Astigi and a monastery at Morciani in Apulia.

Year 1451.—The general chapter congregated at Avignon on All Saints' day. 15 definitors were present, and 20 provincials appointed. The province of France, of which the new general, Bl. John Soreth was the provincial, was to be ruled by a vicar until the next chapter, and the appointments of Castilia and Portugal were left to the general. The decrees passed were but a repetition of former decrees.

Year 1452.—Nicholas V extended all the privileges granted to the dominican nuns, etc., to the Carmelite nuns, etc. In Mezarini, in Sicily, a monastery was founded.

Year 1453.—On the occasion of the fall of the Byzantine empire, the Carmelite hermitages of the East that had survived until now were destroyed and the monks either killed or sold into slavery. John Stamber, who in 1448 had been made bishop of Bangor, was this year transferred to Hereford, the bishop of which he remained until 1474.

In Geldern, Holland, a convent of sisters was formed by Beguines, who had taken the habit. The Mantuans opened a monastery at S. Peter in Hungary.

Year 1454.—The general, John Soreth, commenced a reform of the order, and first reformed the monasteries of Malines, Maine, Atrebat, Ghent, Paris, Anjoux and Bondon. He also erected five convents of sisters in Hennegan, Brabant and Brittany.

Year 1455.—Pope Calixt III wished to nominate John Soreth bishop and cardinal, but he refused to accept these dignities. This year monasteries were founded in Louvain, Rastemburg near Roenigsberg and Sparneck.

Year 1456.—The general chapter gathered at Paris on Pentecost Sunday. 17 definitors were present, and 23 provincials appointed. The election of local priors was ordered and the change of a religious into other monasteries forbidden, unless the prior and the community consented. The brief of Nicholas V, by which he approved the favors granted to the Carmelites by Boniface VIII and John XXII, was attacked as spurious by some members of the Sorbonne, whereupon John Soreth hastened to Rome, laid the matter before the Pope, and obtained complete justification.

Year 1457.—A monastery was founded at S. Ann's de Collares near Lisbon in Portugal.

IIIFly Sheets

Year 1459.—The reform of John Soreth met with a good deal of opposition and even violent resistance; on account of which Pious II, supported by his own authority, that of the general, granting him all the powers of coercion necessary.

The monastery at Lucca was handed over to the Mantuan congregation.

Year 1460.— The monastery of the Mountains near Auvergne was founded. The Mantuan congregation founded S. Felice.

Year 1461.— John Soreth excom-

municated the rebellious portion of the convent of Cologne.

Year 1462.—A general chapter was convoked at Brussels. 16 definitors were present, and 23 provincials appointed. Sweden and Norway were made a province; Bohemia and Poland again united. The Cologne rebels were forgiven by the general, but were soon after carried off by an epidemic disease. A new breviary was published.

Yegr 8463.—Monasteries were opened at Cremolino in Lombardy and Pattani in Sicily.

Year 1465.—A convent of sisters was destroyed in Dijon, but they obtained a new concession at Hoge in France. The Mantuan congregation elected in Ferrara for vicar, Julian of Brixen.

Year 1466.—Paul II granted power to John Soreth to remove all superiors who resisted reformation. A monastery was founded at Gerardmont (in Rome called Valley of Jehosaphat) and one at Armaroco near Florence.

Year 1467.—The Mantuans elected at Brixen, Anthony of France, their vicar. Bl. Frances of Amboise made her vows. In Namur a convent of sisters was opened.

Year 1468.— At the taking of Liege, Bl. John Soreth saved the Bl. Sacrament under peril of life, and carried it through the midst of infuriated soldiers to the Carmelite monastery. The convent of the sisters was burned.

Year 1469.— At Orleans, a general chapter met. 19 definitors were present and 19 provincials appointed. The decrees passed refer to uniformity in dress, prayer and chant. The same year Louis of Cremona was elected vicar by the Mantuans at Brixen.

Year 1470.—A convent was founded in Camerata in Sicily.

Year 1471.—At Nantes the general, John Soreth, with two of his companions, died of poison. Whether this was by accident or a crime has never been explained. He had ruled the order over twenty years. The Mantuans at Ferrara elected Thomas of Caraviggio their vicar. Convents were commenced at Cilsenti, province of Naples; Castelli de Mari, same province, and Terra Della Lambuca, Sicily.

Year 1470.—The general chapter at Asti, Christopner Martignon, who had been appointed vicar by the pope, was unanimously elected general; 17 provinces were represented. A new apportionment of provinces took place, according to which there were in future 32 provinces in this order of precedence: the Holy Land, Sicily, England, Narbonne, Rome, France, Lower Germany, Lombardy, Aquitain, Ireland, Aragonia, Provence, Scotland, Tuscany, Bologna, Toulouse, Catalonia, Upper Germany, Tours, Saxony, Gascogne, Castilia, Portugal, Bohemia, Sweden, Mazzacia, Naples, Genoa, Florence, Posa, Venice (or the Marches) Ancona, Calabria and Aquilia.

Year 1473.—Some provincials had protested to the Holy See against the new division of provinces, and also the Mantuans had claimed some monasteries. Therefore William Cardinal of Ostia, by order of Pope Sixtus IV, adjudged the difficulties in upper Italy and imposed silence on the appellants. Martin of Bergomo was elected vicar of the Mantuans at Bologna. A monastery was commenced at Marche in Belgium. It was burned in 1615, but was rebuilt. Also Reveri, between Mantua and Ferrara saw a monastery rise.

Year 1474.—A question arose about the color of the habit—brown or black. Though the Mantuans were told to conform to the whole order, they obtained a verbal exemption from the Pope. The Mantuans opened a Monastery at Trini.

Year 1475.—At the instance of King Ferdinand of Sicily, the Pope allowed the opening of 12 new monasteries on the islands. Besides the Carmelites opened a monastery at San Jacomo in Sicily. Anthony, a Frenchman, was elected vicar of the Mantuans. A convent was founded at Gurgulago.

Year 1476.—Sixtus IV in a bull confirmed all the favors, privileges, mitigations of rule, etc., granted by his predecessors.

Year 1477.—Bl. Francis d'Amboise moved her sisters from "Fairgift" to the convent of Scots near Nantes. The Mantuans elected William of Barg as their vicar. A monastery was commenced at Dondossola in Lombardy; also at Lucini.

Year 1478.—At Brixen a general chapter gathered, which was attended by 27 definitors. The appointment of provincials of the Holy Land and Venice was left to the general. By power of the Holy See the general granted to all provincials the right to dispense their subjects in regard to fasting and abstinence. At Esslingen, a quarrel broke out between the mendicants on one, and the parish clergy on the other hand. The Cardinal Protector, by order of the Pope, settled the matter in favor of the mendicants.

Year 1479.—Angelo Capreoli was elected vicar by the Mantuans. In the pravince of Lombardy a monastery called Nove was founded. In Savoy a monastery was opened at Dogliona.

Year 1480.—This year the order obtained possession of S. Crysogono in Rome. The Mantuans resided there. The monastery at Narsi in Sicily received a large royal endowment. In Germany a convent was opened at Golingen. This monasterly at later times fell into the hands of the Lutherans and was destroyed.

The first mention is made this year of the monastery at Salamanca in Spain, which became famous for its learning, and furnished a number of professors for the university at Salamanca.

Year 1481.— The general, Christopher Martignon died on May 17th,in the monastery of San Martino dai Monti in Rome. He was general for nine years. Under the title of vicar general, Pope Sixtus IV appointed William Ghric, and after his death, the same year, Pontius Rainaud from Avignon was substututed.

Thomas of Caravaggio was re-elected vicar by the Mantuans, who the same year opened a monastery at Loncini, in the duchy of Milan.

Year 1482.—Sixtus IV forbad the members of the Mantuan reformation to go into the monasteries not following this reformation. In Avignon, the general chapter was opened on Pentecost Sunday. 21 definitors were present. The vicar general, Pontius Reinaud, was unanimously chosen as general, and 23 provincials appointed. The appointment of his own successor as provincial Provence, and of the provincials of Venice and Portugal was left to the general. No decreees were passed, because of the pest raging in and around Avignon, in which more than two hundred Carmelites of Avignon, and coming thither for the chapter, perished. Hence the chapter was closed the day after Pentecost.

Year 1483.—The Cardinal Protector of Rouan died and was succeeded by John Bapt. Cibo, who, the next year, became Pope.

The Mantuans elected for their vicar Baptista Mantuanus. The trouble about the color of the habit broke out again, and they received from the Pope one year's time to determine what color they wished to wear in future.

A monastery was opened at Aquaoera in the diocese of Cremona.

Year 1484.—The Mantuans determined to wear brown habits, conformable to those of the whole order. George Jerome Delg Rovere was appointed Cardinal Protector.

Year 1485.—B. Joanna Scopelli founded a small convent of sisters at the church of S. Bernard, porta del populo, Rome.

A convent was built at Rochelle in Provence. The Mantuans elected as vicar Baptist Panoti of Ferrara.

Year 1486.—The Carmelites of Pavia, aided by John Galearri, built a new church on a different site. Monasteries were mentioned at Christburg in the palatinate of Marienburg, Poland and Prabut in Prussia.

Year 1487.—The vicar of the Mantuans elected this year was Martin of Bergamo. At Raconisi in Savoy a monastery was built, and a convent for sisters was commenced at Broages.

Year 1488.—A general chapter assembled at Rochette ; 21 definitors were present and 25 provincials appointed. The appointment for Portugal and Sweden was left to the general. It was resolved to build a new monastery at S. Martino dai Monti at the expense of the order in general. A compact made with the Marquis of Chiambra, about the building of a church at Rochette was ratified.

Year 1489.—The Mantuans re-elected for vicar the celebrated Bl. Baptist Mantuanus. The holy house of Loretto was given to the Carmelites by Cardinal della Rovere, and occupied by the Man-

tuans. The Mantuan sisters opened a convent at Ferrara. A monastery was built at Ancona.

Year 1490.—There is mention of two monasteries this year ; Corea in Venice, and Del pino in Lombardy.

Year 1491.—The Cardinal Protector was George Costa of Lisbon. Bl. Joanna Scopelli and Thomas Scropus, bishop of Dromore, died. The Mantuans elected Thomas Caravaggio for the third time for vicar.

Year 1492.—The general chapter opened at S. Martino dai Monti, on the eve of Pentecost. The Cardinal Protector was present. 25 provinces were represented. The appointment of provincials for Narbonne, Toscana and portugal was left to the general. The statutes were revised. It was forbidden to any province to receive a member of another province unless with the consent of his provincial. A difference was made in the difference of priests and lay brothers. A monastery was founded in Alpini, Lombardy.

Year 1493.—On Oct. 22nd, the cornerstone was laid of the new grand monastery at Antwerp. A monastery was founded in Coriolani in Calabria. The Mantuans elected for their vicar Baptist Panati of Ferrara and opened the monasteries at Milan and Galeazza.

Year 1495.—Baptist Mantuanus for the third time was elected vicar for the Mantuans. Monasteries were built at Praeneste and Taranto.

Year 1496.—A monastery was founded in Vidoguera in Portugal. The monastery of Prague was restored, and a monastery at Lauda in Lombardy.

Year 1497.—The Mantuan vicar was Peter of Traverso. A monastery was opened in Cremona in the province af Venice.

Year 1498.—A general chapter gathered at Nimes, France ; 20 definitors were present and 27 provincials appointed. The appointment of the provincial of Naples was left to the provincial of Rome, who was vicar general for Italy.

Year 1499.—Peter of Novolaria was elected vicar of the Mantuans. The constitutions were printed at Venice.

Year 1500.—The monasteries of Paris, Albi, Rouen, Meldun and a few others formed this year a congregation like the Mantuans and all the privileged of the latter were extended to it. Monasteries were opened or commenced at Alcami in Sicily, Antigari, Gange and Del Greco in the province of Naples.

Year 1501.—The new congregation of Albi caused trouble in the order by their attempt to draw other communities to their side and appoint superiors for them. They were ruled by the French court and bishops and savored national factions.

Year 1502.—The general, Pontius Reinaud died after a rule of 21 years. Petrus Terrassa, the vicar general for Italy, was made vicar general of the whole order.

Year 1503.— At Placenza, a general chapter was opened on June 3rd. Peter Terrasse was elected general. 18 definitors were present ; 25 provincials were nominated. The appointments for Scotland, Saxony and Bohemia were left to the general. Louis de Lyra, the leader of the Albi congregation, was forbidden, under excommunication, to receive novices or reform other convents. The Mantuans elected Martin of Bergamo for vicar.

Year 1504.—The general instituted canonical visitations of France and England.

Year 1505.—Julius II revoked all the favors granted to Albi, placing the congregation simply under the general, who continued his visitation in England, France, Germany and Flanders, and commenced also in Italy. A monastery was founded at Pontolio, in the diocese of Brixen. Francis of S. Felice was elected vicar by the Mantuans.

Year 1506.—Monasteries were founded on the isle of Sardinia at Boyt and Teilli.

Year 1507.— The Benedictine Convent of S. Salvatore de Scrino was, at their own request, incorporated in our convent at Naples.

The Mantuans elected Baptist Mantuanus again for their vicar.

Year 1508.—In Spain the Bethic province was formed, and a convent of sisters opened at Granada. The Mantuans who for two years had lived in Florence, left their monastery and for twelve years lived together with the Augustinians.

Year 1509.—A convent is founded at Madonna del Melo in Romandiola. The

vicar of the Mantuans was Martin of Bergamo.

Year 1510.—At Naples, on May 19th, the general chapter was opened. 22 definitors were present. 27 provincials were appointed. Ireland and Portugal were left to the general. The Bethic province was cut off from Castilia. The Cardinal Protector was Ligismund Gonzaga. The Mantuans commenced the monastery de la Forma and of Mary of Loretto near Mantua. In Romandiolo a convent was opened at Mercati Sarraceni.

Years 1511—12—The general, Terrassa died either at the end of 1511 or the beginning of 1512. His successor as vicar general was Bernardine Landucci of Siena. The Mantuans had Anthony Aovari for their vicar. A convent was opened at Rivoli in Savoy, and at Gienne in Spain. Pope Julius II, on account of the wars raging, postponed the general chapter one year, and changed the place from Barcelona to Siena.

Year 1513.—The general chapter assembled in Rome, in San Martino dai Monti. Bl. Baptist Mantuanus was elected general. As the elected was not present, the Cardinal, Ligismund Gonzaga appointed Bernardin Landucci a president of the chapter and vicar general. Only 15 definitors were present; 25 provincials were appointed. Scotland and Toulouse were left to the general. The decrees were but repetitions of former decrees.

The Albi congregation again sought and obtained the recognition of the apostolic see, like the Mantuan.

In Viena, Poland, a monastery was erected; also at Antigo in Spain; a convent for sisters at Hispalis. The sisters convent at Abule joined our order.

Year 1514.—Leo X reduced the tenure of office of the provincials from six to three years, at the request of the general. In Sicily monasteries were founded in Tripe and Heraclea. The Mantuans obtained from Leo X a monastery at Pictoga.

The End.

A Thanksgiving.

Rose C. Conley.

Spring.

For a new world clad in verdure
And beauty of blossoming trees;
For the faint wild flower fragrance,
Borne on the wandering breeze;
For the music of unfettered waters
Flowing through pastures green;
For all the spring-time beauties
That our glad eyes have seen—
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

Summer.

For the flower-crowned hours of summer
Whose passing was all too fleet,
As we wandered thro' dark pine forests
Where the wild birds carolled sweet;
For dainty fruits and dewy morns,
And the fragrant blushing rose;
For all the tender graces,
That only summer knows.
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

Autumn.

For the rich stores of abundance
Thy golden harvest yields;
And the vivid dying glories
Of autumn woods and fields;
For our country's peace and honor,
Which all true hearts elate,
And for all the gracious forms
Thy many blessings take—
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

Winter.

And now for health and plenty,
As winter's snow descends;
For shelter from the storm king,
And true kind earthly friends;
For the good gifts of each season,
Sent from Thy home above,
And for that dearest treasure,
Thine own great gift—great love—
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

"Lazy" Monks and the Progress of Science.

(A true story translated from The Katholische Volkszeitung.)

There was once a professor who generally embellished his lectures with the remarks : The priests are good for nothing ; in fine to express myself briefly, the priests always hated science, art and every progress,they loved and loved only, returning to darkness.

One day after school, there came to him a student who was a good young man, intellectual, and not easily scared, always looking for new fun. He goes to the professor and says to him : "Professor, would you be kind enough to solve for me some doubts that bother me since I have assisted at your lectures ?"

"Why not, my friend, with pleasure. With the greatest of pleasure. Out with it."

"Only a few questions, professor. Who has reserved for us the ancient classics? How is it they did not perish when barbarism flooded the whole of civilization.

"Monks have in their cloisters copied them, and thus saved them to us."

"What ! Monks ?"

"Yes, monks ; especially the Benedictines."

"Well, then, monks. Monks have copied those ancient codices and thus saved them for us ? That must have been a tedious work, was it not ? And, of course, they contracted consumption from the library dust ? Certainly ; indeed, it was in those days when regents could not write their own names. Curious times and curious these monks that they delighted to copy letter by letter from Livius, Caesar, Cicero, Virgil and moreover from Tibullus, Propertius,Ovid, etc. And how do these codices appear ? Carefully written as if printed, and the initials are real works of art !"

"Oh, these monks !"

"Wait, Professor. Is it true that without those priests we would not have a Columbus and Vasco de Gama ? A monk, Fra Mauro, they say, made in the year 1450 that celebrated chart that aroused Columbus ?"

"It is true, but any one else could have made that chart."

"Certainly ; but why should only priests have such smart thoughts ? Listen, professor, I read, too, that in place of the awkward Roman ciphers a Pope introduced the Arabian ciphers in arithmetic. Pope Sylvester II introduced them,"

"However, any other one could have done that if the Popes had not always pressed themselves forward."

"Well, they say, too, that a pope had invented the telescope and microscope."

"That can't be true. Those priests want to claim everything."

"That is to say it is indeed true. The Franciscan Roger Bacon had invented those instruments."

"But that was a modern Franciscan, and not one of those cowlmen of the dark ages. That rascal Bacon, when did he live ?"

"He died in the year 1292. He was modern very early, was he not ? Again, lately I have read who was the first to proclaim the theory that the sun stood still and the earth moved. Surely you don't even know that, professor."

"Copernicus !"

"No ; this canon has not that honor. Nearly one hundred years before Copernicus taught that—who do you think, who ? The Bishop of Regensburg, Regiomantanus, in 1476 !"

"It may be."

"Kindly excuse me. Why is the age when the sciences, art and literature especially shone forth called the 'Golden age of Leo X ?'"

"Why ?"

"Because Leo X. was the special patron of scientists, artists and literateurs."

"What ! Leo, Pope, and at the same time patron of all cultured triumphs. It seems to me, boy, you want to make fun of me."

"No, indeed. These are only doubts, unbearable doubts ! I would like to get at those priests and tell them that they are only of the dark ages, but those doubts don't give me any rest. Well,

is it true, professor, that the first free schools were opened by La Salle ?"

"Yes, the Frenchman, De La Salle."

"The priest De La Salle. The priest. And that the first who looked after the deaf mutes was Pedro de Ponce, and after him L'Epee ?"

"Yes ; the Spaniard De Ponce, and after him L'Epee."

"The monk De Ponce and the priest L'Epee. Do not be angry, professor, it is not our fault that the priests don't give us any peace in history. Pray, and I read too that the monk Berth Schwarz invented powder and the monk Guido D'Arrizzo the scale and the foundation rule of harmony ; a monk from Tagernsie in Bavaria, in 1000, glass painting ; a Jesuit, Cavalieri, 1747, polychromy ; the Jesuit Sechi, spectrum analysis—"

"Stop. I see you want to make fun of me. Blitz and thunder !"

"True, true ! The first lightning rod was not invented by Franklin, but already in 1754, the Pruimonstrant monk, Pastor Procop Divisch. Even Kurschner in his conversation dictionary, proves this."

"Hold your tongue, boy, talker that you are."

"Ah ! The greatest polygot of our time was indeed Cardinal Mezzofanto."

"Sufficient of your nonsense ; see you get hence."

"In what direction surely only Deacon Givia can tell us that. He discovered in the year 1300 the compass."

"Your brain is on fire."

"What, if I am burning I must call for the fire engine, that no conflagration takes place. The fire engines were first used by Cistercian monks and the Parisian Capucines were until the 17th century the firemen of Paris."

"If you don't be silent you'll fly out."

"Perhaps into the airy heights ? Right. The first balloon was invented by the monk Berthold Gusmas 60 years before Montgolfion, who in 1720, in the presence of the whole Portuguese court, ascended into the air. What, you rub your eyeglasses, professor ! That is an invention of the priests. The Dominican Alexander Spind, invented them in the 13th century ! Are you so much in a hurry that you look at your watch ? You should not do that at all. The watch is an invention of the priests. The first watch we have from the church—historian Cassiodorus (505) improved by Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester II, whom we have already mentioned. The first astronomical clock was made by the Abbott Richard Wallingsord in the year 1316. Well, but I go now. The gas lights are already burning. Only this, yet, professor, I suppose that you don't know that the Jesuits invented the gas—these born light shunners. For certain the Jesuits invented it, and used it in Stanyhurst, in England, 1794. The Jesuit, Dunn, established in 1815 in Preston the first gas company. Goodbye, professor, I hope you will excuse me. What, you have a bicycle, too ! That thing was invented by the priest Pianton, who already used it in 1845. Good night. Pray, do excuse me. What is true remains true. Let the searcher of history speak only the truth."

Once more said the student, "Goodbye."

But the professor said nothing. — (Catholic Register.)

Uniforms are often masks.

Temperance is a bridle of gold.

Pleasure's couch is virtue's grave.

Suspicion is the bane of friendship.

Politeness is the flower of humanity.

Secrecy is the chastity of friendship.

Temperance is the nurse of chastity.

"Pry" and "Trust" will move mountains.

Search others for virtues ; thyself for vice.

Vows made in storm are forgotten in calm.

Only a man of worth can recognize worth.

Rebuke with soft words and hard arguments.

We reform others unconsciously if we walk uprightly.

We talk little if we do not talk of ourselves.—Hazlitt.

Perseverance performs greater works than strength.

The Inestimable Gift of Faith.

It cannot be very difficult for us to form a true idea of human life, for daily experience compels us to notice, how that partial happiness and painful suffering, how momentary joys and heavy crosses, how smiles and tears follow each other in rapid succession. We must feel that this present abode of ours is a place of exile, a valley of tears illuminated occasionally by the feeble rays of fleeting enjoyment and rest. And we see, too, that sooner or later we must leave this abode ; an invisible hand severs the ties that unite body and soul ; a secret power—we call it Death—puts an end to our life.

These are facts well known to us all. But this idea of human life is, as yet, incomplete ; there are other facts which it comprises, facts that are no less certain, but which perhaps are less heeded, and which are more disputed. And these facts are, that an Almighty God, the Creator and Ruler of the universe, has ordained this, our present life, to be but a preparation to another life that begins with death, and will have no end ; to a life of eternal bliss or everlasting woe ; that this God has laid down laws for man to observe during his earthly career, in order to attain that future life of happiness ; that these laws and all that God requires of us are made known to us by the Divine Messenger, Jesus Christ, and after Him, by the Church, which he has instituted to teach all nations His heavenly doctrine ; which Church is no other than the Holy Catholic Church.

Yes, the truths revealed by God to mankind and preached to us by Christ's holy Church, are a necessary ingredient of our lives ; without the faith in these truths our present life has no meaning and no object ; without faith life is not worth living, nay, it becomes a burden that is unbearable.

To the atheist and unbeliever there is no God ; there is no Supreme Being that made all and rules over all that we see around us, there is no loving Father, no Rewarder of the good and Punisher of the wicked ; there is no future life ; with death everything ends. Indeed, a cruel doctrine, that is condemned even at the tribunal of human reason. It is not the understanding that utters these cold blasphemies, it is the wicked and sinful will. Men that are slaves to their passions, to whom the idea of a just God and of a future life is a hinderance in their sinful career, only such men could proclaim such maxims. They are cruel to themselves and cruel to those that follow them ; for how empty must not this life be to them ! They have nothing to live for, nothing wherewith to console their poor heart that yearns after immortality and happiness,—for with death everything ends. How can they bear the hardships of life. How can they endure suffering, sickness and losses of any kind ! Indeed, it is a well known fact that a violent death, that suicide, is frequently their only refuge.

I know dear reader, that you condemn such infidelity ; I know that God has bestowed on you the gift of faith ; you know the divine truths brought into this world by Jesus Christ and taught by His Church ; you believe these truths, and you have every reason to believe them. For if we believe what history tells us of a Cicero, of a Caesar, a Napoleon or a Washington, why should we not believe what it tells us of Jesus Christ ; namely, that he proclaimed Himself the Son of God, and in proof of His truthfulness performed most astonishing miracles which only God can work ; that this Divine Personage went about preaching a most sublime and consoling doctrine and finally instituted His Church to preserve and propagate this doctrine to all future generations. And this Church is no other than the grand old Catholic Church, for its origin alone dates back to the times of the apostles. Leo XIII alone is the successor of S. Peter, who was the first pope appointed by Jesus Christ over his Church, and hence the teaching of our Holy Church is the teaching of Christ, who is God, and therefore worthy of our belief.

And, again. Do you think that such great minds as a S. Augustin, a Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, and now the great Leo, our present reigning Pontiff, at whose feet the whole world lies in veneration and in admiration of his learning and power; in whose presence, mighty kings and emperors that come from all parts of the world to pay him homage, tremble before the prisoner of the Vatican, because there is something divine about the Pope,—he is God's vicar here on earth, do you think, I say, that such minds would acknowledge a teaching as divine, if there were not the best proofs for it!

No, indeed. Our Catholic Church, and it alone in this wide world possesses the full truth; every fair minded person that earnestly seeks the truth is convinced of this fact. In numbers, our separated brethren return to the faith of their fathers; the minister turns Catholic, often followed by his whole congregation.

And what salutary effects does not this faith work on those who possess it! It is not a dead element, but a living, an all penetrating power. With it in our bosom, this life has an object; with it there is something to live for. There is a loving Father in heaven Whom we must strive to please by being His obedient children; there is a Benefactor, to Whom we must show our gratitude for the great and numberless gifts he bestows upon us; there is a Heaven to be gained by the faithful discharge of our duties, by the conscientious observance of the laws God has laid down for us; there is a hell to be avoided by courageously fighting against our unruly passions and sinful appetites; there is a soul to be saved, our own immortal soul which so ardently longs for complete and never ending happiness. Indeed, a noble and important object of our existence.

In our faith, moreover, we possess something to brighten up this valley of tears; in it we have something to console us in our misery and suffering. The faith makes our crosses light, it makes our present life bearable, it enables us to suffer patiently and even joyfully, it and it alone can give us happiness amidst all our hardships. Because our holy faith teaches us that all our crosses come from the hands of a loving Father, Who sends them not to torment us, but for our own good; to detach our hearts from the transitory and unworthy objects of this earth, to which it is but too much attached. He sends them to give us a chance of becoming like to our suffering Redeemer, a chance of meriting an imperishable crown in heaven.

Then, again; the battle we have to wage against the devil and our passions is a hard and painful one, indeed. But faith makes it easy. It teaches us that prayer will obtain for us God's assistance in the struggle; that a tender mother in heaven, that a host of friends are there interceding for us, ever aiding us by their supplications.

The tortures of a conscience steeped in sin are terrible; but faith shows us the Confessional, where our sins are washed away, where our soul is cleansed and peace with its God is restored to it.

The ardent desire of our heart for happiness that is not satiated here below is to us a source of sadness and affliction. But faith reminds us that we must be patient for a little while, that all our desires will be amply fulfilled in the life to come.

We stand at the sick bed of those we love; we see how death snatches them from us; we accompany their mortal remains to the grave, our heart is bleeding our sorrow intense. But faith also now consoles the afflicted soul: "They are not dead, they have gone to a better world, where we shall again be united never more to be torn asunder." These are the soothing thoughts it awakens in our mind.

Finally, we have to die ourselves. We must leave all our friends, all our possessions, everything near and dear to us. It is a painful separation. But faith assures us that death is the gate through which the soul passes from a land of exile to its true home, which is Paradise; that death is the end of a life of sorrows; the beginning of an eternity of happiness. O, the inestimable gift of the faith!

How miserable and sad, therefore, is not the lot of the unbeliever. Indeed, he well deserves our pity. To help him to the true faith by prayer, or by an instructive word spoken when the oppor-

tunity offers itself, would be the greatest act of fraternal charity.

And we, who are so happy as to possess this inestimable gift, what care should we not take to preserve it to ourselves and our children. Cruel to himself is the man that falls away from the faith; cruel the parents that neglect to bring up their children in the true faith that deprive an exiled suffering soul of its only consolation.

Yes, let us thank God for the gift of the faith; let us frequently ponder over its consoling truths; let us pray for the unhappy unbeliever, and especially, let us live according to our holy faith, in order, finally, to attain the happiness it promises them that serve their Lord.

READING AND THINKING.

Sir Francis Bacon did not say, "Reading maketh a wise man." He knew better. He said, "Reading maketh a full man;" and the man who fills himself with words is an entirely different individual from the man whose mind is filled with useful and uplifting thoughts and ideas. A man who has read very little or one who indeed has never read anything, may be far wiser than the one who reads and reads, but never thinks.

In these days of cheap literature the tendency to read to much is very great. It is no uncommon thing to see people, who have read, "not wisely but too well," arise and give opinions on matters about which, correctly speaking they know nothing. They imagine foolishly that because they have read superficially some newspaper articles or books about a certain subject that they know it all. There is no greater mistake than this. They may fool simple people (and themselves) with a dazzling display of imitation erudition. But they only make the judicious grieve.

There is a great difference between being widely read and being deeply read. A string of mouth filling phrases, a list of names and titles, a lot of dates, all glibly rendered—this is not learning, nor culture, nor wisdom. A man may have all such outward signs of scholarship and yet be an ignoramus aof the most pronounced type. It is only a very ill-informed person indeed who would be deceived by such claptrap.

It is to be regretted that, in these days, vulgar displays of pinchback learning are mistaken for the real thing. Newspapers, magazines and books are full of it. The lecture platform and the sectarian pulpit exhibit it. The drawing rooms of the rich and the "socials" of the poor are infested with it.

Too much reading and too little thinking is the cause of it. Let us indeed be readers of books, but let us be willing to give some time and thought to what we read. Let us not accept everything as true which we see in print. Let us acquire facts, and let us give some attention to arranging such facts in our minds by placing them in their proper relation, one to another. Let us not fill our minds with a jumble of half formed thoughts and images. One clear idea is worth any number of vague, shadowy, indistinct notions.—(S. H. Review.)

LOST HOURS.

We have all wasted many precious minutes. Perhaps it has been over a foolish book; may be mere indolence. A gentleman travelling in England was reminded very forcibly of his "lost hours" as passing through an old castle he saw these words on the wall of the nursery:

LOST.
Somewhere between sunrise and sunset,
Each set with sixty diamond minutes.
Two golden hours,
No reward is offered
As they are gone forever.

The very uniqueness of the idea startled him. He read it again. "It is true, they are gone forever," said he sadly. "All those hours I wasted at school instead of studying are lost. The many opportunities I have had for doing good are neglected and gone." When you are inclined to waste the moments which are so valuable, think of the lines in the English castle and the sorrow of its reader..

To Late.

By C. J. Anderson.

Though they had been married three years, George Maner and his wife, Jean, had never gotten along well together, but this was not the fault of the kindly and loving spirit of George. Following a short acquaintance, their marriage had been a hasty one. The parents of George Maner objected to his marrying Jean Duncan, a girl with whom he was so little acquainted, and whose antecedents were almost unknown. But George did not think the unwillingness of his parents just to the girl herself, and so he followed his own wishes; he argued, moreover, to himself, if the girl herself is all right, what's the use of bothering about her great-great-grandmother and her great-great-grandfather. Why should he care about them? Jean Duncan took his fancy and so he married her.

Jean herself was beautiful and vivacious, well educated and clever. But there were some traits in her character which George Maner did not and could not perceive in his short acquaintance with her; she was impulsive and suspicious, or better, impulsively suspicious, and opinionated to such a degree, that when once provoked to a desperate resolution, all the kindness and blandishments of her most intimate friends and well-wishers could not move her to change her will. This bent of Jean's was the cause of untold sorrow for her.

Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Maner in the course of three years. a boy and a girl. These seemed to draw the wife closer to her husband and to smooth the way to a more peaceful course of life. Both parents were attached to the children, and through them, they seemed to be more attached to each other. But, alas! the bond was soon broken asunder. The children died, and again Mrs. Maner seemed to become more distant to her husband. Her suspicious and impulsive nature would never allow her husband to rest quite in peace. Something was always happening which annoyed or angered her. George tried to the best of his power, to him in all his endeavors to prove to his wife his love and devotion.

Though Jean had not the least ground for reasonable complaint against her husband, she had, for some time past, been suspicious of the singleness of his love toward her. She had looked wrongly on several of his actions, and misconstrued the meaning of some of his words. In vain did George protest. She would not believe him. Finally in an untoward moment, she found her husband in what she thought a compromising situation,—and that thought was his death.

She had gone off for a few days, with some of her friends to a summer resort. She said she would be away for about two weeks, if her husband didn't care. George, of course, told her to stay as long as she pleased, and to enjoy herself on her vacation, and said he would be happy to think she was away enjoying herself. Suspicious by nature, she foolishly imagined her husband's words implied but little love toward her, and that, perhaps, he was glad to be rid of her for a few weeks. This ungrounded fancy grew stronger as the days of her visit passed by. At the end of a week she grew so restless and suspicious in desiring to know precisely what her husband was doing, that she resolved to return home the next day, without telling him a word about her return.

At six o'clock Monday evening, eight days after his wife had gone on her vacation, George Manor was sitting in his study reading the Evening Post. Suddenly the door bell rang. He went to the door, and opening it he saw a young woman who smiled sweetly upon him and said:

"Well, George, how glad I am to see you!"

George drew back and did not offer his hand.

"You don't know me?" asked the please and conciliate her, but, somehow, things seemed to be in league against young woman laughingly. "Well, that's not a bit nice of you. If you weren't so

sour looking I'd kiss you. Anyway, I'll do it."

"Mary! is that you? How you've changed!" exclaimed George, recognizing his half sister, and allowing her to carry out her threat.

"You were a little girl with red hair when I saw you last, and now your hair is golden. How's that?" asked George, innocently.

"Oh, you were always too inquisitive, George, and you're just the same as ever," replied Mary, evasively, laughing off George's too pertinent question,— too pertinent for a pretty young girl, who wasn't so pretty when she was young, and who then had fire red hair.

It was fifteen years since George had seen Mary, and the little girl of eight, with whom he had often romped over the countryside, had grown up into charming womanhood. She had lost, or rather, hidden to the world at large, those charms which so endear children to us. But she had gained other and as attractive qualities which gave her charms of another order. Whether she had gained or lost more by the metamorphasis would be difficult to say; but in the world's judgment she had gained immeasurably; and, after all, to a young woman the world's judgment, which is seldom wholly wrong, and often wholly right, is worth almost its weight in gold, for the world must be the theatre of her earthly life, as it is the novitiate of her life to come.

"Why did you not tell me you were coming?" asked George.

"I was going to California to my aunt's, and as I didn't know when I'd again have such a chance as this to see you, I thought I'd come to surprise you,' said Mary, as they went through the hall to George's study. "Is your wife well?"

"Yes, very well," answered George, "but, I'm sorry to say, she's not at home at present. She went out to Cragg's End last week for a vacation. I'm alone here, and we'll have to go out for dinner."

"Oh, that's too bad. I was so desirous of seeing your wife. When will she be back?"

"Not before next Monday," said George; "that is, unless I send for her, but I hate to do that. You can stay till she returns?"

"No," replied Mary; "I must leave on Thursday at the latest. I've promised to be in Sacramento by Monday. Aunt Lizzie is going to Vancouver for the summer, and she wants me at home for a few days before she goes."

"Too bad! I really don't know what to do about it," said George, sitting down beside his sister on the sofa.

As George and his sister walked towards the study, Mrs. Maner drove up to the house. She had turned into the street on which the house stood as Mary Drixen stepped over the threshold of her husband's home. She caught a glimpse of Mary from the cab, and at once her most malignant suspicions were entirely confirmed. Hastily alighting, she hurried up the steps leading to the door, which she opened and cautiously entered. Silently, and on tiptoe, she went along the hall to her husband's room. She could hear the voices of her husband and Mary. As she drew near the half open door of the study, she listened to hear what they were saying.

"Too bad! I really don't know what to do about it," were the words she distinctly heard.

A moment's silence followed.

"Do you think, Mary, we should let Jean know immediately?" asked George in his characteristically kind tone.

Mrs. Maner imagined she grasped completely the situation. Her husband and that girl with him were about to elope. They were considering whether or not they should let her, Mrs. Maner, know of the affair immediately. Her anger rose to rage; her blood boiled in her veins; she awaited no further words, but with a rush, was in the room confronting the surprised brother and sister.

"You villain! hypocrite! deceiver! I've caught you at last!" she shrieked into his face, as she stamped the floor in rage.

This enigmatic and frantic conduct of his wife confused and muddled Mr. Maner completely. Neither the brother nor the sister could grasp the meaning of Mrs. Maner's frantic conduct, and the more she fumed the more confused and thunderstruck did they become. This confusion assured Mrs. Maner only the more that they were guilty. George recover-

ed himself partly and was about to speak, but his wife broke out, interrupting him :

"You liar and traitor ! How dare you insult me in my own house, by bringing this baggage to it ? You wanted me out of it, that you might do as you liked. I'll never again enter it or live with you ! Make her your associate, your mistress. I'll go home and never bother you again."

Mrs. Maner uttered these words in a frenzied manner and could not possibly have recognized her husband's sister,even if she had had some knowledge of her appearance. Like a flash, before Mr. Maner could utter a protest, Mrs. Maner fled from the room and was in her cab whirling along to the railroad station.

George Maner sat as if petrified, gazing blankly before him. His sister had turned pale with fright, but as Mrs.Maner slammed the front door, Mary realized her position and burst into tears. Her sobs brought George to himself and he rushed out of the house in pursuit of his wife. She was gone. As he burst out of the front door her cab sped away. He called to the driver, but the latter heeded not. George knew that his wife would carry out her threat of going home. He rushed into his house and telephoned for a cab to come in double haste.

It came in twenty minutes, but too late,—the train that carried his wife had just left as he reached the station. The next train would not leave for two hours so he returned home, still dazed by his wife's unaccountable conduct.

When he returned his sister was still crying and lamenting the misfortune she had brought upon her brother. George endeavored to quiet and console her,saying he would go to his wife by the next train and explain all. At length she became calmer, and begged leave to accompany him. He at first refused, but believing the presence of his sister would dispel al doubt from his wife's mind, he agreed to take her with him.

They took the 8.30 train, and expected to arrive at the home of his wife's parents next morning. The night was pitch dark. The rain poured down in torrents, and the lightning flashed over the wooded uplands.

"What an awful night for the poor engineer," said Mary to her brother, as the train sped along. "He mustn't be able to see beyond the window of his cab."

"Yes, I wouldn't want to have his responsibility on a night like this," said George, as he looked out of the window. "It is very dark, and the rain is so heavy that it must be like a curtain before the engineer's window.

Suddenly there was a jar, a mournful clang of the engine's bell, a crash,— and the fast Pacific express was hurled fifty feet downward into Henly's Glutch. The rush of water had loosened the track. The weight of the speeding train was too great, and as a consequence the express was a mass of debris fifty feet below. All the train hands were killed, and but few of the passengers escaped alive.

* * * *

Early next morning Mrs. Maner arrived at her old home. Everyone was surprised to see her ; but her explanation was short,—her husband had proved unfaithful, had prepared to elope, and she would have nothing more to do with him.

As she picked up the morning paper, her eye caught sight of the heavy headlines which told of the disaster at Henly's Glutch. Her face turned pale as she read it, for she knew she had passed over that place but two hours before the accident. She glanced hurriedly over the names of the dead and wounded. She started as she read the eighth name, but the start was soon turned into a sort of revengeful joy, as she read :

"Geo. Maner and wife killed ; Maner's neck broken ; wife mangled beyond recognition."

"It serves him right," she exclaimed, in scurvy satisfaction. "And wife ! Oh, the wrong of fate and sin !"

She seemed to harden as she pondered over the awful misfortune that had befallen her husband, and instead of showing the slightest sign of sympathy, she rejoiced, to think that her husband had paid the penalty of his crime.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, the Evening Post came. Full details of the wreck were now given. Mrs. Maner began to peruse them with a feeling of self-justification. The dead list was considerably changed. Her husband's name did not appear to be there. With cruel haste she read the list. Wasn't his

name there? Wasn't he killed? Yes, at last she came to it. Her eyes glowed as she read:

"Geo. Maner killed instantly, neck broken.

"Miss Mary Drexen, killed instantly; terribly mangled. Name found on card in pocket and on linen."

As she read the angry glow faded from her cheeks.

"Mary Drixen!" she exclaimed, her face becoming like marble.

A single moment of suspense followed. Then falling in a swoon, she shrieked:

"My God! It was his sister!"

The King's Pilot.

A glorious Saint to-day we sing,
Who reigns with God on high,
And who will intercede for us
From realms beyond the sky.

O Blessed Dionysius,
Whose praise I'll ever sing,
What do they mean by calling thee:
The "Pilot of the King?"

"'Twas mine," he answered, "far from home
Across the angry wave,
To bear the Holy Cross of Christ
And sinners' souls to save."

How didst thou learn, O blessed one,
To sail on this world's sea?
"Our Holy Rule," he gravely said,
"Daily instructed me."

Where was the chart to point the way
Amid the rocks of life?
"The laws of Holy Church," he said,
"Sufficed me for the strife."

What was the food, O, answer me,
That strengthened all thy need?
"The flesh of Christ, my risen Lord,
Ah! that was strength indeed!"

What was the watchword, glorious Saint
That fired thy soul each day?
"To die," he cried, "ten thousand deaths
Rather than not obey."

O, Blessed Dionysius,
Whose praise I'll ever sing,
Be thou to me, a Pilot true,
And guide me to the King.

THE SNARE THAT BINDS.

(Denver Catholic.)

The moderate drinker says: "I can drink, or I can let it alone." He goes on drinking and when outraged nature compels him to own that he is ruining himself, and he tries to "let it alone," he finds entwined with every fibre of his being invisible chords that are stronger than steel. It is not his hands, his limbs, his feet, that are bound about by the unseen net, but every quivering fibre is caught in the cruel mesh, till the feet are forced to run at the beseech of the appetite, and the hand is forced to lift the crime-breeding liquor to his lips. Desire is his master, and even his mind is not his own. His thoughts revolve around the one idea, gratification of his uncontrollable appetite. He imagined himself free until he attempted to prove his freedom. Then he found that the soft words of his own desire had trapped and caged his manhood, and made him a slave.

Just so it is with all sin and all sinful pleasure. Men dally with it, and think it is their servant. They play with it as a fish nibbles at a tempting bait, but when they have swallowed the hook, they find the barb is fastened in their soul. The servant is the master, the master the servant, and to break away from the chord that binds them, the hook that holds them, requires a power that they do not possess, a power which they have hitherto spurned; and too often it is the case that they have no desire for release, no desire to know the only power that can make and keep them free.

Tarry not at the wine; have no fellowship with the pleasures of sin. Are the pleasures of sin sweet to you? Then know this, that when the great net of sin has fully encircled you, there will be a bitterness and disappointment in store for you which only a look into the abyss of eternal death can make you realize; tarry not—turn face heavenward; speed and slumber not.

Laudamus.

The more sand has escaped from the hour-glass of our lives, the clearer we should see through it.—Jean Paul.

The New Carmelite General.

A cablegram from Rome announced the election of Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., as General of the whole Carmelite Order. The general chapter is held in Rome every six years, and three representatives of each province take part in it. At the last chapter, in 1896, Father Pius being provincial, was present and received some votes for general.

He was born in 1848, in Riedlingen, a beautiful town of Wurtemberg, situated on the Danube. He came to this country as a student and entered the Seminary of St. Francis, Milwaukee, Wis., where he completed his studies with great honors. He was ordained to the priesthood in June, 1871. In 1874 he

joined the Carmelites, who only a few years previously had come to the western world to establish a new home for themselves. His unusual talents were soon noticed by the other members of the Order, and in 1877 he was appointed Prior of the Monastery at Niagara Falls. In February, 1883, he was made Prior of Pittsburg, Pa., where the people will long remember his great work, especially in the cause of education. In 1886 he was appoineed Commissary General of the American Carmel, and when the Commissariate was erected into a province in 1890, he was appointed the first Provincial. At the first Provincial Chapter of the Province held at New Baltimore in 1894, he was, by the unanimous vote of all, elected Provincial. At the Provincial Chapter of 1897, he was chosen Prior of the monastery at New Baltimore, Pa. Since the last Chapter in 1900, he was principally engaged in giving missions till December of last year, when he was called to Rome to assist the General, Very Rev. Simon Bernardini, in his arduous duties of the government of the Order. During this time he was also professor of moral theology in the new International Carmelite college in that city.

Father Pius possesses unusual talents and always made good use of them, Besides discharging the office of Prior or Provincial with great prudence, he was generally engaged either in teaching theology or giving missions in various parts of the country. He is well known as a preacher. All who have heard him will remember his powerful eloquence on the missions.

Father Pius will not be a stranger in Rome. He visited the city different times, and for the last year he has made his home there. He is fairly well conversant with the Italian language, and speaks Latin fluently. We all wish him success in his new office, anh hope that this will be a step to something higher. Ad Majora.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.

Reputation is what men and women think of us. Character is what God and the angels know of us.

Let everything turn upside down, not merely above us, but within us; let the soul be sad or gay, in sweetness or bitterness, at peace or in trouble, in light or darkness, temptation or repose, gratified or displeased ; let the sun burn us or the dew refresh us ; we must rest with eyes fixed upon the will of God, our one sovereign Good.—St. Francis de Sales.

PERSONALITY AS CAPITAL.

A pleasing personality is of untold value. It is a perpetual delight and inspiration to everybody who comes in contact with it. Such a personality is capital.

Very few people ever come to your home or ever see your stocks and bonds and lands and interest in steamship lines or corporations, but your personality you carry with you everywhere. It is your letter of credit. You stand or fall by it.

What indescribable wealth is packed into some fine, beautiful personality we meet now and then!

How the character millionaire dwarfs the mere money millionaire! How poor and despicable does a man who gained his wealth in a questionable way appear before a superb personality, even without money and wealth. The millionaire of brains, of self-culture, puts to shame the man who has dwarfed and cramped his soul of his money-millions.

What a boon it is, when you meet a friends on the street for a few moments, to be able to fling out the wealth of a rich manhood or womanhood into his consciousness and to make him feel that you have wealth much superior to that of mere money!

How unfortunate it is that young people in our homes and schools are taught the value and importance of personal wealth, which they always carry with them and which is on perpetual exhibition in a world's fair!

We should never begrudge any expense time or effort within our reach which will add to our personal wealth—which will enrich and beautify the character of those about us.

No matter how deformed your body may be, it is possible for you to throw such a wealth of character—of love, of sweetness, of light—into your face that all doors will fly open to you and you will be welcomed everywhere without introduction. A beautiful, sweet heart, the superb personality of the soul, belongs to everybody. We all feel that we are personally related to one who has these, though we have never been introduced to him. The coldest hearts are warmed and the stubbornest natures yield under the charm of a beautiful soul.

To be able to throw the searchlight of a superb personality before us wherever we go through life and to leave a trail of sunshine and blessing behind us; to be loved because we scatter flowers of good cheer wherever we move is an infinitely greater achievement—a grander work—than to pile up millions of cold, unsympathetic, mean, hard dollars.—(Pittsburg Catholic.)

My Lilies.

"Pure lilies of external peace, whose odors haunt my dreams."—Tennyson.

Fragrant lilies! they are blooming
In "the fields of light" above;
Yet they haunt my shady dreamland
With sweet odors of pure love.

Odors from that land of Angels,
Where all pains for ever cease;
Where "the wicked cease from troubling"
And the weary are at peace.

One was gathered in the spring-time,
Others gently passed away
With the lovely snow-white blossoms,
In our Lady's month of May.

When September's tints autumnal
Seemed like sunset in the west,
Angels sought a natal-offering*
For the Virgin Mother blest.

Two—how peacefully they're sleeping,
Deep amidst the snow drifts white;
Yet, they too are lilies, blooming
In the radiance of His sight.

Blossoms of the fields elysean!
O, how sweetly they embalm
Dreamland shades, with mystic odors
From the Kingdom of the Lamb.

"Enfant de Marie,"
St. Clares.

*—In allusion to one laid to rest on the 8th of September. R. I. P.

Secrecy is the chastity of friendship.

Search others for virtues; thyself for vice.

Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are.

Editorial Notes.

On Sunday, October 12th, at Niagara Falls, Rev. Brocard Koehler, O.C.C., was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto. Fr. Boniface Hund received minor orders and subdeaconship. After the Mass the young Levite gave his blessing to all present in the church.

* * * *

Meantime the Roman Catholic rejects the right of the Church of St. Ignatius to call itself a "Catholic" church, refuses to recognize the validity of its clerical orders, looks on its priests as mere laymen, and regards its "high mass" as an idle and impious ceremony."

The Roman Catholic rejects the right of the church of St. Ignatius to call itself Catholic, and with full right. For if you were to travel the whole world over, you would not find another church where the services are performed in the same way. The Catholic Church does not recognize their clerical orders, because a commission appointed by the Pope several years ago to examine them pronounced them invalid. If their clerical orders are invalid, their priests are mere laymen, and their "high mass" is consequently an empty ceremony.

* * * *

President Rooseveldt, since his elevation to the presidency, has in general been impartial to the selection of persons for the various offices, regardless of their religion or politics. Lately he has given another instance in the appointment of Judge Smith, a Catholic, to the Philippine commission, and of Bishop Spaulding to the commission that is to settle the great coal strike. A short time ago, when the President stopped a few hours at St. Vincent's hospital, Indianapolis, to have an operation performed, he there met a sister who had nursed him during the Spanish-American war. He shook hands with her, and recently the sisters of the hospital received his photograph with a letter from his secretary. On the picture was written: "To the Sisters of St. Vincent's hospital, with the grateful regards of their patient, the President. — President Rooseveldt, Oct. 1, 1902."

Premier Combes, in the French Chamber of Deputies, according to the Boston Pilot, defending the expulsion of the religious communities, said :

We have reached a turning point in our history. The country would perish if we yielded to the congregations. We wish to arrest the monastic invasion and depend upon the support of the chamber."

Perhaps the best commentary thereupon is Ernest Daudet's "Deserted Cloisters," in Le Soleil, of which an excellent translation appears in the latest issue of our esteemed contemporary, the Ave Maria. The distinguished novelist had visited a Carmelite convent from which the nuns had lately been expelled, and where "everything spoke of brusque and forced abandonment." He continues :

"Why have they been expelled ? How did they interfere with the ascent of ambitious politicians ? What fetters did the prayer of a Carmelite or a Little Sister of the Poor place on the inordinate cupidity of a petty official ? And what evil was done to our statesmen by the Trappist, bent in silence over his plough, or the Benedictine devoting his time to study, meditation and prayer ?"

* * *

The general intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for November, is true love for the dead. All of us try to show our love towards our dead friends and relatives, but how many of us do it in the right way. We weep bitterly over their loss for some time and that is about all we do. We are not forbidden to grieve at the loss of our dear ones, but our sorrows should be tempered with the hope that they are better off now than before, and that we will be united with them again,—not like that of the pagans who have no hope. But, if we only weep for our dead and do nothing more, our love is not very strong. What would we say of the love of parents for their children, if they refused to relieve them when they were suffering extreme want. It is the same with the love for our departed ones. If we only weep for them and do nothing more, our love is not

can help them in so many ways. We can have the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered up for them, and offer our good works for them. We can pray for them, and nowadays especially, there are so many prayers and good works enriched with indulgences, most of which are applicable to the Poor Souls. In this way we will show our true love for the dead.

* * * *

On the first day of the month our Holy Mother, the Church, wants to forget for a short time the fleeting pleasures and joys of this life to direct our gaze to what awaits us beyond the grave, if we are faithful to our Baptismal promises. The Church opens, as it were, a little of the gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem, and letting a few rays of that ineffable glory which God has in store for saints, shine upon us, says to all rich and poor, learned or ignorant. These good things you are putting by are hardly an image of the good things awaiting you beyond the grave. Labor is, indeed, a condition of your earthly condition, but while laboring for time, labor eternity, Heaven alone is worthy of your care.

In her own eloquent language, the church speaks of our dear fatherland. The epistle of to-day encourages our weakness; it tells us that Heaven is filled with persons of every tribe, tongue and nation; that the saints were all that we are, weak, tempted sinners,even in a word, children of Adam, like us,that it only remains for us to be one day what they were.

The Gospel of the Feast shows us the conditions on which Heaven will be given to us. It consoles us by teaching us that the simplest virtues from humility, which delights in being concealed; to patience, which calumny puts to the severest tests, are so many royal roads that lead to the haven of rest and happiness. The saints have shown us the way, we are to follow.

* * * *

The Ritualists continue to drift towards the Catholic Church in their rites and ceremonies. Recently they opened a new church in New York, on which occasion the Ritualist bishop of Wisconsin celebrated "High Mass." The New York Sun, commenting on the ceremonies,says: "The services approached closely the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. The robes of the priests, the incense, the Sanctus bell and the genuflexions suggested Catholicism, and the preacher, the rector of the extremely Ritualistic and exceedingly prosperous Church of St. Mary the Virgin, proclaimed with emphasis that "this church is a part of the Catholic Church, and not a part of the Protestant sect," is the church of the worshippers in the Catacombs and through the Middle Ages to to-day," "is the Church authorized by Christ through St. Peter." He promulgated the doctrine of the Real Presence, defended "the right of the priest to grant, through the confessional, absolution according to the warrant of the Gospels," and contended that this faith and these practices "are growing all over the land" in the Episcopal Church.

It cannot be denied by any one familiar with the development of that Church in this country that the preacher had reason for this exultation. The most aggressive party in the Episcopal Church is now the High Church party and it is steadily pressing ahead to further extremes in Ritualism, toward mediaevalism, sacramentarianism and sacredotalism. "The priests of the church for the last fifty years," said the preacher,"have been cleaning out the wells; do not let the wells fill up again with rubbish and prejudice." And they have done the work very thoroughly. High Churchism both here and in England, has advanced far beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic leaders of the Oxford movement at its beginning in 1833. Even a generation ago, Episcopalians would have been horrified by the "Romanism" of the service, and the sermon at this opening of an Episcopal church last Sunday, no matter if they had been included in the High Church party as it then was. But now the teaching of the Real Presence and of confessional absolution in an Episcopal church produces no alarm, no unusual sensation.

There are words which are worth as much as the best action, because they contain the germ of them all.— Swetchine.

Book Review.

"Relation of Experimental Psychology to Philosophy," by Mgr. Desire Mercier, is a valuable contribution to the literature of philosophy. Every student of the higher sciences will derive advantage from the perusal of this masterly essay.

Published by Benziger Bros. Price, 35c.

* * * *

A Child of the Flood, by Rev. Walter T. Leahy.

The heroine of the story is a child who narrowly escaped from the destructive Johnstown flood. Her life and that of her brother is beset with various phases of fortune, which the reader will follow with unabated interest to the very end. The writer gives a good description of student life in our Catholic colleges and academies, the greater part of the story being taken up with this. The book, although intended for children, will be interesting to older people, to whom it will bring back the happy days of their college life.

Published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * * *

"In the Days of King Hal," by Marion Ames Taggart, is an interesting novel from start to finish. It brings us back to the turbulent times of Henry V. The cruel and unjust sufferings and persecutions of the principal characters, together with the fortitude and bravery with which they bore them, are touching as well as inspiring. After rain follows sunshine, so also did the hardships of the maiden Isabel have a happy close in the matrimonial union with the son of her father's murderer. We can recommend this novel to young and old, and are sure it will afford them a few hours' delightful reading.

Published by Benziger Bros.

* * * *

A Round Table of the Representative German Catholic Novelists.

Benziger Bros., New York, publishers. Price, $1.50.

This is a fourth volume of a series of Catholic fiction of the representative Catholic writers of different countries. The previous volumes of the series embraced the American, English, Irish and the French Catholic novelists. This volume is a round table of the German Catholic novelists, and contains the twelve best short stories of the foremost German Catholic writers, some of them of world-wide fame. We need only mention the names of Conrad von Bolanden and Jos. Spillman, S.J. After reading Long Philip, by Father Spillman, no one will feel disappointed, except that he would not believe the venerable, old-looking man capable of laughing so much The book is well printed and contains besides the stories a portrait and a short biographical sketch of the author.

Benziger Bros. have done a great service for English speaking Catholics in publishing these volumes, and we hope their efforts will be duly appreciated.

* * * *

A brief of the Spanish Inquisition, by Eliza Atkins Stone; reprinted from the Ave Maria.

This is a lucid and impartial dissertation on that all important and misrepresented question of history, the Spanish Inquisition. As the publisher remarks, this essay derives greater interest and import from the fact that the author is a non-Catholic. The author begins by giving three reasons for the misconceptions that exist in the minds of so many writers. She makes a remark which corrects an error into which so many have fallen, viz., that the acts of this tribunal, although mainly ecclesiastical, not the papal, but the royal hand was on the lever. She shows that the Protestants were even worse in this regard, for as Hume remarks, the Inquisition, without its order, was introduced into England. The treatise, though short, will accomplish its purpose,— that of dispelling from all minds the terror and dread with which the very mention of the name Inquisition used to inspire the minds of Protestants and some ignorant Catholics.

Published by the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

We expect everything and are prepared for nothing.—Swetchine.

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us.—Mme. Swetchine.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

A child of Mary desires to return thanks to our Blessed Mother for obtaining her recovery from intense nervousness, from which she had suffered for a number of years.

* * * *

Dear Rev. Father :

Will you kindly return thanks through your Review to Our Lady of Mount Carmel for my two children being successful in their examinations.

E. H.

* * * *

A reader of the Carmelite Review wishes to return thanks to the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony for a spiritual and temporal favor received, after many prayers and novenas were offered. Prayers will be said in thanksgiving.

A Subscriber.

GREAT FROM THE FIRST.

The world's most famous men have usually shown in their youth that there was good material in them, out of which brave and useful and honorable and clever men might be made.

A boy used to crush flowers to get their color and painted the white sides of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself with making drawings of his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said : "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a highly sensational novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself : "Come, this will never do. I get too much excited over it ; I can't study so well after it. So here goes !" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.—Monitor.

The highest nobility is natural or divine, and may belong to him who walks barefooted in rags ; but he who is without it, though clad in purple and gold, remains base and ignoble.

A VISIT TO THE CHURCH.

Professional and business men will find much appreciation when things problematictic arise, if they pay a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament at the nearest Church. It takes but a few moments, and the Sacred Heart of Jesus that throbs with love for us will more than doubly repay us for the time that we spent in His Divine presence.

Churches are handy in all parts of the city, and the little lamp that burns in the Sanctuary is the only companion of our sweet Saviour and loving God, save His countless angels. Let us for whom He died also visit Him occasionally, and we will be rewarded, for hHe is in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist not as a severe judge, but as the consoling refuge, wherein we may find solace. "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you."—Monitor.

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

A millionaire once said to me, "I never got real happiness out of my money until I began to do good with it." Be useful if you want to be cheerful. Always be lighting somebody's torch, and that will shed its brightness on your own pathway too.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

There exists in human nature a disposition to murmur at the disappointments and calamities incident to it, rather than to acknowledge with gratitude the blessings by which they are more than counterbalanced.

If a Protestant tourist or missionary goes into some avowedly Catholic country and finds churches and clergy few and far between, he writes home about the way the Church is neglecting these poor people. If, on the other hand, he finds the Church well organized and the clergy comparatively numerous he raises a wail on the cruel ways in which he is "priest ridden." He is bound not to be pleased, no matter what condition presents itself.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers.

That a person may obtain a certain position; that a teacher may get pupils and a position that was promised; three special intentions; that a husband given to drink may reform.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

Who can describe the sufferings of the Mother of Jesus? Alas, they were continual and excessive! The whole life of the Blessed Virgin was one long protracted agony, a perpetual Martyrdom. The bleeding tragedy of Calvary was ever before her eyes and present to her mind.

St. Bernard assures us that Mary suffered in her soul more than all the martyrs, and for this reason the church calls her the Queen of Martyrs and Mother of Sorrows. Knowing that it was the will of God that Jesus should die to save the world, she co-operated with him with all the powers of her soul. What a wonderful example of patience and resignation does not Mary give us?

Let us ever feel a tender compassion for the Queen of Martyrs, and sometimes reflect that it is we who have been the cause of her long and cruel martyrdom. When we have crosses to bear, let us unite them with hers, and follow in the footsteps of the Son and the Mother. She esteemed herself happy to drink with Jesus of the chalice of His humiliation, and to drain it even to the dregs.

Alas! how little do we resemble this perfect model. A single trial, the slightest suffering is sufficient to dishearten us, and to cause us to murmur and complain. Thus it is that we lose all the fruits of our trials and sufferings. Why are we so weak? Ah, it is because we do not know how to lean upon the cross as Mary did. If we thought often of the sufferings of the crucified Saviour, it would support us in our trials, and instead of pitying ourselves, we would say with the Blessed Virgin, "Father, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." —The Casket.

Our Lady's Own.

Scapular names have been received at Falls View, Ont., from St. Finnan's Church, Alexandria, Ont.; Trinity, Trinity Bay, Nfld.; St. Vincent de Paul's church, Niagara, Ont.; St. Basil's Novitiate, Deer Park, Ont.; Yonkers, N. Y.; Michigan; St. Mary's Institute, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Joseph's Monastery, Winsted, Conn.; Bay City, Mich.; St. James' church, Rockford, Illl.; St. Peter's church, Oshkosh, Wis.; St. Patrick's church, Scranton, Pa.; St. Dominic's Monastery, San Fransisco, Cal.; Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.; La Crescent P. O., Minn.; Gorham, Kan.; Hannah, Mich.; Newport News, Va.; Brechin, Ont.; St. Andrews, Ont.; St. Dunstan's church, Herington, Kan.; Staples, Ont.; University of Notre Dame, Ind.; Church of the Nativity of the Bl. Virgin, Williamstown Ont.

New Baltimore, Pa., from Nicholson, Pa.; St. Mary's Gaylord, Mich.; St. Louis' University, St. Louis, Mo.; Plymouth, Wis.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Ambrose church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Mary's church, Cleveland, O.; St. Vincent's Orphanage, Cleveland, O.; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cleveland, O.; St. Michael's church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Mary's church, Bloomington, Wis.; Sacred Heart church, Morrilton, Ark.; St. John's church, Scottdale, Pa.; Abbey of Gethsemani, Gethsemane, Ky.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good act to all eternity.

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.

Would you see God? Look at these exquisite flowers, at those waves curling on the current of rivers. Breathe the gentle western winds that bring health and comfort on their wings. Vast seas, wide plains, snow-capped mountains, all that we see, all that we hear speak to us unceasingly of our Father's love.

Obituary.

Hugh Kelly, of New York.

Sarah Doyle, who died in Alliston, Ont., on Aug. 16th.

John Graham, who died suddenly on Feb. 14th, 1902, at Metuchen, N.J.

The following lately deceased are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers :

Mary Ann Spaunhorst, who departed from this life on Bept. 13th, at St. Louis, Mo.

Sister Macrina, who passed away peacefully, at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

BOOKS.

Books are teachers whose influence is peculiar to themselves. They speak not to you unless you speak to them. You must go to them, or they will not come to you. They teach when other teachers sleep, or travel, or die. In the silence of the midnight hour, or in the seclusion of a mountain or forest retreat, with none but you and your book, there you and it, in stillness and solitude, may converse together. Not one sound shall pass from either to the other, yet you and it shall talk as though you had a veritable living person by your side. In the indelible form of printed words, passing as rapidly as the weaver's shuttle before your eyes, it then holds conversation with you in the secret chamber of your mind. Enfolded in those magic syllables and sentences, in a voice which none can hear but the visible ear of your own silent soul.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

Neutral men are the devil's allies.

The hardest step is over the threshhold.

The less men think the more they talk. —Montesquieu.

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity.—Cervantes.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

The ideal of friendship is to feel as one while remaining two.—Mme. Swetchine.

"The least said is the easiest remedied," is an old saying, but contains such a powerful amount of truth that when our glance falls on the expression we cannot help but ponder over it. In these days of worldly strife, we are prone to criticise our neighbor and many cases of enmity lasting to the grave have been caused by the tongue of the willing talker. We should be careful as to what we say, and as to the manner we say it, when we are speaking of another. We should avoid confidences with our intimates for therein lies the thread of so much after-sorrow. Man is prone to error ; if he has done wrong we should be the first to assist him. We can never make a man better by continually letting him know that he was once the subject of much criticism.

To do nothing by halves is the way of a noble mind.

We are liable to be corrupted by books as by companions.

Resignation is putting God between ourselves and grief.

Thy actions, and thy actions alone determine thy worth.

Trifles make up perfection, and perfection is no mere trifle.

Stab at thee who will ; no stab the soul can kill.—Raleigh.

We all bear the misfortune of others with heroic constancy.

To be misunderstood is the cross and bitterness of life.—Amiel.

Our greatest misfortunes come to us from ourselves.—Rousseau.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.—Solon.

Say not always what you know, but always know what you say.

Religion is as necessary to reason, as reason is to religion.—Washington.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, and innumerable to the vain.

Usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a traveller just returned from abroad.—Swift.

The meditative heart attends the warning of each day and hour, and practices in secret every virtue.—Goethe.

The Nativity

Carmelite Review

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Address communications and make orders payable to The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Christmas, 1902.

AFTING still adown long ages !
Never shall the music cease
Of that "Gloria" celestial,
And "good tidings" of God's peace.
We are listening in the silence
Of this holy Christmas night,
For the joyful strain, "Adeste !"
Come, adore the "Light of Light !"

Blessed Virgin Mother ! lead us
By thy star-like radiance mild,
To the holy contemplation
Of our God, a little child.
We are kneeling at the Altar,
Jesus veiled, we now behold,
Infant-like and still as lowly
As in Bethlehem of old.

"Prince of peace," and "King of Angels"
Babe, "Emmanuel," thou art !
May we taste the hidden sweetness
Of Thy meek and humble heart ?
May we echo angel-voices,
Singing gladly for Thy birth ?
And receive the Christmas blessings
Of "great joy" and "peace on earth."

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clare's.

For the Sake of Honor.

(A Christmas Storyette) Adopted from the German.

J. William Fischer.

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve. The steel-grey heavens were filled with heavy, thick snow-clouds, and the dark shadows of the night had already begun to creep around the lone western hills that bordered the quaint German city that lay in the lap of the silent valley, with the light of the moon full upon her peaceful face. The hours were getting late and yet the Christmas market was still the self-same scene of activity.

The many small booths were lit up by gorgeous colored lights and lanterns, and round the various Christmas trees stationed here and there groups of shivering children were standing—their poor little hearts give with expectation and happiness.

Just then an old man, whose gait bespoke that of a soldier, was seen walking in the directioa of the market-place. His coat was buttoned tightly below his chin and his cap was pressed down over his forehead. At his side walked a woman in deep mourning, with a sweet, sad face. When he beheld those little freezing forms of the children lined up before the beautiful Christmas trees he stood still for a moment, murmured a few words and then drew nearer with the strange woman in black.

"Had these done it," he said softly, "these poor children of the street, who have no bringing up, no home where they can see the good example daily before their eyes, then—

"Father, let us go back to the hotel," interrupted the woman, in soft, pleading tones.

"Is poverty hateful to you, my child?" asked the old man, somewhat sternly. "Do you not know that in the hearts of the common people lies the pride, the honor, the hope, the ambition of the fatherland! Who knows, but that amongst these very boys, there may not be perhaps, a son of that unfortunate man, who suffers for the sin of your only child and my grandson."

The woman trembled visibly and the tears crept into her eyes. The old man took no notice of her, and left her for a few moments, while he made some purchases at the various booths, and distributed little Christmas gifts to the poor, frozen children, standing there so beseechingly. Their voices rang a joyful gratitude, in clear, liquid notes, that could not but help pierce the hardest heart. The old man was happy, and over his wrinkled noble face, there stole a smile. Quickly he turned, and taking the arm of the woman in black in his own, he disappeared into the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

A poor woman was wandering aimlessly through the Christmas market. Her shoulders were covered with a thin shawl and on her head she carried an old cap. Upon her troubled face were imprinted deep lines of suffering. It bore such a pale, sad look. Was it, perhaps, that the flakes of snow had whitened her dark black hair and thus intensified the paleness of her face, or had want, despair or misfortune dimmed the roses in her cheek—for surely the woman could not have been much over thirty? No, there were no snowflakes; they were only thin, white, silver threads that want and despair had woven through her dark hair prematurely. Ah! this poor woman was unhappy. On her face was written the tale of her life. She was another creature of circumstances, and the surging crowds of people took no notice of her, as they pushed her aside in their mad endeavor to get away—away to their homes to celebrate, in their cherished circles, the festivities of a Christmas Eve, when kindness is indulged in almost too freely at home and it takes only an atom of it to bring joy to a longing, desolate heart, that has tasted life's bitter cup of gall and knows no

pain, save the pang of want and suffering.

It was a sad story filled with tender pathos, that had added the look of many years to this womanly face, and hurled her from an attitude of peace, into a very hell of misery. She had been blessed with a good husband, and they were very happy. Ehrlich himself had a position on the railroad, as nightwatchman at the switch, that yielded him a small salary, but Mrs. Ehrlich was an industrious woman, and often sewed until late after midnight, and thus increased the income, that helped to feed the hungry mouths of her three children. Then misfortune—black as a starless night—entered the happy home and with one stroke destroyed the joy and the hope of five loving hearts.

Ehrlich was an honorable man, much devoted to the post of duty. It happened one night—it was quite late and the sky was dark—that on his way down the track he came upon a lot of boys who thought it great fun to derail the midnight train, which was going to pass through shortly. One of them, the strongest and most daring in the crowd had taken it upon himself to do the dastardly act, and had placed a number of large boulders on the the track. They had not seen the switchman creeping up, who now stood before them, his large, night lantern full upon their faces. He called the rascals by name, as they made for the darkness. They were the sons of the city's most aristocratic families.

Ehrlich had barely time to clear the track. The on-coming midnight train had signalled. The last stone had rolled down into the ditch, and Ehrlich stood there, his face turned to the inky heavens above him, panting for breath, when the train rushed past with lightning rapidity, amid the sounds of wheels, the creaking of timbers and the tender prayer that came in interruptions from his trembling lips.

How many lives owe their gratitude to the watchfulness and devotedness of such a man as this! Was it not his duty then to bring these rascals to the bars of justice, or was he to overlook the matter, since the evil-doers bore the names of aristocracy and belonged to well-to-do families? No; the law would punish them, and make better boys out of them, and they would never resort to such a dastardly act again.

Ehrlich thus brought the case to the lawyers, and the investigation began. He brought no accusation without a proof, and yet the guilty ones lied maliciously. It was a sad state of affairs, and the whole city seemed to be rising in open rebellion. "Yet, sadder of all, it seemed to some, was the fact that the ring leader in the band was no other than the grandson of the good and highly respected General Von Rautenschwert. The affair had to be settled in some way. It would never do to find young Rautenschwert guilty and blast his future career, and his friends thus exerted every possible means, and left no stone unturned to accomplish this. The law, however, had to be appeased in some way. Now then it might take the devoted switchman as an offering of expiation. How, after all, thought some, did that fool of a switchman dare to place a descendent of Von Rautenschwert on the same footing with any other ordinary mortal? The remedy presented itself—the prisoners were honorably acquitted by the judge, who, by the way, was a close friend of the old general's, and the poor switchman was accused of having sworn falsely, and of having maligned the characters of these young aristocrats.

The unfortunate man was torn away from his wife and children, accused, examined and sent for trial before the high court. Pale and unswerving in his protest of innocence, in the witness box, sat Ehrlich, the doomed man. Slowly his eyes moved around the large court room, until they rested upon the group of young scoundrels, who sat there staring at him, as if they were his judges. Young Von Rautenschwert alone was as pale as death, and did not dare to lift his eyes. He was afraid that a glance at the innocent man in the box might bring him to his senses. Old General Von Rautenschwert was very ill at this time and his physicians thought it best not to mention his grandson's shameful deed to him. He, therefore, knew nothing of what was going on, and he lay on his sick bed, cut off from all intercourse with the outside world.

Ehrlich stuck to his story, that he had

seen young Von Rautenschwert pile the stones on the track, and when the judge charged the young culprit with his sentence, he denied it vehemently. In this he was joined by his other companions.

Ehrlich was found guilty of defamation of character,and so the judge sentenced him to prison for three years, and thus the poor switchman was sent to prison because he was true to his post of duty. That greedy monster, money, had entered the court room and influenced the jury. The judge, also, in addressing the jury, spoke strongly against the prisoner. And now, fond reader, you know the meaning of those silver threads in that poor woman's hair—and, do you know, they seem to ask God, in silent voice, why He should give the rich— the great people of the earth— so much power.

When Ehrlich went to prison, his wife was sick in bed. She had to work for her three children, but, alas ! she was too weak to do much, and finally, piece by piece, her furniture drifted away to provide food for her starving darlings. Darker and darker grew the night in the hearts of the unhappy ones. Mrs. Ehrlich hated the men, who had stolen her husband from her and had brought the shadow of shame and disgrace upon her innocent children. Six months had elapsed, and in the eyes of the public, Ehrlich was still looked upon as a guilty man, fully deserving of the punishment meted out to him.

Mrs. Ehrlich could not stand it any longer. The very city and its people were distasteful to her. In a distant city K—— she had a dear relative, a poor old woman, who was getting too weak to fight life's daily battle, and thither she went with her little family. The dear old lady took charge of the three children, and Mrs. Ehrlich went to the workshop to toil for the bitter crust of bread. They lived there together, in circumstances which we can well imagine, but, notwithstanding, they were happy, now that they were far away from everything and everybody that could possibly remind them of that sad chapter in their life-history.

Chapter III.

We left Mrs. Ehrlich at the Christmas market. It is true her income was small, but her mother-heart got the better of her and, thus, she was out on this particular evening, purchasing a few trifles for her children, that they, too, might know the happiness, of this festal season. The poorly dressed woman felt nothing of the cold, the thoughts of how her little ones would be delighted brought into her troubled heart the first warm feeling of joy since that terrible day of misfortune. In her happiness her thoughts stole to Him, whose birth all nations were celebrating,and she thought of how He had taken the poor and the weary into the treasure chamber of His own heart, and her spirits became softened, and, in her soul, there shone the lights of faith, hope and resignation, — kindled, no doubt, by some sweet angel of the Most High.

Night after night she had toiled in the workshop, in order to lay aside a little "pin" money for the Christmas season— and, now, she had finished her purchases. The salesman handed her a few candles for the Christmas tree under her arm. They were nearly burned up, but what of that ! And gladly she went away, for the bundles under her arms contained something for everybody. Even Dorthe, the trusty old woman, was not forgotten.

I wonder, if at this moment, Mrs.Ehrlich thought of her poor, wretched husband, whose heart longed for his dear ones ? Who can doubt it ? Was he not her first and last thought, the burden of all her prayers and her dreams—her silent companion in her working hours ? Even now, she pressed back a few tears and stifled the heavy pain in the depths of her soul. No, she would never murmur and complain again, but, placing her trust in God, she would bear patiently the cross, which weighed so heavily upon her shoulders. She sent her husband a greeting of love and prayed that God might, on this festal evening, permit one bright ray of happiness to steal into his gloomy cell.

When Mrs. Ehrlich came home, she found, to her great surprise, that the little ones were still awake, waiting and listening with open ears to a sweet story that dear old Dorthe, I am sure, had told them fully the hundredth time.

Little George ran into his mother's arms and surprised her, when he repeated a little verse of four lines, which he had learned from one of the neighbor's children. It sang the praises of Christmas cheer and when he finished, his mother said, laughingly, "Yes, children, you shall also have a taste of Christmas. Your father, who, as yet, cannot be with you, I am sure, told the dear Christchild how obedient and good you all have been, and kindly asked Him to bring you a few beautiful gifts. On my way from the city, I met Santa Claus, and he promised me that he would pay you a visit before long. Go, therefore, with dear old Dorthe, into the other room, and close the door and wait till he comes."

"Oh ! I am so anxious to see the Christ-Child," said little Fritz, thoughtfully. "Is she dressed in white, mother?"

"Yes, and he is covered all over with silver stars, which, however, turn black when little children want to see him."

"Will he also go and see my dear father ?" inquired the little one further.

"Certainly, child ; but go into the other room, and the sooner he will be able to reach your father."

The mother's last sentence had the desired effect, and willingly he followed old Dorthe into the small, open room which was quite cold. The door closed softly and the little ones crawled into their beds so as to keep warm, and together they waited for the coming of the Christ-Child, whose glory was to dawn upon them for the first time.

Mrs. Ehrlich was busy with the Christmas tree. She hurried to get everything in readiness, so that the children would not have to wait too long in the ice cold room. Everything was ready now ; the candles flickered softly upon the small, cheery Christmas tree, ablaze with golden tinsel and light, and suddenly the woman clapped her hands three times. The door opened wide, and out dashed the childeen, their innocent little faces filled with a look of astonishment. Poor old Dorthe wept tears of joy.

The children were soon in their element and the cadence of their happy, mellow voices filled the room with tender music. The sounds of their rollicking laughter could be heard out in the open street. In fact, the little ones were so excited, that they did not see the door open slightly. It was only a moment — and there on the threshold stood the Christ-Child and the Virgin, typified by the Germans' at their Christmas celebrations. Both were arrayed in garbs of spotless white, and looked pictures of lovliness, as they dropped a well sized package into the hands of the little ones. Then the Christ-Child smiled tenderly, and raising his finger, blessed them all with the sign of the cross. Then the door opened and the sweet apparitions in white passed out into the night.

CHAPTER IV.

Before we proceed with the story, come with me, reader, into one of the most palatial hotels of the city K——. There in a large, lit-up room, we see the soldier-like old man, with a white beard, and the strange woman in black, whose acquaintance we made on the Christmas market. Several large packages, and a basket filled to the brim, spoke to us of Christmas cheer, and yet, the expressions on both their faces did not harmonize with the appearance of that beautifully decorated room. The woman, who was very handsome, had tearful eyes and sighed deeply, and the old man was walking up and down the room, muttering inaudible, half-sounding words.

Presently he pulled a chair to the table and sat down impatiently. "I will not leave the city until I have found them," he said, angrily. "Upon my honor, I swear it. Honor ! How dare I use this word, now that my name, my coat-of-arms, have been sullied by a low, mean scamp, who——"

"Father !" pleaded the woman, extending her folded hands beseechingly.

"Now, surely, you don't mean to say, Lucille, that I am lying. That child was not raised properly—and he is not to blame for it, after all," murmured the old man.

Lucille bowed her head. The weight of this painful accusation was too much for her.

"If my son were living," he cried out, painfully—"but it is good that he is dead—perhaps, he too, in his pride, would not have followed the right path, for he also did not seem to respect the honor of a poor man. I declare that a

sense of honor and a good reputation are cherished treasures in the hearts of the lowly, and that it would be a mortal sin and a grievous one, for any man to rob them of this only unsullied possession. "Listen, Lucille, to what I am going to say. "I was eighteen years old, when I was doing military duty at Leipzig. Two of the horses I had been riding had already been shot to pieces. The third also fell a prey to the deadly bullet, and I came near being massacred myself, had not one of my men, a young private Hussar, the only son of a poor laborer, thrown himself in front of me to ward off the deadly blows: His whole body was literally covered with blood, and yet he fought on in the very jaws of death. After the war, I hunted up Funk, for this was the poor lad's name, and offered him a handsome sum of money as a token of my gratitude.

We rich people, you know, think that money is a very god, and that it will buy everything. Poor Funk, however, refused the money, saying : 'Can a life such as yours, Lieutenant, be paid with money ? Did I do more than my duty in saving your life from an inevitable death ? This glorious feeling, of only having done my duty,is all,dear lieutenant, that I desire for my reward.' This was all he said to me, and yet those few sentences have given me food for thought all the days of my life. And now, I ask you, Lucille, do you not think that that poor soul had the right conception of true honor? "Yes! yes !" he went on, "within that humble breast burned the fires of true honor. He did not sacrifice the call of duty to his inner feelings, and that poor switchman in prison can also feel proud of it. He also did his duty and suffers now for it. O, great God! why was it ordained that I should just then have been sick, and shut off from the outside world, when my name was dragged through the courts, and thus sullied with a pack of lies and a sham mockery of justice, in order to save the boy. Had this sickness not stricken me down, I would have gone there myself and preached to those wily men, their duties and their respect for the law, which they seemed to have forgotten. I would have elicited the truth from the boy's lips, as he told it to me later, and the prison would have become for him a temple, and not the horrible place of denunciation it is now. O shame on such as these ! Acquitted on a first charge, poor Ehrlich was tried on a second, convicted and sentenced—an offering to the law for my grandson, your son, Lucille."

The old man, the father-in-law of the woman in black, who was no other than General Von Rautenschwert, buried his wrinkled face in his hands and wept bitterly. He was a soldier of the old school —an upright, noble character, with a sense of strong military honor in his make-up. He was determined to free the innocent switchman and punish his grand-son, and it took much persuasion on the part of the boy's mother, that he did not carry his plan into effect:

The old general, however, could not content himself with the thought that the unhappy prisoner was being robbed of so many days of freedom and happiness. He inquired after his family and learned that they were living, in poor circumstances, in some part of the city.

In as few words as possible, he asked Lucille to dress, and together they left the hotel to look up the Ehrlichs. They had searched many hours in vain, and now, again, they returned to the hotel, and awaited a message from police headquarters.

At last, the policeman came with the news that he had found the family in question, and that he, himself, would lead them to the place, as the streets in that part of the city were fairly seething with crime.

"Pardon me," interrupted the General, "I do not need an escort ; why, it would be disgraceful of me. I am not afraid." Then he dropped some money in the outstretched hands of the policeman, saying "Here, pay the cabman outside and give him directions where to take us to, and here, take this for your trouble," he concluded cheerfully, as he handed him a bill.

In a few minutes they were on their way and the little coupe was fairly well packed with its two occupants, baskets and packages, and soon they halted before an old rickety house that stood back several yards from the street.

Together they walked up the narrow

path, with the cabman in the rear, carrying the packages and baskets and suddenly halted. The light was shining through the uncurtained windows, and there they stood, gazing upon that animated, happy scene of Christmas cheer within, while their eyes were wet with tears, and in their hearts there glowed the first genuine feelings of happiness in many years.

CHAPTER V.

The jollifications of the children came to a sudden stop. All eyes were riveted on the strange picture of a man and woman in the doorway. None dared to speak, except little Georgie, who ran to his mother and asked somewhat nervously, "Is that the neighbor's hired man?" as he saw the cabman coming up the steps. The General took the packages from his arms, and entered the room with the woman in black.

"You are Mrs. Ehrlich—the wife of the imprisoned switch-keeper?" asked the General mildly, as he faced Mrs. Ehrlich.

"That is who I am, sir," she answered softly.

"Since your husband is away in prison," began the old man in a choked voice, "he is thus not able to care for his own, and it is, therefore, the duty of mankind, and especially at such a time, to fulfill such duties as far as possible. Give me your hand, dear woman, and tell me whether you hate the young man who brought these clouds of suffering upon yourselves?"

The woman turned slightly and buried her face in her hands, and almost suddenly a ray of light pierced her soul.

"No, I do not curse the unhappy one," she said slowly, "although I little feel desirous of blessing him. I cannot, dare not, hate the young grandson of General Von Rautenschwert, though he was the primary cause of all our unhappiness,and heaped upon my innocent children the darkened shadows of disgrace. What would my father—poor Funk—think were I not to forgive the grandson of his beloved general"

"Funk, my brave Funk, was he your father?" cried out the General, almost distractedly, as he grabbed the woman's hands and shook nervously, his upturned eyes gazing almost wildly at the poor woman in front of him. Then he bowed his gray head; a large tear rolled down his cheek and the room was so silent one almost thought one heard it fall. Then he lifted his head and his trembling lips and whispered: "Thus,then, has the Von Rautenschwert family thanked thee for saving my life, poor, brave Funk, and to think that your only daughter should have suffered this much. O, God! I have not deserved this penalty!"

The woman in black turned slightly, and rushed into the rough arms of Mrs. Ehrlich, and planted a kiss upon her cheeks before she could prevent it, and said in a voice choked in tears: "Thank you, my dear woman, for pardoning my unhappy son. Beg of your husband,also some day to pardon him. Oh, his future lies before him, like a large, cold waste of darkness and misery, and he is yet so young.'

"I promise you, good woman," answered Mrs. Ehrlich, much agitated and in tears.

The General stooped to kiss the children, and planted gold pieces into their tiny hands, and Lucille also cheerfully followed his example. Then he took Mrs Ehrlich's hand in his own, and said:— "God always permits the sun to shine after the storm, and so you, good woman—daughter of my trusty Funk, who saved my life at Leipzig—may hope for a new happiness after years of suffering. Put your trust in God and He will loosen the chains of despair, that bind you fast, and turn all your sorrows into blessings that will light up your future path with gleams of joy and happiness."

Again he pressed her hand, and in an instant they were gone—the old General and Lucille, who had found in this humble dwelling, true honor and the precious pearl of lofty womanhood.

We can hardly imagine the joy of that mother-heart, upon opening the many packages that the gracious visitors had left. Enough to say that the children's voices sounded louder and gladder than before and that their little hearts beat their pit-a-pat swifter than ever.

General Von Rautenschwert took Lucille's hand in his own when they were out in the open air again, and said: "I am proud of you, after all, my dear,and

you have honored yourself. Oh! I am so happy and I seem to hear angels voices on the night winds singing their Christmas songs of peace and good will to men."

"Then make me happy also," cried out the distracted Lucille. "Pardon my poor Max, my poor boy!"

"If my plans succeed, Lucille, I will. Pray to God this happy Christmas night that He may send me His angel — the messengers of help to souls in distress— and all may yet come right."

CHAPTER VI.

Christmas Day was over. General Von Rautenschwert, his breast decorated with crosses and other marks of honor, rode in full military regalia in the direction of the castle, and what passed between the prince and himself in that half hour spent in the audience chamber no one knew. When he left the castle his face lit up with a smile and hurriedly he pushed a paper into his pocket.

The General was in good spirits when he returned to the hotel. Joyfully he embraced Lucille, and handed her the strange document. The woman read its contents and almost fainted.

"Would you care to go with me to the prisoner?" asked the General softly. "But, no," he interrupted quickly, "I have a plan and it must be carried out. Will you help me, Lucille?"

A soft, sweet smile crept into the woman's face, as she answered, taking his hand into her own: "Yes, with all my heart. Cannot God also reconcile you and my boy—my Max?"

"I will see, Lucille," answered he, thoughtfully. "The first bright ray of hope is shining. But, now, let us come to the plan I propose. I will go for the prisoner, and you Lucille, can make arrangements with the Ehrlich family, and leave at once with them for our villa, Hohenfels, at L—, where we left Max."

"Certainly, and lastly, I will go with you to the Ehrlich home, so as to make a good impression on them all."

"But, won't you have dinner first, father?"

"Yes, dear! Though I hardly have the time. I have to be at the depot very soon."

He pushed the electric button and asked the waiter to bring him a warm lunch and a railway time table. In a few more minutes the old General was dressed and his grip was packed.

"We dare not deprive Ehrlich of a minute of freedom," said Von Rautenschwert, earnestly. "It would be an injustice. Ah, I see, the first train pulls out in an hour."

Lucille, in the meantime, was smiling pleasantly, and the old man noticed her with a look of satisfaction. Up to now, she could not understand why this poor man— this humble switchman — should have usurped such a prominent place in the General's affections, but, now, she experienced a pleasant awakening, and with feelings of respect and love, she looked upon the gray haired man in front of her, who was holding up to her gaze, the unsullied flag of true honor. The phantom of her prejudice had disappeared, and now, she considered it almost a privilege to be permitted to travel with an honorable family of the common people.

We can hardly imagine the surprise of that poor family at being again favored with a visit from the Von Rautenschwerts, but it reached its climax, when fifteen minutes later, they were being hustled down the streets in closed cabs to the depot.

What did all this mean? Dorthe alone stayed at home, and told everybody that passed by and wondered, that the old General owed his life to a noble action of Mrs. Ehrlich's father, and that he had now come back to shower his gratitude upon his daughter.

At the station all was bustle and excitement. A few shrill whistles screeched their strange, penetrating sounds in the air, and out pulled the engine with a long train of cars. The General had chartered a special car for Lucille and the Ehrlich family, and he, himself, accompanied them part of the way.

To Mrs. Ehrlich the whole thing seemed a dream. I wonder if she caught a glimpse of the awakening?

At the second station, Lucille and the Ehrlichs changed cars, while the General went on to the next city. A coachman, in livery, was in waiting to drive them

to Hohenfels—the beautiful villa of the Von Rautenschwerts.

Ah ! little did Mrs. Ehrlich dream of the final denouement that was to take place there.

CHAPTER VII.

About a mile from the city Z——, lay a large, gloomy, heavy-looking building, with small, iron-barred windows. High walls surrounded it on all sides. It was the prison, the terrible punishment seat for all evil-doers.

A chill crept down General Von Rautenschwert's back, as he closed the large iron doors, that seemed to shut him out from the whole world. He gave the turnkey his name, and handed him the petition of pardon, signed by the Prince.

"Ehrlich—free !" shouted the turnkey gladly. "Thank God ! dear General ! this is really the sort of a Christmas gift I would desire. Poor man ! he often moved my heart to pity." Even the turn-key, whose nature was hardened by the very office he occupied, felt and knew the deep and bitter injustice that had fallen upon this poor, unfortunate man.

The General went with him into the cell and gladly the turnkey announced to the poor man, his freedom. "The Christ-King," he said, "has come to you, my dear Ehrlich. He brings you freedom through his messenger— General Von Rautenschwert."

The prisoner's face was pale and full of bitter anguish. He looked, nay stared at both men in front of him, and only the name of Von Rautenschwert seemed to move him.

"Von Rautenschwert !" gasped Ehrlich, as his face suddenly lit up. "So, then, he has confessed his guilt ! All stain is then removed from my honor, and my good name ?"

The turnkey wanted to open the doors but the General whispered into his ear—"Please let me have a few minutes with him alone."

Then the turnkey turned and the two men were alone in the gloomy, black cell.

"My dear Ehrlich !" began the old General, in trembling voice, "my grandson has done you a great injustice, for which God has given him great torture of mind. He confessed the whole thing to me and I went to the Prince, and left the matter in his hands. I demanded justice, for I had as high a conception of your honor as my own. The Prince has given you your freedom, and also the right to demand the punishment of my grandson. Whatever you desire, be it for better or for worse, I shall only bow my head to the law, that recognizes no distinction between rich and poor."

The pale face of Ehrlich clearly revealed the battle of thought, that was waging within his brain. He looked into the honest face of the old man, who had centred all his pride in this only grandson, who, at best, had been only a reckless, dare devil youth, unmindful of all impending results of his actions. The past career of the General, the honest, gray, old head—was he, with a single word, to stain them with the shadows of disgrace ?

The battle was over. Ehrlich pressed the General's hand, and said, in a voice quivering with emotion : "No ! no ! it is enough. No heart shall ever, on my account, be forced to feel the agony, the remorse, the awful suffering that I have experienced in this cell. No, dear General ! your grandson shall be free—free to breathe God's pure, fresh air for many years, I hope."

"Thank you, my friend," interrupted the old man. "You have redeemed the future of that boy, and he will never forget it. But let us hurry away from these hateful buildings, out into the anxious world, that the air of freedom may instil into you new vigor, new life."

"Just another word, dear General, before I leave this cell forever," pleaded Ehrlich, "do not think unkindly of me, then, for having brought those youngsters to justice without having heeded your rank and position and the living story of those honorable gray hairs that crown your head."

"Think unkindly of you ! interrupted he, " and only because you, too, have done your duty. I thought you had a better opinion of an old soldier. Were you not one yourself ?" "Yes, General."

"Then you will know that I would see my son shot to pieces if he had been acting dishonorably at his post of duty."

General Von Rautenschwert lovingly

clapped Ehrlich on the shoulder and added, in a suppressed tone of voice, "but the boy is no soldier, and thus we have to overlook many things. But, come! let's away!"

When Ehrlich again appeared in his civilian clothes tears rolled down his thin cheeks, and now, for the first time, he felt the alps of disgrace crumbling to pieces. In half an hour, the two men sat, side by side, and the train was leading them both into a new happiness. Von Rautenschwert was a new man and spoke with great animation.

The sight of the lonely prison left Ehrlich like a bad, hateful dream, and, in the light of the strong man by his side, he felt that the terrible and awful weight of the past was being suddenly lifted from him, and he thanked God inwardly for it.

CHAPTER VIII.

The evening had already set in. Outside the snow was falling, and the stars were shining in all their brightness from the clear heavens.

While the large saloon of the Hohenfels was ringing with the laughter of merry children, and Mrs. Ehrlich and several other women were busy in the dining room, in one of the small rooms upstairs sat Max Von Rautenschwert, gloomy and alone. A number of books and manuscripts lay in front of him. Presently the music of the little ones' voices stole into his room. A heavy sigh escaped from his lips, and hurriedly he buried his face in his trembling hands. For the first time in his life he had not experienced the delights of the Yule-tide season. Christmas Eve had been for him, an awful mockery, one of the darkest and dreariest nights. Not even his mother and grandfather had thought of him.

"But I deserve all this," he murmured, as tears flowed from his eyes. "How can I enjoy myself in the bright light of a Christmas feast, while one poor man, who suffers for my crime, curses me. No! no!" he continued, almost distractedly, "the thought of it will yet drive me mad. Much rather would I sit behind prison walls, than here in my solitude, where the face of this wronged man continually haunts me. When grandfather returns, I will tell him—I want peace of mind, and that I—'

A carriage rolled up to the gates of the spacious German villa. "Ah, it is likely he, who comes," continued Max, softly. "Perhaps mother has already arrived! But it seems strange that I should not have heard of their coming. No! no! O God! I must be dreaming." He listened almost breathlessly, and then walked to his window facing the saloon. There all the windows were bright with light. He saw two beautiful Christmas trees, and the more he looked the stranger appeared the happy faces, in that magnificent room. Poor Max was nearly at his wit's end—for he saw his mother.

"They are celebrating Christmas," he muttered. "Oh, mother, how canst thou enjoy thyself, when thou knowest that thy son weeps and suffers bitter anguish."

When the General arrived with his precious charge, he marched him safely into his owo room, whereupon he himself went down stairs into the spacious drawing room of the Hohenfels. He asked everybody to retire, save Lucille, Mrs. Ehrlich and her children.

Leading Mrs. Ehrlich and her children between the two large Christmas trees, the General asked, in trembling tones: "Do you not think of a greater happiness than this—of a greater Christmas gift?"

Oh dear, General!" interrupted Mrs. Ehrlich, "How dare I presume to think of that one great happiness I long for?"

"You dare," answered the old gentleman as he quickly left the room. In a moment he returned with Mr. Ehrlich at his side. "Father! dear father!" cried little Fritz, as he ran into Ehrlich's open arms. Mrs. Ehrlich turned pale as death and would have fallen to the floor had not Lucille's arm caught her. Slowly she raised her into Ehrlich's embrace and then, with tearful eyes, followed the form of the dear old General as he left the room.

She knew whither he went. Her heart beat so strongly, as if it might be rent asunder at almost any minute.

The General had entered his grandson's room and stood speechless, and for the first time in many months stretched out his old trembling hands to him.

Max pressed the fatherly hand that had done him much service in his day, and then pressed it to his lips as he sobbed out: "Dear grandfather, I have one favor to ask of you—" "What is it?" asked the general. "The feeling of my guilt nearly drives me mad," he answered. "I cannot stand it any longer that an innocent man suffers and bears the weight of punishment that should be mine. Set the man free! I will gladly suffer in the eyes of the world the penalty meted out to him."

The eyes of the old General grew soft with a sudden outburst of light. A sweet smile crept into his face, and, in his happiness, he pressed Max to his heart. "Now again you have a right to my name," he said, with deep feeling. "God be thanked for having brought you back to me. Obey me hereafter, my boy."

They both clasped hands and together made their way to the drawing-room.

"My son! my dear Max!" cried out the over-joyous mother, as she extended her arms to embrace him. But he pushed her aside—his eyes fastened, like in a dream, upon the expressive face of the switchman, who rose and said in pathetic tones: "My poor young man, I see that you, too, have suffered and attoned enough, although you did not carry the stripes. I am now a free man, and forgive you heartily. The dear general has made ample restitution, and if my old father-in-law once tried to save him from death, then, surely I dare also make this sacrifice for the sake of honor." Max shook hands with Ehrlich. Then he kissed Lucille—his mother—and both wept grateful tears. Poor boy! He could not utter a single word, but the silent joy that stifled forever the last pangs of pain and deep unrest within his breast and the attention he paid to the children of the now happy switchman—all told the general that time had wrought great changes in one youthful heart.

General Von Rantenschwert did his duty to the Ehrlich family. He appointed Ehrlich overseer of his beloved Hohenfels, and thus the family lived with him for many happy years. Max and Ehrlich also became fast friends.

Dear reader, the last chapter is closing, and if you should ever pass that poor humble dwelling of the Ehrlich's in that distant German city by the sea, you will read above the door, in letters of gold, the following lines of Christmas cheer:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth
Peace to men of good will!"

Dear old General Von Rantenschwert, himself had the token placed there. It was a sign to the busy, anxious world that an injustice had been done, but that again "for the sake of honor" an atonement had been made.

Christmas Morn.

J. William Fischer

O happy morn, so bright and fair,
With jeweled star-gleams in thy crown!
Come send thy angel-blessings down,
For hearts are weary and their prayer,
Expectant, glad, steals everywhere.

O happy morn! the star so bright,
That lingers in thy fond embrace,
Is smiling on the earth's lone face—
Wrapped in a darkness black as night—
With blinded eyes, that long for light.

O happy morn! a wise-man gay
Is praying at your dewy feet;
A watchword, low, he doth repeat
And, there, he waits the light of day,
While kneels the shepherd-star to pray.

O happy morn! in bated breath,
All nature waits, with throbbing heart
Thy joyous dawn, which will impart
The promised hope, that love bringeth
To light the fields of Sin and Death.

O happy morn! see, now appears
The light to bless a course well run—
'Tis Christ, the new-born King! the Sun
That lights the rocks of human fears
And dries, O, world, thy sinful tears!

Pleasure's couch is virtue's grave.

The resolution to do that which is wrong makes the first step to the stairway leading downward, and we find it an easy footing afterward until we try once more to climb.

Greeting From the Philippines.

The Union and Times is in receipt of a document from the "Centro Catolico de Filipinas," addressed to the Catholic Press and all the Catholic faithful in the United States of America." The circular follows, and should be read carefully by every student of the much-mooted friar question :

GREETING.—The Centro Catolico de Filipinas, in the name and in representation of the Catholic peoples of the Philippines who body and soul associate therewith, has recently despatched to their Lordships the Bishops of Pittsburg and Grand Rapids, a telegram of thanks, as a demonstration of heartfelt gratitude for the enthusiasm and valor with which their Lordships protested against the expulsion of the religious orders from the Philippines.

Right well do we know that His Holiness, Leo XIII,by the grace of God, supreme Pontiff of the Church Militant ; Mgr. Chapelle, the late Delegate Apostolic of the Holy See ; the Philippine Episcopate, and by far the greater and better part of our clergy and all the true Catholic people of the Philippines, are opposed to the proposed expulsion of the religious corporations from Philippine soil ; but to us it was most grateful to know,by telegram of the 14th of the last month,that the Catholic clergy and people of Pennsylvania and Michigan had publicly demonstrated the self-same sentiments.

We, therefore, consider it our duty to give to our Catholic fathers and brethren of the United States our most sincere thanks and a lively congratulation for their noble and just attitude in this question, which is one of vital importance for the people of the Philippines and we earnestly appeal to all the prelates and faithful of America for their aid and assistance against taking step so transcendental for our religious and social future.

The Spanish religious who have been the object of so much persecution,evangelized our country, taught us the arts of agriculture, industry and commerce ; they inspired in us the love of the liberal arts ; they gave us an exquisite social and moral education, and sent us forth in the path of true progress and civilization in a quiet, gentle manner. The whole world is witness to the fact that in three centuries we have passed from a state of savagery to one of a civilization, which is the cause of envy in the breasts of all our Malay neighbors.

Its knowledge of this archipelago being recent and as yet incomplete, America, perhaps, has not yet formed a just idea of the immense labor and the innumerable sacrifices which the religious orders,of whose ministrations a certain element would unjustly deprive us, have undertaken and suffered for our welfare and advancement. And apart from this, they would find it difficult to appreciate these labors and sacrifices, on account of the social and political crisis through which this country has passed during these last few years, and on account of the fact that our civilization being eminently Catholic and accommodated to our especial idiosyncrasy, it possesses characters but little visible, very modest and better suited to demonstrate a social, moral and interior progress, than a material and industrial civilization.

Let America but examine carefully our rich literature and history,and open her eyes to the light of experience, and she will see and realize the immense service these religious orders have rendered to us,and which they are called to render in time to come to our country, under any noble and just banner whatever that may shelter us.

One of the things most evident in this our country, is that the improvements the roadways, the bridges, the schools, colleges and the universities ; the barracks and fortresses,the seminaries and charitable institutions ; the books and documents of arts and sciences, the implements of labor and transport,the utensils and tools of construction ; the perfection of the languages, the betterment of customs and the foundation of culture; in a word,all the vestiges of civilization and progress bear the marks, the embellishment and seal of the Spanish religious corporations.

Did there exist any colonial literature, including that of Cuba, so abundant and

select as ours,perhaps one might criticise labor of our missionaries. Were there colony in the world whose youth in equal numbers and proportional degree, could read,write, count,who knew the truths of our holy religion, the rules of good manners and the principles of courtesy as do our Filipino youth, perchance one might call to account the direction and labor of our missionaries. Were there to be found registered in the geographical annals of the world a colony as cultured, as religious, as rich, peaceful, obedient, and as happy as were our beloved Filipinos during the three centuries of Spanish dominion, peradventure one might doubt the immense sacrifices of our Spanish religious missionaries.

Moreover, why shall they be expelled from this country the ministers of the Catholic Church, when there are admitted into the country those of all sects of all beliefs and of all superstitions, of all systems and ideals ? Why should the Spaniards be excluded, seeing that they are naturally the only ones who civilized and embellished our country? Why shall the American constitution be undermined and the Treaty of Paris be set at naught, for all of these prohibit the expulsion of any subject of any nation whatever without some just cause and without the previous declaration of the legislative chambers that such subjects and such institutions are inconvenient and detrimental for the well being of the public order ? What occasion,cause or pretext have our Spanish Catholic priests given that such unjust and unheard of measures should be taken ?

Let our enemies point the finger of justice at one single case, one single scandal, one single crime committed by any one of the members of the religious orders during the four years of American sovereignty and if any such case shall be found, if any individual shall have committed any fault meriting his expulsion from the country,then let the penalty fall on the guilty one, but in the name of justice leave to us the remainder who are innocent, in the natural enjovment of their rights.

And who are those who defame the religious,those who shout for the expulsion of these orders ? They are Protestants, they are sectarians,they are Free Masons or members of kindred societies condemned by our Holy Mother the Church; they are impious persons, all of them the sworn enemies of the Church of God,and of our faith. They are those who first rebelled against Spain and afterwards against the United States,and those who withour public sincerity or private conscience make echo of ideals they do not profess, and who spread abroad stories of disorders which never existed, and never will exist in the religious orders. They are traitors to three flags and adulators to three sovereignties against which they plotted whilst they kissed the feet of their governors. They are the insurgents against Spain and America,who formerly lived by political and armed pillage and who to-day,thanks to the iniquitous favoritism on the part of the one and the villainous servility on the part of the other, enjoy the benefits of municipal and provincial salaries. They compose,in a word, a hungry crowd of political factionists, engendered, suckled and favored contrary to all justice by a few politicians unworthy of the name of Americans.

The direct aim of those who demand the expulsion of the friars is double ; First, they would throw off all bridle of religion, remove all competent testimony to certain inhumanities and scandalous proceedings and facts. And thus they could commit all kinds of iniquities upon this poor people, which, numbering some eight millions to-day,would in their hands be reduced in ten years to a single million or less of miserable, unfortunate creatures.

In the second place they aim to despoil the Church and her institutions of their property and states that they may fatten themselves like birds of prey that they are ; to rob and disrobe the sacred images, and despoil the altars of their sacred vessels, polluting the house of God and turning it into a meeting house for discordant mobs of political schemers and agitators.

And let it be well understood that these much-talked-of states possess better titles of property and comply with all the requirements of the law both canonical and civil, better than any other landed property possessed by Filipinos or foreigners in the archipelago.

Nor are these estates in their extension and value what is claimed by the enemies of their religious owners who justly possess them. Taken altogether they are less in their extent than Rhode Island as compared to the vast superficies of your immense country. They were purchased for small amounts because land formerly was, and is even now, so abundant that the Spanish government and private owners almost gave it away.

These famous and coveted estates were in the hands of their religious owners, a grand practical school of agricultural economy, in which natives and foreigners might learn all that might be accomplished by a just and prudent administration,in carrying out large enterprises. If all had imitated the religious in the moderation of the rents asked,and in the paternal treatment of their tenants, in charity in years of scarcity, and justice in those of abundance, in prudent expenses and rewards of the masters,to-day the fertile forests and desert valleys of the Philippines would be converted into model farms and into lively settlements. It is obvious that the pueblos in which these estates existed were among the largest,richest and happiest in the country.

With these estates, from which they received about 3½ per cent. of their value the religious were enabled to attend to the expenses of their seminaries, to the work of the missions conducted by them in China and Tung-kin,to the needs of public worship, to the erection of schools and charitable institutions, and to an endless number of public and private alms,and,at times to the alleviation of the strained condition of the public treasuries of the provinces and the municipalities. These estates are to-day in the possession of foreign companies, Belgian,French, American and English, who comply with all the requirements of the laws, and are in as just and pacific possession of their lands as are other companies, Filipinos, Spanish or American, of theirs.

But one of the most curious phenomena noticeable in connection with these estates is that when the government concerns itself in their purchase they commence to be looked upon as small, bad and scarcely worth the price of purchase except for political (!) reasons; whereas two years ago the religious were said to be the possessors of somewhere near half the archipelago, and it was even supposed that the possession of these estates constituted the social problem of the Philippines. Time will be a witness whether or no the sale of these estates is to the benefit of the people or to that of the government.

And yet the Spanish religious corporations are, of course, ready to submit themselves to the judgment of the Holy See as regards both to their persons and farms.

Some ill intentioned folk teach and preach that the expulsion of the friar will be a political measure,because they expect that the friars will be anti-American and will sow the seed of disaffection among the natives of our country. A ridiculous and unjust suspicion !

You know well, beloved fathers and brethren,what are the teachings of the Church in this matter, and, what is the history of our Catholic missionaries in all parts. We are convinced, and in the face of the world declare, that the existence of the Spanish corporations in the Philippines will not only be a fountain of advantages for us,the Filipinos, but it will be the best guarantee of order,obedience and concord and peace between the sovereign nation and its Filipino subjects. Would to God that America did not have any worse enemies than the poor Spanish religious. The day in which they disappear from here there will be founded in the hearts of thousands of people all over the archipelago a deep-seated and perpetual suspicion of America and all her institutions. The day when these religious leave us we shall be left shepherdless, without instruction without preachers, without professional courses, without places of worship,without sacraments, without help or counsel, without hopes — lovelorn. Alas, if such should be our lot.

Fortunately we know the abyss which has opened at our feet, we foresee the fatal future of our religion and of our pitiable fatherland,and therefore whilst imploring the help of Heaven, we turn our eves towards our fathers and brethren of the United States, asking their help in our just demand.

American Catholics, you are numerous and strong; you are sons of a great nation; you live in the land of liberty; you have a thousand newspapers of large circulation; you enjoy the care and guidance of many bishops; you who are famous for your love and tendency toward association, who are enjoying a period of peace and normal prosperity; who are accustomed to struggle and conquer, forget not your poor Catholic colonist of the Phillippines.

Heaven will reward you and our hearts will ever be grateful to you. In token of our perpetual union and solidity with the Catholics of the United States we shall ever pray for peace and prosperity for your country, and now with the filial confidence we have for the sons of the Catholic Church throughout all the world we embrace all our brethren in the faith.

Vincente Cavanna, President.
Jose Arriola, First Vice-President.
Tellesforo Casas, Second Vice-Pres.
Jose L. Pozas, Secretary.
Bartalome Pons, Asst. Secretary.
Julian De La O, Treasurer.
Jose Memije, Vocale.
W. Breckno K. Watson, Vocale.
Manuel Assensi, Vocale.

WE thought it would be of interest to our readers to be made acquainted with some of the more important members of our General Chapter held in Rome last October. The central figure in the front row of the accompanying picture represents our newly elected General, the Most Reverend Pius R. Meyer, a well-known personage to many in America, as he was a prominent member of the American province for the last twenty five years. To his right is the late Superior General, Very Rev. Simone Bermardini, and to his left Very Rev. Father Borras, ex-provincial of Spain and present Procurator General. The others in the front row form the General's council. More in the background to the right the great number of his friends will recognize Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, the present provincial of America, and in the last row to the left Very Rev. C. Feehan, to whose untiring efforts our newly established St. Cyril's College in Chicago is largely due. The other members are provincials with their socii of the different provinces that make up the Order.

The Lost Inheritance

Dolorosa Kline.

Chapter V.

It was the first of December, and the day was ushered in by a heavy blinding snow storm, that later developed into a drizzling rain and which made the streets slippery and unsafe. On all sides were heard loud regrets that snow had fallen and that winter had come so soon. Only those who had pressing business awaiting them appeared out; others more fortunate remained indoors and hugged the warmth of the fire. Mrs Raymond tried to persuade Rosamond to give up going to her pupils, but the young girl was reluctant to yield her duty even in the face of a storm, and begged to be allowed to go to it.

"It is a matter of bread and butter, mother. Mrs. Keefe is so fussy if Edna loses one lesson."

"But you could easily make it up, dear. However, if you are not afraid of being blown away, and it is well to see you so punctual to duty, I will wrap you up that you may not feel the cold."

With maternal solicitude, she buttoned a long coat of her own about the slender form, put a thick comforter around her neck, and covered the delicate ears and most of the face with an old black muffler.

"People will take me for an Armenian woman, mother, my face is so hidden."

"There will not be many out a day like this to observe you, dearie, and in such weather we can afford to be indifferent to looks so long as we are comfortable. Take a car home if you can get one."

"Yes, mother, they will surely be running by this way by then, the track is clearing fast enough."

At times, as once she left the precincts of the Square, Rosamond thought she must turn back, for the storm seemed to be increasing instead of decreasing, and it rained and snowed alternately. But she struggled bravely on, and when she got nearer to the town, and on the shovelled streets she found it much easier and the shops and buildings kept off much of the cold. She lowered her muffler so as to be able to see better, and the few passersby looked curiously into the beautiful face, doubtlessly wondering why such a flower, as she seemed, should be weathering such a storm.

But Rosamond moved on, blissfully unconscious of the glances directed at her, or people's thoughts of her, until she reached Mr. Holland's, where, besides going to her pupils, she had some business to transact for her mother. The old merchant plainly expressed his surprise at seeing her out, and gave her to understand that she, in his belief, should be indoors. She took the kindly meant advice in her amiable way, for to a great extent she and Mr. Holland were great friends. He paid her the small sum he owed for her mother's last work and then politely opened the door and asked if he might hail a car for her.

She thanked him politely, but told him that she was going only as far as the next block to a music pupil, and it was not worth while to ride that far. The old merchant smiled and said something about "a wonderful little person, most economical little person," but if it was meant for Rosamond's ears, it was drowned in the noise of the falling rain, out into which she had passed again.

The weather had caused a change to be made in the schedule of the cars, so when Rosamond had finished with her pupils and walked back over the street she had gone, she learned that she might have to wait quite a while for one, but it would be better to do that than to trudge the long way home.

Old Father Boreas blew keenly from his northern horn, and twice nearly caused her to be minus her hat, and the third time he succeeded. For all at once, before she could raise her hand to stop it, it blew off, and went chasing to the other side.

Immediately from the porch of the New York Club, there sprang a man's tall athletic form; its great height further increased by the long fur coat he wore, and in a trice he had gained the

opposite walk and arrested the flying headgear.

The action was so quick, so spontaneous that Rosamond's bewilderment had not time to vanish, when he returned with her hat and placed it in her hands, and doffed his own at the same moment.

Then it was that she found her voice, and a rare smile, such as Bruce Everett seldom saw, or had ever seen, even amongst the most noted belles of his acquaintance, crossed the expressive face.

"Thank you so much, sir," she said, perhaps a little shyly, for the eagle eyes before her seemed to be reading her inmost soul. "I am so grateful to you."

"You are welcome; pray consider it as nothing, and I hope the wind will not treat you so rudely in future," and with another lifting of his hat, he walked away.

Rosamond secured her's more firmly on her head, and with one look in the direction which the stranger had taken, made ready to stop the trolley, that at last happened along, and soon she was being whirled homewarhs.

The office of Everett & Heathcote, attorneys at law, was a large, bright apartment conveniently situated on the second floor of the Abbot building, and perhaps the most inartistic of any of the offices in the place. It had no ornamentation of any kind, nor much style in its outlay, but it held only what was necessary and useful,—desks, chairs and piles of books pertaining to the profession of the owners.

No one doubted the ability of this firm whose practice and reputation was perhaps the greatest in the city. Their services were always in demand, but, of course, everyone knew and recognized, that the leading power in it, of brains and money, was Bruce Everett. There was not an abler interpreter of the law than he, and add a handsome personality to his genius, and it can be undersood how other lights faded before his.

Keen, practical, discerning, possessing a will that brooked opposition in nothing, and with a fair idea of his own mental and physical powers, aptly and faithfully described this man. But there was no vain glory in his composition, and the favorable opinions and flatteries of admirers, of which he had a host, fell as unheeded on his ears as if they had been bestowed on unhearing Astraeia whose paris bust stood on his office desk. Utterly indifferent to what the world thought, he did all things as his matchless insight told him was best, and he relied on no one for help, but only on himself. He had been so constituted, he might have led a life of indolence and ease, for his wealth was undisputed. But that would have been as impossible for that active body, and still more active brain, as for him to take up life in an African desert. Work was his hobby and ambition, his god, and his one idea was to increase the great fortune left him by a dead generous sire.

Some men called him selfish, others hard; even some of those who outwardly admired him and his pride not to be equaled. But all were forced to agree that his powers were almost marvelous, and his honor unimpeachable; his word was his bond. For many years he had scorned to be counted as being of Society, or to mingle in the social whirl, but since his engagement, four months ago, to the richest heiress in the state, in the person of Beatrice Staunton, he had lost the prejudice which he had always entertained for that vast body, and was fast becoming its king. Everywhere he was lionized and courted, but he accepted it all, with his customary coolness, never allowing pleasure to interfere with his professional duties, nor was he less exact in their performance than as before.

His partner, Francis Heathcote, was a clever, but rather quiet fellow, disposed to make a substantial livelihood and to be satisfied with a certain amount of success in the world. Everett was his senior by eight years, and to him and his abilities the young recruit from Harvard walls looked up for guidance and principles. Unlike himself, Heathcote was not a man of fortune, and had been comparatively poor and struggling when he happened across him, and admitted him as his partner, but it was not money the man of experience wanted, he had plenty of that himself, it was brains, and in Francis Heathcote he knew he was getting what he desired. Heathcote was intent on the writing of some docu-

mentary paper, but he looked up as the shadow of Everett's tall form fell across it.

"Oh ! it is you Everett. How does the weather go out now ?"

"Pretty bad. Very busy ?"

"Not very. There is a note there for you from Staunton House. Farrel, the porter, brought it."

"My coat, Sam, hang it up and allow it to dry. Rather wet I fancy."

The clerk did as he was commanded, and Everett picked up the note, which proved to be a dainty invitation from his betrothed, to come to an early luncheon that day, to meet some friends they were expecting, and not to disappoint them on any account.

The lawyer smiled amusedly at the imperious command, and placing it away with the remark to his partner "The queen commands, her subject must obey, I suppose, Heathcote," turned to the pile of letters and morning mails, which never failed to present themselves on his desk every morning for his inspection and attention.

Heathcote understood and smiled.

"Yes, when such a queen as yours commands, Everett. Egad, you are to be envied. Plenty money, plenty brains, and the love of the most dazzling woman I have ever seen."

"How enthusiastic you are, my dear fellow. You credit me with too many gifts of the gods, but in the last I certainly am fortunate. So much for social talk, now for business."

For several minutes only the scratching of Heathcote's busy pen, or the occasional rattling of his partner's mail, as he opened or turned its pages, broke the monotony of the office. Then Everett said carelessly.

"Well, it is a pretty miserable day out, but not too miserable, evidently, for the nymph or goddess, I hardly know which to style her, I met near Broadway."

The steady movements of Heathcote's pen ceased, as he asked interestedly :

"A goddess, Everett ; suppose you explain yourself. I was under the impression that there was only one Diana in the whole of New York for you ?"

"And you are quite right, Heathcote, but that does not debar me from taking note or a passing notice of a lesser divinity, I suppose, and especially when you have rendered her a slight service."

"Indeed, that was your good fortune this morning ?"

"It was. I was coming out of the club, and saw this nymph just in the act of passing. The wind relieved her head of its covering. You understand what followed. I restored it to the fair owner, and honestly, I have seldom seen such a rare face, particularly in the daughter of the people. She was very much wrapped up, and her clothing poor, but she appeared to be most refined."

"She might have been somebody once, eh, or rather her parents ?"

"I was thinking that. New York holds many such. Here look over some of these, will you. I've enough to keep me going for the next couple of hours. I have lost so much time already."

"Your nymph in distress must have captivated you. A bill from Anderson's. Been already paid ; luckily we have the receipt. What's next ?" and the young man took up several letters at once.

Everett was too much engaged with his own work, or too preoccupied to notice the remarks.

Bruce Everett was not an impressionable man, especially where the beauty and attractions of the fairer sex were concerned, even the charms of his affianced did not make him over enthusiastic, but the face of Rosamond Raymond was not quickly forgotten by him, nor the low "thank you sir," so modestly given.

Years afterwards, he knew that on that day he had met his future fate.

When Rosamond reached home, her mother was waiting with warm dry clothing, and a hot drink of lemon. While she helped her to remove her wet clothes and chafed the small cold hands, Rosamond related the little incident of her home coming, adding :

"And do you know, mother, the gentleman was so tall, I thought I was looking up at a giant."

"The gentleman was very kind to my little girl,whoever he was, and I would like to be able to thank him myself, too."

"But for him I might have lost my hat, mother, for it was blowing away as

fast as it could. I never saw any one move so quickly as the gentleman did, and return all in a second. What a nice voice he had, mother, but I think I would be afraid of him, he looked so stern, though he smiled when he gave me my hat."

"And that improved his face, you think, dearie? I am so relieved to have you back, for I was getting anxious. Put your little feet up here on the fender and toast them for a while, and forget all about "stern gentlemen." She patted playfully and tenderly the golden head, but for the rest of that day, and for many days Rosamond did not forget the handsome stranger and the resonant voice that had spoken so kindly to her, but not once did her unconscious heart dream of how he was later to come into her life, its hopes and daily existence.

Chapter VI.

In the luxurious library of his magnificent mansion, gazing absently into the brightly glowing grate fire, sat Oswald Staunton.

Straight and erect, he was a fine figure even in its sitting posture, and had it not been for the snowy whiteness of his hair, and of the long drooping moustache that veiled his lip, no one would credit him with bearing the weight of seventy years.

His face had scarcely a wrinkle, and at first sight it would impress the stranger as belonging to a very happy man. But on closer examination, a sad, worried expression on its every well cut feature could at once be detected, and the longing look in the deep-set blue eyes, told that their owner wished for something that was not forthcoming. He was aroused from his reverie, by the laying of a shapely gloved hand on his shoulder, and a distinctly musical voice, exclaiming:

"Is it alone, I find papa, with only his books and a fire for company?"

He turned around and looked fondly into the beautiful face of his only daughter, who, unnoticed by him, had tiptoed into the room and stood beside him.

"My peerless Beatrice! alone with my books, but waiting for you," and with a caressing motion he drew her on to the stool at his feet.

"I thought you had gone a-shopping?"

"Oh, no, papa, the weather is too unpleasant. Where is mamma?"

"In the conservatory, my love, among her flowers."

"Of course you know we are having several guests to-day, papa?"

"Yes, and there is to be somebody—somebody amongst them whom I know; somebody will be impatient till he comes." The judge, as he spoke, pinched the dark cheek, and an arch smile lit up the lovely southern face.

"How sharp you are, papa; but are you pleased with my choice?"

"Words can hardly express my pleasure and satisfaction at the course events have taken, my love. There is no man worthier of you than Bruce Everett; no man to whom your mother or myself would so quickly trust your happiness. We were in Paris when the news of your engagement reached us. We had it first from Mrs. Aiden, and then from yourself."

"Mrs. Aiden is a most careful chaperone, papa. We were in Washington, you know, for three weeks. It was so dull and quiet here just at the time."

"Was Mr. Everett there, too?"

"For a week only. His business would not permit of longer, but he was generous enough to persuade me to remain, and he came to accompany us back, when we were returning. I must run and dress for luncheon. Mamma cannot forgive an offence against punctuality," and releasing herself from his embrace, she left him alone, and ascended the broad, oaken staircase to her two apartments, where Susetta, her pretty French maid, was waiting to help "mamselle" in her toilette.

The judge looked after her retreating form, but the words of admiration that were about to pass his lips at her grace and beauty died, and he said or rather muttered: "She is my beautiful dark-eyed Beatrice, my Madeline's precious gift to me; but where is gentle blue-eyed Millicent, my dead Millicent's gift, whom I promised the angel wife of my youth to always love and cherish. What a dastardly lie! what a mocking sham! Oswald Staunton you have been guilty of." His head fell heavily forwards and in spirit he lived over again that bitter

day, in which he had allowed prejudice and pride to master all better feelings, and caused him to commit the act he now so regretted.

Chapter VII.

Many years before that day he had brought to reign, as mistress of his heart and home, a beautiful girl wife, in the person of Millicent Marsden. But she stayed with him only one short year, and then, like a flower, drooped and died, leaving him heart broken, but with a fair sweet babe, who had blossomed into life at the price of her own, to comfort him. On her deathbed she made him promise to always love and cherish the daughter she was leaving him.

Needless to say that in his grief and proud young fatherhood, he willingly promised to be true to her dying request, and doubtless meant to keep his word. But as events will show, he had not the strength of will he believed himself to be invested with, nor the strong abiding love he credited himself with having for his motherless Millicent. The child grew up, lovable and beautiful as her mother had been, and her father lavished on her all the affection of his doting heart, so that she lacked nothing his love or boundless wealth could give to make her happy.

At an early age he took her to France and placed her in one of its first schools for the educational advantages which only the matchless French schools can furnish to willing pupils. Then for a long time she studied art and music in other European countries, until at eighteen she was pronounced finished by her masters.

Proud and happy was the father the day he brought her home in the dawn of her fair young womanhood, and all her accomplishments to take her dead mother's place as mistress of the halls of "Staunton House." Six months he gave her in which to recuperate after her studies and journeyings abroad and to grow accustomed to the household and to the friends from whom she had so long been separated, before making her debut into society,— the world in which she was destined so short a time to reign.

The first of the golden month of September was the night chosen for this important event in Millicent's happy young life. Under the careful chaperonage of Mrs. Reeves, an old friend of the family, the lovely heiress was formally presented to the exclusive circles to which she belonged. And surely no lovelier vision ever graced a ball-room than this fair debutante who bore the grand old name that for generations had been known in the ever growing city, for all that was good and noble, whether in the home or outside world.

From that night her position was assured, and no ball or reception room was afterwards considered complete without the attractive presence of the beautiful Miss Staunton. Thus once more the Judge opened the doors of his hospitable mansion which he had kept stubbornly closed to all gaiety and pleasures since the death of his wife, and took his place beside his Millicent, to assist her in the new duties that now devolved upon her.

Two years passed away and as might be expected, numerous suitors, eligible and otherwise, presented themselves at the doors of Staunton House, and placed their hearts and fortunes in the hand of the proud heiress.

But to each of them she was proudly indifferent, treating them with cold politeness only. Her father, who was anxious to have her marry, and share the old home with any of the young men he knew and favored with his friendship, could not understand his daughter's repugnance at all. However, he comforted himself with the belief that Millicent ought to know her own mind, and besides she was young enough to think of marrying yet, and he never doubted but that she would choose one from the many of whom he approved, for a life partner, therefore he was not prepared for the blow that came to him with crushing effect, one bright spring morning.

He was seated in his study, scanning as usual, his morning papers, when she appeared before him fresh and blooming as a June rose.

She kissed him as was her wont, and set into the vase on his desk a full bunch

of daffodils, she had just gathered in the garden.

"A message from Spring to you, father," she said in a low voice, "and a token of love from me, but they are not wholly the cause of my early visit to you. I have come one an errand, which,I am afraid, is bound to displease you."

Awed by her grave tones, he dropped his paper, and looking with some apprenension up into her face, strengthened his hold on the slender wrists.

"I dislike such words coming from you, my pet, and hope you have no sad news in store for me."

"Not sad from my view, father," she said, slowly, evenly. "It is—I am a Catholic!"

For a moment he could not speak with sheer wonder and surprise.

His daughter a Papist! an image worshipper! and himself and all her race staunch Presbyterian. Impossible! the idea was absurd and he smiled credulously.

"You a Catholic, Millicent! Why child you must be dreaming? The evil day has yet to come when one of our race would turn to that superstitious creed. Tell me you are only dreaming Millicent, and set my mind at rest."

"It is no dream, father, but reality. I have been under instructions with Father Bentley for some months past, and yesterday, he baptised and received me into the One True Fold."

He scarcely gave her time to finish as springing from his chair like a wounded tiger, he dropped her hands, then caught them securely again, and bent his eyes, fierce with a suddenly awakened anger, on her quivering form.

"How dare you," he cried, "confirm the truth of such words to me, your father. How dare you tell me this?"

"Because it is right, and time that you should know it, father, and there is something else. I am about to marry a Catholic. I want your consent to my union with George Kingsley."

He dropped her burning palms again, and recoiled as if stung by the bite of an adder.

"What!" he shouted loud enough to be heard down in the servants' quarters, "do you not consider the first of your announcements to be bad enough, Millicent Staunton; but what do you mean by giving me this last? Explain yourself while there is yet time," and he drew near to her again.

"There is nothing to explain, father, more than that I am a Catholic, and believe only in the One True Religion. And my heart is given irrevocably to the man who has been lately serving some of your old friends in the capacity of music instructor to their children. In short I want your consent to become his wife!"

"And that I will never give you," he cried with clenched teeth, and bringing his hand forcibly down on the sill of the window near which he stood. "Consent to my daughter, the last of her proud race, to marry a player of music, a common low born——

She put up her hand to stay his tirade and threw her golden head up spirspiritedly.

"Say what you will to myself, father, but unless you can speak of your daughter's future husband as the thorough gentleman he is, and the manly man, do not speak of him at all before me."

"Your future husband, eh! I tell you girl, you will forsake the false religion, which doubtless this scamp has taught you to believe in, and have nothing more to do either with him or it, or take the alternative I will give you?" and he folded his arms like one who is waiting to bestow judgment.

She looked at hum unflinchingly.

"I can do neither, father. I am a Catholic forever, and my love is given forever to one who is poor in means, but rich in all the goodness that is only to be found in the noble of mind and soul And———

"Enough! I wish to hear no further of this good noble man"—this with great sarcasm—"whom I know to be an impudent, aspiring imposter, but what I do want to know is: if you intend to persist in your folly of marrying him."

To be continued.

Gratitude is memory of the heart.

The cross is a letter from the Lord to the soul wherein is written, "I love thee."

The Immaculate Conception.

Not quite half a century ago a grand spectacle could be witnessed in the Capital of Christendom. Seated on his pontificial throne, under the spacious vaults of St. Peter's, surrounded by the princes of Christ's Kingdom here on earth, the cardinals and bishops, who had gathered from all parts of the globe, surrounded also by an immense multitude of his flock, the vicar of Christ, Pope Pius IX, exercised his divine office of guardian and interpretor of that revelation, which the Son of God had brought on this earth. He solemnly proclaimed the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin to be a revealed truth, a dogma of faith, which, under pain of excommunication, all the faithful were henceforth to believe. "The Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first moment of her Conception, by a special grace and privilege of Almighty God, in view of the merits of Christ Jesus, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved free from all stain of original sin." This is the sentence the infallible teacher pronounced. The Cannon of San Angelo's Castle booms the signal and four hundred belfries in the Eternal City answer with their triumphal peals. This happened on the ever-memorable December day in the year 1854.

This same day, the 8th of December was instituted as the commemoration day of this great and joyful mystery, the Immaculate Conception of Mary. And it is, indeed, a great and joylul mystery, that the Christian world celebrates today, for it heralds the coming of the long-expected Redeemer, for this child, that is conceived without the stain of sin in the womb of S. Anne, twenty centuries ago, is that woman, who is to crush the head of the serpent, according to the promises our first parents received after their fall; for this child is Mary who is to bring forth Jesus, the Saviour of mankind.

Children, whose mother has been distinguished by some great mark of honor, naturally rejoice, as often as they recall to mind her prerogative, and hence this is a day of joy for us all, because we commemorate to-day the most glorious prerogative of our heavenly mother, a prerogative which is peculiar to her alone, which is dearest to her heart of all the honors that God has lavished upon her, which is the source of all her greatness, which constitutes her, "the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the salvation of her people," and an honor to the whole human race; a prerogative, which is at the same time her victory and her crown; a victory over sin, and a crown of heavenly beauty and loveliness. Hence, we see this mystery of the Immaculate Conception represented under the figure of the Bl. Virgin, with the serpent writhing beneath her foot, and a crown of twelve stars encircling her virginal brow. Thus the exile of Patmos, while wrapt in ecstacy, beheld Mary. "A great sign appeared in heaven," he writes in his Apocalypse (12. 1.), "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Christian art has copied the picture, and to gaze on this noble figure to-day, to consider the great dignity of our heavenly Queen and Mother, to recall to mind the advantages that accrue to Mary's children from her exalted station, is the happy duty of every Christian soul.

Our earthball, encompassed by the coils of a serpent, that holds an apple in its mouth—this is the lowest part in the symbolical picture, its dark and gloomy side. It represents the fall of the human race, its cause and consequences. Man had come forth from the hand of his Creator innocent and holy. In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, with their future offspring, were to lead a life of undisturbed happiness in close intercourse and friendship with their God. And finally, without passing through the dreary portals of death and the grave, they would have entered into the eternal joys of the Heavenly Paradise. But the envious and hateful Lucifer, to spite the Almighty, and to wreck man's blessed state, had planned his ruin. We well know these plans of the artful fiend, and how he carried them out. The apple in the serpent's mouth recalls the whole

sad story. Our first parents, deceived by Satan, violated God's law, and ate the forbidden fruit. Lucifer has conquered; the earth is subject to his tyrannical sway; man, from a child of God, and heir to heaven, falls to the degrading depth of a slave to the devil, and misery, suffering and death follow in the train of such disgraceful captivity. The creature has raised the standard of rebellion against the Creator, and the spirit of rebellion pervades all creation. No longer does the beast reverence man as his king; the material element in our nature is in revolt against the spirit, the appetites and passions of the flesh battle against the dictates of the soul; fierce combats are raging within our own bosom. The fallen race of man is steeped in sin and iniquity, and every new offspring of this race steps upon the platform of this life an enemy of God, with a soul contaminated and sullied by original sin. Satan rules with an iron rod.

This dire result of man's rebellion, this subjection of our earth to diabolical sway, is symbolized in our picture by the serpent encircling our globe with its coils.

But, lo! above this fallen, sinful earth, above the serpent oppressing it, there rises a fair and lightful figure, a diadem of stars is around her brow, her foot is planted on the dragon's head.

Mary—for she is this figure—Mary is represented standing on the terrestrial globe, for she is not included in the general corruption; the serpent's coils do not encircle her, for she never was Satan's captive. She was not only born without sin, as were Jeremias, the prophet, and S. John, the Baptist, but she was pure and immaculate from her very conception. This dignity and privilege only she enjoys, and by virtue of it, she stands above all men. With her alone, the Almighty has made an exception to the general rule, and why? Her foot on the serpent gives us the answer. Not through personal merit was she raised to such glory, but for the part she was destined by God to act in the great work of man's redemption. She was to crush the serpent's head; she was to rescue the world from the slavery of satan. Of her the Almighty spoke when He promised a Redeemer to fallen humanity; when in the Garden of Eden he addressed to the serpent those powerful words: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head." (Gen. 3.15.) Yes, although enjoying well nigh unlimited power over this earth, the prince of darkness had, nevertheless, to tremble and bend before a woman. This woman arose when Mary came into existence. Hostile is her bearing towards the infernal serpent at her Immaculate Conception, her foot is placed on his head when she becomes the mother of the Redeemer and she crushes that proud head, when expiring on the cross her divine Son exclaims: "It is consummated." Yes, Mary's election to be the Mother of God is the reason of her Immaculate Conception. She was to be the tabernacle of God's only-begotten Son; in her virginal womb He was to remain for nine months, and the Son of God would not have for His mother one, that once had carried the chains of His declared enemy one who once had been hateful in His eyes on account of her sins. His divine majesty as well as His sanctity demanded a mother pure and spotless and immaculate from her entrance into this world to her departure from it, from her conception to her death; for dishonor to a mother is dishonor to the son. Such, therefore, was Mary; all holy and beautiful, the privileged daughter of her heavenly Father, the beloved mother of her divine Son, the fair spouse of the Holy Ghost. As such did she ever appear to the Christian eye. Everywhere is the belief strong, vivid and cherished that Mary is Immaculate, and unceasingly the angelic salutation. "Hail, full of grace," ascends from the Catholic heart to Heaven's Immaculate Queen. Nor are we Catholics of America second to others in our veneration to Mary, as a recent author beautifully remarks, for, grand and noble thought, and happy omen of our religious destiny, we offset the prejudice and unbelief of the still doubting millions by keeping the feast of the Immaculate Conception as our national festival.

Mary is immaculate; our Catholic instinct tells us so, and we would have believed, had there never been sounded from the city on the hills, the trumpet note of

an infallible decision. This beauty and loveliness of Mary, the immaculate daughter of our race, is symbolized in our picture by the starry crown on her head. The crown is the emblem of royalty. Mary, for her purity and holiness is crowned queen of heaven and earth. In heaven she is above the choirs of angels, above cherubs and seraphim, next to the throne of God Himself. These celestial spirits are Mary's servants, she their queen, and while contemplating her beauty they gladly own her such. To them, queen she remains, but to us a something dearer, a something more, for by the closest ties whose binding is of God Himself, she is—our mother. Nor will she forget the occasion, to continue borrowing from the above mentioned author, for it was the closing scene in the deep tragedy of the Sacred Passion, when our divine Lord, in a supreme effort of filial love, turned to the beloved disciple and said: "Son, behold thy nother!"

Let us then congratulate our queen on her high privilege; let us rejoice at the honor to which our mother has been raised. Let us have confidence in her, and go to her in all our troubles. With her aid, and under her protection, we shall vanquish the infernal foes that battle against us; we shall conquer those enemies that often press us so hard; we shall come forth victorious from the fierce combat of life. Mary, with the sweet rays of a mother, will lead us, lead us on to glory and happiness, for her maternal heart sympathizes with us, her afflicted, suffering, exiled children. From her place beside the throne she intercedes for us, and we well know that with the scepter of intercessory power, she rules that sacred realm of all mercy and all love,—the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Always call on this powerful and loving mother in your distress, and to-day let us join in the mighty cry, which the earth sends up to heaven: "O, Queen, conceived without original sin, pray for us."

L. D.

Miserere.

As a child I knelt in a house of God
And heard the organ play;
I heard the singers their voices raise,
To the Ruler of Night and Day.
Te Deums were sung to the King of Kings,
And mercy was asked for all,
From the all-seeing One above
Who tempers the sparrows fall.
Miserere, Miserere, Misere Nobis.

I stood as a man in another land,
When the war clouds lowered there,
And heard the self-same hymns of old,
As the faithful knelt in prayer.
Oh! mercy is all the world need seek
At the hands of the Most High;
Mercy always in health or peace,
And when our final hour is nigh.
Miserere, Miserere, Misere Nobis.

—Stanly.

Grace.

Many are the gifts and graces which God in His goodness bestows upon men in this life. None, however excels in value and dignity that of sanctifying grace which is conferred upon us in the holy sacrament of Baptism. By sanctifying grace we become the adoptive children of God and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven; we are made friends of the Most High and partake of all His goods. We are raised, as if it were, above ourselves; we act as God acts, in referring all our thoughts and actions to His greater honor and glory. We are animated by the desire of seeing, possessing and enjoying Him as He sees, possesses and enjoys Himself. We strive to become one with Him, by loving Him above all things and despising all things beneath Him.

Sanctifying grace expels sin and the devil from our hearts, and makes them the temple of the Most Blessed Trinity. Grace and sin cannot co-exist in the same subject, as little as heat and cold, light and darkness, life and death, can exist together. If God, who is supreme light, is in the soul, sin, which is supreme darkness, cannot abide in it. When God reigns in our souls, everything is sunshine, happiness and joy; but, let sin enter, and sunshine will turn into darkness, happiness into misery, and joy into sadness and desolation. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance, carefully to guard the great treasure of sanctifying grace and never expose it to danger, lest the devil, who never sleeps, take us by surprise and thrust our souls into sin and misery.

Sanctifying grace is the fountain and root from which emanate the three theological virtues, of faith, hope and charity. These three virtues are infused into our hearts together with sanctifying grace in Baptism, as so many previous gems adorning our souls. All three are of the highest value, so that without them salvation were impossible.

By faith our minds are raised to Heaven; we behold all things in the light in which God beholds them. Reason is eclipsed by the light of faith. We believe things to be so, not because we see them but because God says so, who being the highest truth, cannot deceive or be deceived. Whatever God says is absolute truth. There can be no mistake possible. Hence it is the height of folly for miserable man to deny any truth of faith, because it is above his understanding. It would be madness for an ignorant, illiterate farmer to deny the truths of philosophy, simply because he cannot understand them.

The second precious gem is hope, by which we trust that God will supply us with all the necessary means for working out our salvation and gaining Heaven, relying chiefly on his goodness, power, mercy and his willingness to help us.

Charity, the third gem, is the most perfect and precious of all. By charity, we become, as it were,, one with God, because love always tends to unite the lover and the object beloved. We become, as it were, one spirit with Him. We understand in the same way as He understands, and wish what he wishes; we love what He loves, and we hate and reject what He Himself hates and rejects. There is nothing more praiseworthy than to act always and in all things, in conformity with the will of God. We are the sons of God, and as such, it behooves us to imitate the actions of our Heavenly Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, the model and pattern of all the elect.

Grace renders our works meritorious, of glory and everlasting happiness. One degree of grace is worth more than all the treasures of the world, says St. Thomas of Aquin. Every action entwined by grace is of almost infinite virtue.

Nothing can be compared with grace. The most insignificant actions, which in themselves appear to be valueless, when animated by grace and charity become precious in the sight of God. Hence our Lord says, "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to the least among you in my name, shall not lose his reward." All our actions performed under the influx of grace are turned into gold, wherewith

we are enabled to purchase the Kingdom of Heaven.

Grace renders the soul beautiful and amiable in the sight of God. As the dignity of a spiritual substance is far greater than that of any corporal substance, so likewise is the beauty of the soul in grace far greater than corporal beauty. It is said in Scripture, of the soul in charity: "Thou are all fair and there is no spot in thee." The soul in grace is an object of complacency to God and His angels. God chooses such a soul for the place of His habitation because it is His joy to be with the children of men. As the gardens of kings clothed in verdant green, studded with lofty trees, watered by sparkling fountains, adorned by an infinite variety of flowers, shrubs and bushes, delight the eye of the beholder, so does a soul clothed in the garb of sanctifying grace charm the eyes of God and His saints. St. Catherine of Siena, having one day beheld a soul purified from every stain of sin and ornamented with divine grace, said that the beauty of that soul was so great, that no one seeing it would not most willingly lay down his life for preserving her in that state. For this reason she was in the habit of kissing the footprints of persons devoting their lives to the salvation of souls.

Finally, grace gives life to the soul of man. Our Lord says: "I came that they might have life and might have it more fully." And again, St. Paul says, in his Epistle to the Romans: "Where sin abounded grace did more abound. That as sin hath reigned to death, so also grace might reign by justice unto life everlasting." Mortal sin destroys the supernatural life of the soul, but grace restores the soul to new life, strength and vigor.

Grace is the ticket which at the hour of death, we have to present to the judge, if we wish to be admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven. If we try to live in the state of grace, we will also die in that state and we will then be admitted into the mansions of everlasting bliss.

The Magnificat of the Rosary.

"Yet shall it ever be my hymn of praise
When the long twilights close the summer days,
Or the swift winter-night swoops down, to dim
Cold, pallid sunlight, in the narrow days
Brightened alone by thy celestial rays
That stream from radiance of the holy hymn"
—Dr P. A Sheehan, PP.

We have recently endeavored in these pages to express unqualified admiration for Dr. Sheehan's beautiful paraphrase of the "Magnificat," that sweet summer psalm, more melodious than well-remembered songs of childhood, or even those strains of tender devotion breathed by the "Angel of the Schools" in praise of the Adorable Sacrament: "O Salutaris," "Tantum ergo," "Lauda Sion." The stanza quoted above seems it were, haunted the silent hours of prayer, murmuring sweet variations of Mary's "Magnificat," and suggesting how beautifully the inspired promises of this "Child Prophetess" are fulfilled in her Holy Rosary. Perhaps our thoughts may seem fanciful to some, but, by the blessing of God, awaken in others a responsive echo. If, happily, this is the case, how superabundantly shall our labor of love be repaid! In the Joyful mysteries we unite especially with her magnifying the Lord and rejoicing in God our Saviour for those great things He has done for His blessed Handmaid.

*"When her calm 'Fiat' broke the still
ness sweet,
A little heart began with love and life
to beat."

All generations as they come and glide away, call her "blessed" in the Holy Rosary, and, at the same time, bless the Adorable Name of Jesus, through whose merits these generations receive mercy. We will quote a few more exquisite lines expressive of this idea:

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*Rev. M. Russell, S.J.

"So does the mercy of our God descend,
So does His Justice in His pity blend;
And as a river hastening to the sea,
Spreads all its strength and sweetness as it flows,
Until the desert blossom like a rose.
So is the pity of our God to ye."

But it is especially in the joyful mystery of Mary's visitation that we hear her canticle of grateful praise; and in those which follow, the Nativity, Presentation, and Finding Her Beloved Child surely its sentiments mingle with the "Gloria" of celestial choirs, and "Nunc-dimittis" of Simeon. And after she had thirsted for His Presence in those dark days when she sought and found him not resounded in God's temple, unheard, indeed, by mortal ears, but sweeter to Jesus than golden harpstrings vibrating before the "crystal sea."

Her sorrowful mysteries also have minor cords, for it was especially at the foot of the cross the "mighty" evil spirits were put down, and the serpent's head crushed by this "valiant woman," And, in the lapse of time, can we not recall many new victories over them through Mary's mediation? Lepanto, and other memorable historic names, mingle w'th the melodious "Aves;' of Mary's chaplet, and the pride of Albigensian heresy could not withstand God's humble "Handmaid."

Finally,He exalted Her at the Assumption and made her Queen of Angels and of men.

"No throne so high as Her's
Beyond a seraph's flight,
Where gold, like crystal clear,
Is brightest to the sight;
Where thrones most loved by God
Are bathed in whitest light."*

And all who have loved the holy Rosary and have imitated its glorious Queen and persevered in Her service, shall be filled with "good things" of grace in this life and exalted to eternal glory..

Beautiful "Magnificat" and Rosary! May your tones soothe in exile, and be as the prelude to those celestial canticles in which there is no minor chord of sadness; but joy, praise, thanksgiving to Him who "sitteth on the throne:"* to "the Lamb that was slain"**, and who is "living for ever and ever."***

*Rev. Fr. Raines, O.S.C.

*Apoc. iv. ten; **Apoc. v. twelve; *** Apoc. i. eighteen.

A Brightened World.

The light that shone on Bethlehem
Has never passed away;
The dawn that gilded Salem's towers
Shall never turn to gray.
When once high Heaven has touched our earth
'Tis nevermore the same;
A change has come, a strange new birth
A vivifying flame.

When morn has glimmered out of night
Can it return thereto?
It opes the rose and wonders leap
To life of fire and dew,
The ripened sweets, do they depart,
When summer suns are gone?
Behold the red pomegranate's heart;
What change has passed thereon?

Bloom ne'er reverts to budding leaf,
Nor red to green again;
The years roll on in process sweet,
And nature cries, 'Amen!'
A motion calm, a progress fair,
Belongs to earth below,
For souls that breathe a heavenly air—
Her lilied gardens know.

The rain of Heav'n o'erbrims the brooks
And on they dance in glee;
The white foam dashes through the dells
Where ferns and mosses be.
In larger, deeper, fuller life
They dream of no retreat;
E'en thus, O world, forsake thy strife
Press on, with winged feet.

The light that shone om Bethlehem
Lights every soul on earth,
And Mary's rose-leaf Babe Divine
Brings each a sweet new birth!
A world Redeemed can never be
A world condemned again;
Ring, Christmas bells, from sea to sea,
"Peace and good will to men!"

Caroline D. Swan.

When we have not what we love we must love what we have.

Editorial Notes.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas.

* * * *

The Catholic Home Annual will be sent free to all who renew their subscription before Feb. 1st, 1903, if they ask for it.

Cut out the Coupon in the advertising pages and send it to us with your subscription.

* * * *

When writing to the firms whose advertisements appear in the Review, or whose books we have reviewed, our readers will do us a great favor by mentioning the Carmelite Review.

Bound copies of the Review at our office for $1.50.

* * * *

What a happiness children find in the beautiful tradition of Santa Claus and the Christmas tree! How they look forward to Christmas eve, with what pleasure do they examine their precious gifts. No one was ever sorry for having believed these beautiful traditions. After all the presents are but a type of the spiritual givers which the Divine Child brings to His faithful followers.

* * * *

Monsigr. Falconio is now about to leave Canada to fill his new office as delegate to the United States. The new Delegate will not be a stranger in the country, as he spent several years here as priest, and is an American citizen. The people of Canada will greatly regret his departure, for during his short stay in this country he has won the respect and love of all without distinction of creed. The Review wishes him success in his new field of labor.

* * * *

During this holy season the Church interrupts her penitential chant for one day to honor the Queen of Heaven on the feast of her Immaculate Conception. Mary, by a special privilege which she alone enjoys, she was preserved from every stain of original sin. She was destined to become the Mother of God, and our model. She gave to the world a Saviour, and thus to a certain degree cooperated in the Redemption of mankind. To all, and in particular to women, she is the most exalted model of all virtues. The young virgin, the wife, the mother, and women of every station of life will see in her a perfect example for imitation. And if woman has been rehabilated, she rahabilitates the child, the family and man himself to some extent.

* * * *

Advent is here again. In a few weeks we will celebrate Christmas. In the meantime let us enter upon this holy season in the spirit of Holy Church, i.e., in the spirit of penance and mortification. Let us consider how this tender Mother redoubles her solicitude to form in us those dispositions of penance and charity which are necessary for a proper reception of the Babe of Bethlehem During this season she lays aside her ornaments expressive of joy, and takes the purple as a sign of penance. The Gloria in Excelsis is omitted in the Mass, and the music at the various ceremonies assumes a more solemn tone. But her sadness is sweetened with hope. Our sorrow, too, must be seasoned with hope. Like the patriarchs and prophets of old, we should ardently desire the coming of the Saviour. Like the holy man, Simeon, all our thoughts should be directed towards Him, so that when Christmas comes we may participate in that peace which He promised to men of good will.

* * * *

The frequent wonderful cures which take place at the famous grotto of Lourdes still continue to baffle the minds of the French agnostics. Some time ago a genius called M. Probs thought he had discovered the secret of all the fraud practised by those priests. The water, he said, was brought there by a secret pipe. The Superior of the Fathers of that place was so cruel as to challenge him to a public demonstration of his new theory. He wanted all to go to the grotto and in the presence of the people to search for the secret pipe. If the pipe was found the fathers agreed to acknowledge the miraculous cures that had ta-

ken place there as mere frauds. On the other hand, if no pipe could be found, M. Probs was to acknowledge all the cures authentic. As could be expected, the challenge was refused. Now he attempts ro justify himself by saying that such a demonstration would be useless, as the Fathers had time enough after the publication of the challenge to remove the fraud. '. "If the Fathers," remarks the St. Louis Review, "have metamorphosed an artificial fountain into a real one, it would be as great a miracle as those which M. Probs derided.

* * * *

Some persons are careless in wearing their scapular. Sometimes they lay it aside and forget to put it on again, or when it is torn they neglect to replace it immediately by a new one. The following incident from the Catholic News will, we hope, make them more careful.

"On October fifteenth a lineman on the Third Avenue Elevated, while carrying some blocks on his shoulder, was struck by an approaching train and wheeled around, this time receiving a fatal blow on the head. He was carried by his fellow workmen to the station, and while he was being examined a Catholic who was present noticed that the man wore scapulars. He ran at once to St. Ann's church for a priest. Meeting one of the fathers in the vestibule, he told him of the occurrence, and in a few minutes the priest was at the dying man's side preparing him for his last journey. After the last sacraments were administered the man was placed in an ambulance to be taken to a hospital, but he died before the hospital was reached. Only for the scapular this poor soul might have gone to the judgment without the rites of the church, as it was only half an hour from the time he was struck by the train that its soul took its flight to its God.

The foregoing occurrence is related by an old subscriber,, who had it from the lips of the man who went for the priest. The subscriber hopes it may catch the eye of some careless Catholics who have discarded the scapulars, or who were negligent in wearing them. We agree with our correspondent, who says that Catholics should always carry about with them some emblem of their holy faith. The foregoing is but one of many instances of our Blessed Mother's care for the spiritual welfare of those who honor her.

* * * *

Christmas is a time when all hearts throb with joy. And rightly, for it commemorates, in the birth of Christ, the beginning of our redemption. When the heir to a throne is born the joyful event is proclaimed to all the people. Here, too, the heavenly messengers announce the birth of their King. They bring the good tidings not to Herod's palace, not to the stately residences of Bethlehem, but to the poor, despised shepherds who were keeping watch over the flocks, because Herod and his followers would not understand him, and he must have courtiers who will know Him and love the poverty of His birth. Nowhere does our blessed Saviour solicit our love more than at His humble birth in the stable of Bethlehem. He could have been born, says Cardinal Wiseman in a magnificent palace, nursed by princesses, and surrounded by all the comfort and splendor of a princely court. But He would not ; He came not only to redeem us, but to teach us by His example. By His humble birth He wanted to show us His love of poverty and simplicity. Here in His poor and rough bed of straw all His majesty is shrouded and all His dazzling and consuming brightness drawn in. He seems to require our loving care, to invite our caresses, and pure, tender love is the exclusive feeling wherewith we view Him.

We should not allow these holy days to pass in vain amusements, but we should joyfully unite ourselves with the shepherds of Bethlehem, to spend at least a few hours at the humble manger, in devout prayer and meditation on this great mystery. The old year will thus close upon us, and the new one will open with sentiments worthy of our Christian vocation.

* * * *

When the friar question first arose, there were some among Catholics even, who believed that the Catholics of the Philippines were glad to get rid of the friars. On another page we print a letter from the Centro Filipino, in which

they express their sentiments on the friars and the Catholic church in general in those islands. Mr. Stephen Bonsal, in the North American, writes in praise of the friars. We give here a few excerpts :

"As you travel in the Philippines and come to a village or a hamlet that is better built than most, if you ask by whom it was founded, the natives will answer that it was built by the Franciscans or by the Austin Fathers. In your walks in the interior or along the coast, if you ask who built the great church that crowns the hill, the bridge of massive masonry that spans the river, who ballasted the road that is never washed out during the rains, or who designed the irrigation works that made the plantations possible, the invariable answer is not Colonel A. or General B., or Don Fulano, the layman, but Father A. or Father B., 'Amay sa culog,' 'the father of the souls.' Perhaps, in your travels, you may come to a village or a district, where nearly every man, woman and child can speak Spanish with fluency, and not a few read and write it. If you have seen the Dutch in Java and Cochin China under the French, you will be much astonished at this fact, unparalleled in the history of those Asiatic countries, which, according to the expression of M Leroy Beaulieu, are in process of renovation by the colonizing powers of Europe. Much that is contradictory and confusing has been said on the question of language in the islands: I shall here merely register my personal experience. I never entered a village in any of the islands, including savage Samar, where I did not find several of the head men speaking Spanish, and in many instances good Spanish. I also found that the fluency and popularity of Spanish were always in direct proportion to the influence and the number of the friars in the district. It was poor policy to teach the Tagals Spanish ; but the fact that they did do so to a very remarkable extent proves that the influence of the clerical teachers was an uplifting one.

"Of course the highest testimony to the work of the friars is to be found in a comparison between the condition of the islands when they landed and the state of the country in 1898, when they were superseded. The first great obstacle to their mission of civilization was the absolute lack of roads or even paths of communication. The islands were covered with impenetrable forests and jungles. Almost without means, the friars yet devised a system of road and bridge construction which accomplished wonders. Every inhabitant had to work a certain number of days each year upon the highways or furnish a substitute. Since this system was abolished the means of communication throughout the islands have steadily deteriorated..

"The management of the monastic orders was careful and in some respects thrifty. They had to be self-supporting or their missions would collapse. Rarely a penny reached them from Spain and their tithes seem to have been paid largely in chickens and eggs. Their property all remained in the Philippines, only an incredibly small sum being sent annually to Spain to bear a part of the expense of the young friars who were being educated for the Philippine missions, and to support the invalided and superannuated brethren who had gone back to Spain. For three hundred years these great corporations have been exploiting a country of large resources, the extent of which is alone known to them, and the valuation placed upon their estates, their monasteries and all their possessions, by Judge Taft, is considerably under $10,000,000, which estimate is considered a just if not a generous one. There are half a dozen foreign firms in Manila without the knowledge of the people and the islands which the friars possess, who have made as much money as this out of the Philippines within the decade."

"At the time of the conquest, agriculture, in so far as it was practiced at all by the fugitive inhabitants of the islands, was in the most rudimentary stage. They cultivated in a primitive way rice and camotes, a kind of potato, putting the seed in the ground and leaving the rest to generous nature until harvest time came. They were not versed in tillage of any kind, and they knew nothing of irrigation, in consequence of which they frequently failed

to make their rice crops, and famines ensued which decimated the population Once the friars had succeeded in inducing the islanders to give up their nomad life, and take up settled abodes, it became necessary to provide them with a more certain crop, a more assured sustenance, than rice under Philippine conditions. To this end maize was introduced with wonderful success, the friars bringing the seed corn from Mexico. For three centuries this crop has proved the mainstay of life in the islands. While the friars were not scientific cultivators, it can be said without fear of contradiction that, with the exception of tobacco, which was introduced by the Spanish Government, every staple crop that is now grown in the Philippines and adds to the wealth of their inhabitants was either introduced by the friars, or that its valuable qualities were made known to them by the natives. Practically cut off for so many generations from communication with the outside world, and often involved in the famines which were in a great measure due to the improvidence of the islanders, the friars found it was not sufficient to preach tropical agriculture from their pulpits; it was necessary to work in a more practical way. With this purpose lands were taken up by them and model farms or plantations established in many districts; and in these schools the natives learned what they know to-day of tilling the soil. This was the genesis of the monastic estates. They have since been increased somewhat by purchase, and largely by bequests; yet, far from comprising the greater portion of the best land in the islands, as has been asserted, the monastic estates amount to less than a hundredth part of the land under cultivation, and less than a five-thousandth part of the land that might be cultivated. On these farms the friars introduced onions, tomatoes and peppers with varying success; and in Leyte, the Jesuits introduced cacao, which is fast becoming one of the most valuable crops. Coffee bushes were growing wild, but it was the Austin friars who first revealed the virtues of this plant. It was they also who taught the cultivation of indigo, also indigenous. Indigo soon became a source of great wealth, especially to the inhabitants of Northern Luzon. It was the most valuable asset of the island, until, owing to adulteration by Chinese merchants, Luzon indigo became discredited in the markets of the world. Furthermore, it may be said that the natives did not profit by the five or six varieties of sugar cane growing in the islands until they were taught, and that the wonderful jusi and pina fabrics, which are now so much sought after in the world of fashion, come from the looms which the friars first established in Panay and Cebu."

"I believe the work of the friars is recorded in the golden book of those who have labored for their fellow-men, and I am confident the credit of it, though dimmed to-day by partisanship and want of charity, will not escape history."

Book Review.

The Little Manual of St. Soseph, by Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings. Benziger Bros., N.Y. Price 25c.

This beautiful little manual contains a treatise on devotion to St. Joseph, devotions for the seven Sundays in honor of St. Joseph, meditations for his principal feasts, and various prayers; to which is added the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and common prayers for daily use. This book will be a treasure for the devotees of the great Saint.

* * * *

The Glories of Mary. Benziger Bros., N.Y. Price, $1.25.

This is a new and revised edition of the popular manual of St. Alphonsus Liguori. It is divided into three parts. The first contains the explanation of the Salve Regina, and a treatise on the virtues of the Blessed Virgin; the second practices of devotion to the Mother God, including meditations on the Litany, novenas in preparation of her various feasts and devotions for the month of May; and the third, general prayers for daily use. It is needless to say anything in praise of this volume, its wide circulation speaks for itself. The new edition has been reduced to a more convenient shape.

The Harmony of Religious Life, by Herman J. Heuser. Benziger Brothers, $1.25. These conferences first appeared in the Dolphin over the name of Fra Arminio. The author compares the religious community to some grand musical instrument e.g., an organ and the individual members to the separate keys. And, as it is required, in order to have good music, that each key give its proper sound at the proper time, so in a religious cummunity, the harmony and perfection depends on the purity of intention and prompt obedience of the individual members. Moreover, just as a variety of sounds when produced in order renders the music harmonious and beautiful, so in a community the different characters and temperments of the individuals does not destroy, but serves rather to enhance the harmony and beauty of the whole.

* * * *

Political and Moral Essays, by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., B. Sc. Oxao. Benziger Bros., N.Y'. Net, $1.50.

This book contains a collection of essays by the well known author of Ethics and Natural Law, now used as a text book in many Catholic schools. In the first essay which takes up more than half of the volume, and was written for the degree of B.Sc. at Oxford, he shows the origin of society from history and defines its extent in relation to other societies, as the church, etc. The other subjects discussed are Savages, Casuistry, the Catholic Doctrine of Lying, and Equivocation, Socialism and Religious Orders, Morality without free will, an illustration of the value of sentiment in Ethics, to which are added some occasional notes. The subjects are ably treated and exhibit much knowledge and diligent research on the part of the author.

Petitions Asked For.

A subscriber requests the prayers of our readers that she may be cured from an internal trouble without an operation, that her brother may obtain a situation which he expects, and fill it competently.

Our Lady's Own.

Scapular names have been received for registration at Falls View, Ont., from Trinity, Nfld.; Mankato, Minn.; St. Mary's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; Ruth, Huron Co., Mich.; St. Joseph's Church Snyder, Ont.; Brooklyn, N.Y.; Shepherd, Ont.; St. Dominic's Monastery, San Franscisco, Cal.; St. James' Church, Kenosha, Wis.; Trinity, Trinity Bay Nfld. St. Nicholas Church, Olympia, Wash.; St. Charles Church, Shoshone, Idaho, Cataldo P.O., Idaho; St. Johns, Nfld.; Brook village, N.S.; Dickinson's Landing, Ont.; Big Rapids, Mich.; Bothwell, Ont.

A drop of ink may make a million think.

To love God is not to have a will of your own.

It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

The most ferocious natures are soothed and tamed by innocence.

God pardons like a mother that kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.

An unkindness has no remedy at law, let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.

To rejoice in goodness and be grieved by its opposite is an essential mark of a well ordered mind.

As we grow older we set a greater price upon fidelity; and where is there such faithfulnest as in the Cross?

The farther the author holds himself from the crowd, the more may he hope to find thought in which are hidden germs of immortal life.

Let us correct the habit of believing in men, and of placing our hopes in them; let us not correct ourselves of the habit of loving them.

He who intelligently attempts what is beyond his power must leave undone his own proper work, and thus his time is wasted, be he ever so closely occupied.

However great the distance, we should make it with pleasure, in order to have the happiness of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass and the sacred mysteries.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Enclosed please find an offering for a High Mass of thanksgiving in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for a favor received. Kindly publish in Review.

Mrs. H. S.

* * * *

Enfant de Marie desires through the "Review" to return thanks to Our Blessed Mother for special favors received in the Rosary month of her intercession. The Holy Rosary, "Memorare" and devoting of "Fifteen Saturdays" have been such sources of grace that most gladly and earnestly we suggest their practice to all who love Her.

Obituary.

The charitable prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of the soul of John Daley, who died in Middleton, Conn., on Oct. 16th.

Thomas Patrick Weir, who died in Toronto, Ontario, Oct. 27th, 1902.

Alexander Wm. Murdoch, who died in Toronto, December, 1901.

Patrick Boyle, who died in Toronto, 1901.

Julia Boyle who died in Almonte, Ont. 1902.

Edward Brady, who died in Toronto, Ontario, 1902.

John F. Broderick, who died July 20, in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mary Brady, who died at Port Stanley Ontario.

Mrs. Bessie Crowly, of Watertown, Ont.

John Ahern.

Pax Vobiscum.

Hark! sweet rings the music
Of Christmas chimes again,
Like an echo, soft repeating
"Peace on earth to men."
That peace be with you, brothers,
That angels sang of thee
Above the Christ-Child's birthplace,
Long ago in Bethlehem.

Rose C. Conley.

Do you wish to experience a great joy which concentrated itself in your soul, embalming it for long hours? Do as much good as possible, as secretly as possible.

Four things are required of a woman—that virtue should dwell in her heart, that modesty should shine upon her brow, that sweetness should flow from her lips, and that labor should employ her hands.

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